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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

I.

IN WHICH I THROW AMBS-ACE.

THE work of the day being over, I sat down upon my doorstep, pipe in hand, to rest awhile in the cool of the evening. Death is not more still than is this Virginian land in the hour when the sun has sunk away, and it is black beneath the trees, and the stars brighten slowly and softly, one by one. The birds that sing all day have hushed, and the horned owls, the monster frogs, and that strange and ominous fowl (if fowl it be, and not, as some assert, a spirit damned) which we English call the whippoorwill, are yet silent. Later the wolf will howl and the panther scream, but now there is no sound. The winds are laid, and the restless leaves droop and are quiet. The low lap of the water among the reeds is like the breathing of one who sleeps in his watch beside the dead.

I marked the light die from the broad bosom of the river, leaving it a dead man's hue. Awhile ago, and for many evenings, it had been crimson, — a river of blood. A week before, a great meteor had shot through the night, blood-red and bearded, drawing a slow-fading fiery trail across the heavens; and the moon had risen that same night blood-red, and upon its disk there was drawn in shadow a thing most marvelously like a scalping knife. Wherefore, the following day being Sunday, good Mr. Stockham, our minister at Weyanoke, ex-

horted us to be on our guard, and in his prayer besought that no sedition or rebellion might raise its head amongst the Indian subjects of the Lord's anointed. Afterward, in the churchyard, between the services, the more timorous began to tell of divers portents which they had observed, and to recount old tales of how the savages distressed us in the Starving Time. The bolder spirits laughed them to scorn, but the women began to weep and cower, and I, though I laughed too, thought of Smith, and how he ever held the savages, and more especially that Opechancanough who was now their emperor, in a most deep distrust; telling us that the red men watched while we slept, that they might teach wiliness to a Jesuit, and how to bide its time to a cat crouched before a mousehole. I thought of the terms we now kept with these heathen; of how they came and went familiarly amongst us, spying out our weakness, and losing the salutary awe which that noblest captain had struck into their souls; of how many were employed as hunters to bring down deer for lazy masters; of how, breaking the law, and that not secretly, we gave them knives and arms, a soldier's bread, in exchange for pelts and pearls; of how their emperor was forever sending us smooth messages; of how their lips smiled and their eyes frowned. That afternoon, as I rode home through the lengthening shadows, a hunter, red-brown and naked, rose from behind a fallen tree that sprawled across my path, and made offer to bring me my

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meat from the moon of corn to the moon of stags in exchange for a gun. There was scant love between the savages and myself, — it was answer enough when I told him my name. I left the dark figure standing, still as a carved stone, in the heavy shadow of the trees, and, spurring my horse (sent me from home, the year before, by my cousin Percy), was soon at my house, — a poor and rude one, but pleasantly set upon a slope of green turf, and girt with maize and the broad leaves of the tobacco. When I had had my supper, I called from their hut the two Paspahagh lads bought by me from their tribe the Michaelmas before, and soundly flogged them both, having in my mind a saying of my ancient captain's, namely, "He who strikes first oftentimes strikes last."

Upon the afternoon of which I now speak, in the midsummer of the year of grace 1621, as I sat upon my doorstep, my long pipe between my teeth and my eyes upon the pallid stream below, my thoughts were busy with these matters, — so busy that I did not see a horse and rider emerge from the dimness of the forest into the cleared space before my palisade, nor knew, until his voice came up the bank, that my good friend, Master John Rolfe, was without and would speak to me.

I went down to the gate, and, unbarring it, gave him my hand and led the horse within the inclosure.

"Thou careful man!" he said, with a laugh, as he dismounted. "Who else, think you, in this or any other hundred, now bars his gate when the sun goes down?"

"It is my sunset gun," I answered briefly, fastening his horse as I spoke.

He put his arm about my shoulder, for we were old friends, and together we went up the green bank to the house, and, when I had brought him a pipe, sat down side by side upon the doorstep.

"Of what were you dreaming?" he asked presently, when we had made for

ourselves a great cloud of smoke. "I called you twice."

"I was wishing for Dale's times and Dale's laws."

He laughed, and touched my knee with his hand, white and smooth as a woman's, and with a green jewel upon the forefinger.

"Thou Mars incarnate!" he cried. "Thou first, last, and in the meantime soldier! Why, what wilt thou do when thou gettest to heaven? Make it too hot to hold thee? Or take out letters of marque against the Enemy?"

"I am not there yet," I said dryly. "In the meantime I would like a commission against — your relatives."

He laughed, then sighed, and, sinking his chin into his hand and softly tapping his foot against the ground, fell into a reverie.

"I would your princess were alive," I said presently.

"So do I," he answered softly. "So do I." Locking his hands behind his head, he raised his quiet face to the evening star. "Brave and wise and gentle," he mused. "If I did not think to meet her again, beyond that star, I could not smile and speak calmly, Ralph, as I do now."

"'T is a strange thing," I mused, as I refilled my pipe. "Love for your brother-in-arms, love for your commander if he be a commander worth having, love for your horse and dog, I understand. But wedded love! to tie a burden around one's neck because 't is pink and white, or clear bronze, and shaped with elegance! Faugh!"

"Yet I came with half a mind to persuade thee to that very burden!" he cried, with another laugh.

"Thanks for thy pains," I said, blowing blue rings into the air.

"I have ridden to-day from Jamestown," he went on. "I was the only man, i' faith, that cared to leave its gates; and I met the world — the bachelor world — flocking to them. Not a

mile of the way but I encountered Tom, Dick, and Harry, dressed in their Sunday bravery and making full tilt for the city. And the boats upon the river! I have seen the Thames less crowded."

"There was more passing than usual," I said; "but I was busy in the fields, and did not attend. What's the lodestar?"

"The star that draws us all, — some to ruin, some to bliss ineffable, — woman."

"Humph! The maids have come, then?"

He nodded. "There's a goodly ship down there, with a goodly lading."

"*Videlicet*, some fourscore waiting damsels and milkmaids, warranted honest by my Lord Warwick," I muttered.

"This business hath been of Edwyn Sandys' management, as you very well know," he rejoined, with some heat. "His word is good: therefore I hold them chaste. That they are fair I can testify, having seen them leave the ship."

"Fair and chaste," I said, "but meanly born."

"I grant you that," he answered. "But after all, what of it? Beggars must not be choosers. The land is new and must be peopled, nor will those who come after us look too curiously into the lineage of those to whom a nation owes its birth. What we in these plantations need is a loosening of the bonds which tie us to home, to England, and a tightening of those which bind us to this land in which we have cast our lot. We put our hand to the plough, but we turn our heads and look to our Egypt and its fleshpots. 'T is children and wife — be that wife princess or peasant — that make home of a desert, that bind a man with chains of gold to the country where they abide. Wherefore, when at midday I met good Master Wickham rowing down from Henricus to Jamestown, to offer his aid to Master Bucke in his press of business to-morrow, I gave the good man Godspeed, and thought his a fruitful errand and one pleasing to the Lord."

"Amen," I yawned. "I love the land, and call it home. My withers are unwrung."

He rose to his feet, and began to pace the greensward before the door. My eyes followed his trim figure, richly though sombrely clad, then fell with a sudden dissatisfaction upon my own stained and frayed apparel.

"Ralph," he said presently, coming to a stand before me, "have you ever an hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco in hand? If not, I" —

"I have the weed," I replied. "What then?"

"Then at dawn drop down with the tide to the city, and secure for thyself one of these same errant damsels."

I stared at him, and then broke into laughter, in which, after a space and unwillingly, he himself joined. When at length I wiped the water from my eyes it was quite dark, the whippoorwills had begun to call, and Rolfe must needs hasten on. I went with him down to the gate.

"Take my advice, — it is that of your friend," he said, as he swung himself into the saddle. He gathered up the reins and struck spurs into his horse, then turned to call back to me: "Sleep upon my words, Ralph, and the next time I come I look to see a farthingale behind thee!"

"Thou art as like to see one upon me," I answered.

Nevertheless, when he had gone, and I climbed the bank and reentered the house, it was with a strange pang at the cheerlessness of my hearth, and an angry and unreasoning impatience at the lack of welcoming face or voice. In God's name, who was there to welcome me? None but my hounds, and the flying squirrel I had caught and tamed. Groping my way to the corner, I took from my store two torches, lit them, and stuck them into the holes pierced in the mantel shelf; then stood beneath the clear flame, and looked with a sudden sick distaste upon the disorder which the light be-

trayed. The fire was dead, and ashes and embers were scattered upon the hearth ; fragments of my last meal littered the table, and upon the unwashed floor lay the bones I had thrown my dogs. Dirt and confusion reigned ; only upon my armor, my sword and gun, my hunting knife and dagger, there was no spot or stain. I turned to gaze upon them where they hung against the wall, and in my soul I hated the piping times of peace, and longed for the camp fire and the call to arms.

With an impatient sigh, I swept the litter from the table, and, taking from the shelf that held my meagre library a bundle of Master Shakespeare's plays (gathered for me by Rolfe when he was last in London), I began to read ; but my thoughts wandered, and the tale seemed dull and oft told. I tossed it aside, and, taking dice from my pocket, began to throw, breaking the law with small compunction. As I cast the bits of bone, idly, and scarce caring to observe what numbers came uppermost, I had a vision of the forester's hut at home, where, when I was a boy, in the days before I ran away to the wars in the Low Countries, I had spent many a happy hour. Again I saw the bright light of the fire reflected in each well-scrubbed crock and pannikin ; again I heard the cheerful hum of the wheel ; again the face of the forester's daughter smiled upon me. The old gray manor house, where my mother, a stately dame, sat ever at her tapestry, and an imperious elder brother strode to and fro among his hounds, seemed less of home to me than did that tiny, friendly hut. To-morrow would be my thirty-sixth birthday. All the numbers that I cast were high. "If I throw ams-ace," I said, with a smile for my own caprice, "curse me if I do not take Rolfe's advice !"

I shook the box and clapped it down upon the table, then lifted it, and stared with a lengthening face at what it had

hidden ; which done, I diced no more, but put out my lights and went soberly to bed.

II.

IN WHICH I MEET MASTER JEREMY SPARROW.

Mine are not dicers' oaths. The stars were yet shining when I left the house, and, after a word with my man Diccon, at the servants' huts, strode down the bank and through the gate of the palisade to the wharf, where I loosed my boat, put up her sail, and turned her head down the broad stream. The wind was fresh and favorable, and we went swiftly down the river through the silver mist toward the sunrise. The sky grew pale pink to the zenith ; then the sun rose and drank up the mist. The river sparkled and shone ; from the fresh green banks came the smell of the woods and the song of birds ; above rose the sky, bright blue, with a few fleecy clouds drifting across it. I thought of the day, thirteen years before, when for the first time white men sailed up this same river, and of how noble its width, how enchanting its shores, how gay and sweet their blooms and odors, how vast their trees, how strange the painted savages, had seemed to us, storm-tossed adventurers, who thought we had found a very paradise, the Fortunate Isles at least. How quickly were we undeceived ! As I lay back in the stern with half-shut eyes and tiller idle in my hand, our many tribulations and our few joys passed in review before me. Indian attacks ; dissension and strife amongst our rulers ; true men persecuted, false knaves elevated ; the weary search for gold and the South Sea ; the horror of the pestilence and the blacker horror of the Starving Time ; the arrival of the Patience and Deliverance, whereat we wept like children ; that most joyful Sunday morning when we followed my Lord de la Warre to church ;

the coming of Dale with that stern but wholesome martial code which was no stranger to me who had fought under Maurice of Nassau; the good times that followed, when bowl-playing gallants were put down, cities founded, forts built, and the gospel preached; the marriage of Rolfe and his dusky princess; Argall's expedition, in which I played a part, and Argall's iniquitous rule; the return of Yeardeley as Sir George, and the priceless gift he brought us, — all this and much else, old friends, old enemies, old toils and strifes and pleasures, ran, bitter-sweet, through my memory, as the wind and flood bore me on. Of what was before me I did not choose to think, sufficient unto the hour being the evil thereof.

The river seemed deserted: no horsemen spurred along the bridle path on the shore; the boats were few and far between, and held only servants or Indians or very old men. It was as Rolfe had said, and the free and able-bodied of the plantations had put out, posthaste, for matrimony. Chaplain's Choice appeared unpeopled; Piersey's Hundred slept in the sunshine, its wharf deserted, and but few, slow-moving figures in the tobacco fields; even the Indian villages looked scant of all but squaws and children, for the braves were gone to see the palefaces buy their wives. Below Paspahugh a cockleshell of a boat carrying a great white sail overtook me, and I was hailed by young Hamor.

"The maids are come!" he cried. "Hurrah!" and stood up to wave his hat.

"Humph!" I said. "I guess thy destination by thy hose. Are they not 'those that were thy peach-colored ones'?"

"Oons! yes!" he answered, looking down with complacency upon his tarnished finery. "Wedding garments, Captain Percy, wedding garments!"

I laughed. "Thou art a tardy bridegroom. I thought that the bachelors

of this quarter of the globe slept last night in Jamestown."

His face fell. "I know it," he said ruefully; "but my doublet had more rents than slashes in it, and Martin Tailor kept it until cockcrow. That fellow rolls in tobacco; he hath grown rich off our impoverished wardrobes since the ship down yonder passed the capes. After all," he brightened, "the bargaining takes not place until toward midday, after solemn service and thanksgiving. There's time enough!" He waved me a farewell, as his great sail and narrow craft carried him past me.

I looked at the sun, which truly was not very high, with a secret disquietude; for I had had a scurvy hope that after all I should be too late, and so the noose which I felt tightening about my neck might unknot itself. Wind and tide were against me, and an hour later saw me nearing the peninsula and marveling at the shipping which crowded its waters. It was as if every sloop, barge, canoe, and dugout between Point Comfort and Henricus were anchored off its shores, while above them towered the masts of the Marmaduke and Furtherance, then in port, and of the tall ship which had brought in those doves for sale. The river with its dancing freight, the blue heavens and bright sunshine, the green trees waving in the wind, the stir and bustle in the street and market place thronged with gayly dressed gallants, made a fair and pleasant scene. As I drove my boat in between the sloop of the commander of Shirley Hundred and the canoe of the Nansemond werowance, the two bells then newly hung in the church began to peal and the drum to beat. Stepping ashore, I had a rear view only of the folk who had clustered along the banks and in the street, their faces and footsteps being with one accord directed toward the market place. I went with the throng, jostled alike by velvet and dowlas, by youths with their estates upon their backs and naked fan-

tastically painted savages, and trampling the tobacco with which the greedy citizens had planted the very street. In the square I brought up before the Governor's house, and found myself cheek by jowl with Master Pory, our Secretary, and Speaker of the Assembly.

"Ha, Ralph Percy!" he cried, wagging his gray head, "we two be the only sane youngers in the plantations! All the others are horn-mad!"

"I have caught the infection," I said, "and am one of the bedlamites."

He stared, then broke into a roar of laughter. "Art in earnest?" he asked, holding his fat sides. "Is Saul among the prophets?"

"Yes," I answered. "I dined last night, — yea or no; and the 'yea' — plague on 't — had it."

He broke into another roar. "And thou callest that bridal attire, man! Why, our cow-keeper goes in flaming silk to-day!"

I looked down upon my suit of buff, which had in truth seen some service, and at my great boots, which I had not thought to clean since I mired in a swamp, coming from Henricus the week before; then shrugged my shoulders.

"You will go begging," he continued, wiping his eyes. "Not a one of them will so much as look at you."

"Then will they miss seeing a man, and not a popinjay," I retorted. "I shall not break my heart."

A cheer arose from the crowd, followed by a crashing peal of the bells and a louder roll of the drum. The doors of the houses around and to right and left of the square swung open, and the company which had been quartered overnight upon the citizens began to emerge. By twos and threes, some with hurried steps and downcast eyes, others more slowly and with free glances at the staring men, they gathered to the centre of the square, where, in surplice and band, there awaited them godly Master Bucke and Master Wickham of Henricus. I

stared with the rest, though I did not add my voice to theirs.

Before the arrival of yesterday's ship there had been in this natural Eden (leaving the savages out of the reckoning) several thousand Adams, and but some threescore Eves. And for the most part, the Eves were either portly and bustling or withered and shrewish housewives, of age and experience to defy the serpent. These were different. Ninety slender figures decked in all the bravery they could assume; ninety comely faces, pink and white, or clear brown with the rich blood showing through; ninety pair of eyes, laughing and alluring, or downcast with long fringes sweeping rounded cheeks; ninety pair of ripe red lips. The crowd shouted itself hoarse and would not be restrained, brushing aside like straws the staves of the marshal and his men, and surging in upon the line of adventurous damsels. I saw young men, panting, seize hand or arm and strive to pull toward them some reluctant fair; others snatched kisses, or fell on their knees and began speeches out of Euphues; others commenced an inventory of their possessions, — acres, tobacco, servants, household plenishing. All was hubbub, protestation, frightened cries, and hysterical laughter. The officers ran to and fro, threatening and commanding; Master Pory alternately cried "Shame!" and laughed his loudest; and I plucked away a jackanapes of sixteen who had his hand upon a girl's ruff, and shook him until the breath was well-nigh out of him. The clamor did but increase.

"Way for the Governor!" cried the marshal. "Shame on you, my masters! Way for his Honor and the worshipful Council!"

The three wooden steps leading down from the door of the Governor's house suddenly blossomed into crimson and gold, as his Honor with the attendant Councilors emerged from the hall and stood staring at the mob below.

The Governor's honest moon face was quite pale with passion. "What a devil is this?" he cried wrathfully. "Did you never see a woman before? Where's the marshal? I'll imprison the last one of you for rioters!"

Upon the platform of the pillory, which stood in the centre of the market place, suddenly appeared a man of a gigantic frame, with a strong face deeply lined and a great shock of grizzled hair, — a strange thing, for he was not old. I knew him to be one Master Jeremy Sparrow, a minister brought by the Southampton a month before, and as yet without a charge, but at that time I had not spoken with him. Without word of warning he thundered into a psalm of thanksgiving, singing it at the top of a powerful and yet sweet and tender voice, and with a fervor and exaltation that caught the heart of the riotous crowd. The two ministers in the throng beneath took up the strain; Master Pory added a husky tenor, eloquent of much sack; presently we were all singing. The audacious suitors, charmed into rationality, fell back, and the broken line re-formed. The Governor and the Council descended, and with pomp and solemnity took their places between the maids and the two ministers who were to head the column. The psalm ended, the drum beat a thundering roll, and the procession moved forward in the direction of the church.

Master Pory having left me, to take his place among his brethren of the Council, and the mob of those who had come to purchase and of the curious idle having streamed away at the heels of the marshal and his officers, I found myself alone in the square, save for the singer, who now descended from the pillory and came up to me.

"Captain Ralph Percy, if I mistake not?" he said, in a voice as deep and rich as the bass of an organ.

"The same," I answered. "And you are Master Jeremy Sparrow?"

"Yea, a silly preacher, — the poorest, meekest, and lowliest of the Lord's servitors."

His deep voice, magnificent frame, and bold and free address so gave the lie to the humility of his words that I had much ado to keep from laughing. He saw, and his face, which was of a cast most martial, flashed into a smile, like sunshine on a scarred cliff.

"You laugh in your sleeve," he said good-humoredly, "and yet I am but what I profess to be. In spirit I am a very Job, though nature hath seen fit to dress me as a Samson. I assure you, I am worse misfitted than is Master Yardstick yonder in those Falstaffian hose. But, good sir, will you not go to church?"

"If the church were Paul's, I might," I answered. "As it is, we could not get within fifty feet of the door."

"Of the great door, ay, but the ministers may pass through the side door. If you please, I will take you in with me. The pretty fools yonder march slowly; if we turn down this lane, we will outstrip them quite."

"Agreed," I said, and we turned into a lane thick planted with tobacco, made a detour of the Governor's house, and outflanked the procession, arriving at the small door before it had entered the churchyard. Here we found the sexton mounting guard.

"I am Master Sparrow, the minister that came in the Southampton," my new acquaintance explained. "I am to sit in the choir. Let us pass, good fellow."

The sexton squared himself before the narrow opening, and swelled with importance.

"You, reverend sir, I will admit, such being my duty. But this gentleman is no preacher; I may not allow him to pass."

"You mistake, friend," said my companion gravely. "This gentleman, my worthy colleague, has but just come from the island of St. Brandon, where he

preaches on the witches' Sabbath: hence the disorder of his apparel. His admittance be on my head: wherefore let us by."

"None to enter at the west door save Councilors, commanders, and ministers. Any attempting to force an entrance to be arrested and laid by the heels if they be of the generality, or, if they be of quality, to be duly fined and debarred from the purchase of any maid whatsoever," chanted the sexton.

"Then, in God's name, let's on!" I exclaimed. "Here, try this!" and I drew from my purse, which was something of the leanest, a shilling.

"Try this," quoth Master Jeremy Sparrow, and knocked the sexton down.

We left the fellow sprawling in the doorway, sputtering threats to the air without, but with one covetous hand clutching at the shilling which I threw behind me, and entered the church, which we found yet empty, though through the open great door we heard the drum beat loudly and a deepening sound of footsteps.

"I have choice of position," I said. "Yonder window seems a good station. You remain here in the choir?"

"Ay," he answered, with a sigh; "the dignity of my calling must be upheld: wherefore I sit in high places, rubbing elbows with gold lace, when of the very truth the humility of my spirit is such that I would feel more at home in the servants' seats or among the negars that we bought last year."

Had we not been in church I would have laughed, though indeed I saw that he devoutly believed his own words. He took his seat in the largest and finest of the chairs behind the great velvet one reserved for the Governor, while I went and leaned against my window, and we stared at each other across the flower-decked building in profound silence, until, with one great final crash, the bells ceased, the drum stopped beating, and the procession entered.

III.

IN WHICH I MARRY IN HASTE.

The long service of praise and thanksgiving was well-nigh over when I first saw her.

She sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow of a tall pew. Beyond her was a row of milk-maid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed, and beribboned like May-poles. I looked again, and saw — and see — a rose amongst blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amidst glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonparella of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face, — found pride, wit, fire, determination, finally shame and anger. For, feeling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me one withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning. When I looked at her again, covertly, and from under my hand raised as though to push back my hair, she was pale once more, and her dark eyes were fixed upon the water and the green trees without the window.

The congregation rose, and she stood up with the other maids. Her dress of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

Anon came the benediction. Governor, Councilors, commanders, and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind; and we who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the other for a

long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded; the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four, bestowing themselves behind pulpits of turf. For one altar and one clergyman could not hope to dispatch that day's business.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid, she looked (womanlike) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess fresh from Arcadia wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high and all eyes, who dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

Corydon. "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

Phyllis. "A cow?"

Corydon. "Twa."

Phyllis. "How much tobacco?"

Corydon. "Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stewart, woman, an' the King's puir cousin."

Phyllis. "What household plenishing?"

Corydon. "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawfskin chairs an' twa-three rush, five pair o' sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes" —

Phyllis. "I'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

"By ——!" he answered, with an angry laugh. "If they're all like the sample I've just left, I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuf-taffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd they were going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "If you keep on to that clump of willows, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stood still for a while and watched the slow sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the

blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of willows indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the babble of the stream which flowed through it; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even the most hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the one nursing his cheek, and the other her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out on the opposite bank and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great willow, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor, — probably disappointed of a wife, — with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing

here and there like those of a hunted creature, met my own.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us be gone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the willows into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party. They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me and laid my hand upon my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

The meadow was now less thronged. The river, up and down, was white with sailboats, and across the neck of the peninsula went a line of horsemen, each with his purchase upon a pillion behind him. The Governor, the Councilors, and the commanders had betaken themselves to the Governor's house, where a great dinner was to be given. But Master Piersey, the Cape Merchant, remained to see the Company reimbursed to the last leaf, and the four ministers still found occupation, though one couple trod not upon the heels of another, as they had done an hour ago.

"I must first satisfy the treasurer," I said, coming to a halt within fifty feet of the now deserted high places.

She drew her hand from mine, and looked me up and down.

"How much is it?" she asked at last. "I will pay it."

I stared at her.

"Can't you speak?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "At what am I valued? Ten pounds — fifty pounds" —

"At one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, madam," I said dryly. "I will pay it myself. To what name upon the ship's list do you answer?"

"Patience Worth," she replied.

I left her standing there, and went upon my errand with a whirling brain. Her enrollment in that company proclaimed her meanly born, and she bore herself as of blood royal; of her own free will she had crossed an ocean to meet this day, and she held in passionate hatred this day and all that it contained; she was come to Virginia to better her condition, and the purse which she had drawn from her bosom was filled with gold pieces. To another I would have advised caution, delay, application to the Governor, inquiry; for myself I cared not to make inquiries.

The treasurer gave me my receipt, and I procured, from the crowd around him, Humfrey Kent, a good man and true, and old Belfield, the perfumer, for witnesses. With them at my heels I went back to her, and, giving her my hand, was making for the nearest minister, when a voice at a little distance hailed me, crying out, "This way, Captain Percy!"

I turned toward the voice, and beheld the great figure of Master Jeremy Sparrow sitting, cross-legged like the Grand Turk, upon a grassy hillock, and beckoning to me from that elevation.

"Our acquaintance hath been of the shortest," he said genially, when the maid, the witnesses, and I had reached the foot of the hillock, "but I have taken a liking to you and would fain do you a service. Moreover, I lack employment. The maids take me for a hedge parson, and sheer off to my brethren, who truly are of a more clerical appearance. Whereas if they could only look upon the in-

ner man! You have been long in choosing, but have doubtless chosen" — He glanced from me to the woman beside me, and broke off with open mouth and staring eyes. There was excuse, for her beauty was amazing. "A paragon," he ended, recovering himself.

"Marry us quickly, friend," I said. "Clouds are gathering, and we have far to go."

He came down from his mound, and we went and stood before him. I had around my neck the gold chain given me upon a certain occasion by Prince Maurice, and in lieu of other ring I now twisted off the smallest link and gave it to her.

"Your name?" asked Master Sparrow, opening his book.

"Ralph Percy, Gentleman."

"And yours?" he demanded, staring at her with a somewhat too apparent delight in her beauty.

She flushed richly and bit her lip.

He repeated the question.

She stood a minute in silence, her eyes upon the darkening sky. Then she said in a low voice, "Jocelyn Leigh."

It was not the name I had watched the Cape Merchant strike off his list. I turned upon her and made her meet my eyes. "What is your name?" I demanded. "Tell me the truth!"

"I have told it," she answered proudly. "It is Jocelyn Leigh."

I faced the minister again. "Go on," I said briefly.

"The Company commands that no constraint be put upon its poor maids. Wherefore, do you marry this man of your own free will and choice?"

"Ay," she said, "of my own free will."

Well, we were married, and Master Jeremy Sparrow wished us joy, and Kent would have kissed the bride had I not frowned him off. He and Belfield strode away, and I left her there, and went to get her bundle from the house that had sheltered her overnight. Returning, I

found her seated on the turf, her chin in her hand and her dark eyes watching the distant play of lightning. Master Sparrow had left his post, and was nowhere to be seen.

I gave her my hand and led her to the shore; then loosed my boat and helped her aboard. I was pushing off when a voice hailed us from the bank, and the next instant a great bunch of red roses whirled past me and fell into her lap. "Sweets to the sweet, you know," said Master Jeremy Sparrow genially. "Goodwife Allen will never miss them."

I was in two minds whether to laugh or to swear, — for I had never given her flowers, — when she settled the question for me by raising the crimson mass and bestowing it upon the flood.

A sudden puff of wind brought the sail around, hiding his fallen countenance. The wind freshened, coming from the bay, and the boat was off like a startled deer. When I next saw him he had recovered his equanimity, and, with a smile upon his rugged features, was waving us a farewell. I looked at the beauty opposite me, and, with a sudden movement of pity for him, mateless, stood up and waved to him vigorously in turn.

IV.

IN WHICH I AM LIKE TO REPENT AT LEISURE.

When we had passed the mouth of the Chickahominy, I broke the silence, now prolonged beyond reason, by pointing to the village upon its bank, and telling her something of Smith's expedition up that river, ending by asking her if she feared the savages.

When at length she succeeded in abstracting her attention from the clouds, it was to reply, "I fear nothing," in a tone of the supremest indifference, after which she relapsed into her contemplation of the weather.

Further on I tried again. "That is Kent's, yonder. He brought his wife from home last year. What a hedge of sunflowers she has planted! If you love flowers, you will find those of paradise in these woods."

No answer.

Below Martin-Brandon we met a canoe full of Paspaheghs, bound upon a friendly visit to some one of the down-river tribes; for in the bottom of the boat reposed a fat buck, and at the feet of the young men lay trenchers of maize cakes and of late mulberries. I hailed them, and when we were alongside held up the brooch from my hat, then pointed to the purple fruit. The exchange was soon made; they sped away, and I placed the mulberries upon the thwart beside her.

"I am not hungry," she said coldly. "Take them away."

I bit my lip, and returned to my place at the tiller. This rose was set with thorns, and already I felt their sting. Presently she leaned back in the nest I had made for her. "I wish to sleep," she said haughtily, and, turning her face from me, pillowed her head upon her arms.

I sat, bent forward, the tiller in my hand, and stared at my wife in some consternation. This was not the tame pigeon, the rosy, humble, domestic creature who was to make me a home and rear me children. A sea bird with broad white wings swooped down upon the water, now dark and ridged, rested there a moment, then swept away into the heart of the gathering storm. She was liker such an one. Such birds were caught at times, but never tamed and never kept.

The lightning, which had played incessantly in pale flashes across the low clouds in the south, now leaped to higher peaks and became more vivid, and the muttering of the thunder changed to long, booming peals. Thirteen years before, the Virginia storms had struck

us with terror. Compared with those of the Old World we had left, they were as cannon to the whistling of arrows, as breakers on an iron coast to the dull wash of level seas. Now they were nothing to me, but as the peals changed to great crashes as of falling cities, I marveled to see my wife sleeping so quietly. The rain began to fall, slowly, in large sullen drops, and I rose to cover her with my cloak. Then I saw that the sleep was feigned, for she was gazing at the storm with wide eyes, though with no fear in their dark depths. When I moved they closed, and when I reached her the lashes still swept her cheeks, and she breathed evenly through parted lips. But, against her will, she shrank from my touch as I put the cloak about her; and when I had returned to my seat, I bent to one side and saw, as I had expected to see, that her eyes were wide open again. If she had been one whit less beautiful, I would have wished her back at Jamestown, back on the Atlantic, back at John o' Groat's House, or Land's End, or what other outlandish place, where manners were unknown, that had owned her and cast her out. Pride and temper! I set my lips, and vowed that she should find her match.

The storm did not last. Ere we had reached Piersey's the rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking; above Chaplain's Choice hung a great rainbow; we passed Tants Weyanoke in the glory of the sunset, all shattered gold and crimson. Not a word had been spoken. I sat in a humor grim enough, and she lay there before me, wide awake, staring at the shifting banks and running water, and thinking that I thought she slept.

At last my own wharf rose before me through the gathering dusk, and beyond it and above it shone out a light; for I had told Diccon to set my house in order, and to provide fire and torches, that my wife might see I wished to do her honor. I looked at that wife, and

of a sudden the anger in my heart melted away. It was a wilderness vast and dreadful to which she had come. The mighty stream, the towering forests, the black skies and deafening thunder, the wild cries of bird and beast, the savages, uncouth and terrible, — for a moment I saw my world as the woman at my feet must see it, strange, wild, and menacing, an evil land, the other side of the moon. A thing that I had forgotten came to my mind: how that, after our landing at Jamestown, years before, a boy whom we had with us did each night fill with cries and lamentations the hut where he lay with my cousin Percy, Gosnold, and myself, nor would cease though we tried both crying shame and a rope's end. It was not for homesickness, for he had no mother or kin or home; and at length Master Hunt brought him to confess that it was but pure panic terror of the land itself, — not of the Indians or of our hardships, both of which he faced bravely enough, but of the strange trees and the high and long roofs of vine, of the black sliding earth and the white mist, of the fireflies and the whippoorwills, — a sick fear of primeval Nature and her tragic mask.

This was a woman, young, alone, and friendless, unless I, who had sworn to cherish and protect her, should prove myself her friend. Wherefore, when, a few minutes later, I bent over her, it was with all gentleness that I touched and spoke to her.

"Our journey is over," I said. "This is home, my dear."

She let me help her to her feet, and up the wet and slippery steps to the level of the wharf. It was now quite dark, there being no moon, and thin clouds obscuring the stars. The touch of her hand, which I perforce held since I must guide her over the long, narrow, and unrailed trestle, chilled me, and her breathing was hurried, but she moved by my side through the gross darkness unfalteringly enough. Arrived at the

gate of the palisade, I beat upon it with the hilt of my sword, and shouted to my men to open to us. A moment, and a dozen torches came flaring down the bank. Diccon shot back the bolts, and we entered. The men drew up and saluted; for I held my manor a camp, my servants soldiers, and myself their captain.

I have seen worse favored companies, but doubtless the woman beside me had not. Perhaps, too, the red light of the torches, now flaring brightly, now sunk before the wind, gave their countenances a more villainous cast than usual. They were not all bad. Diccon had the virtue of fidelity, if none other; there were a brace of Puritans, and a handful of honest fools, who, if they drilled badly, yet abhorred mutiny. But the half dozen I had taken off Argall's hands; the Dutchmen who might have been own brothers to those two Judases, Adam and Francis; the thief and the highwayman I had bought from the precious crew sent us by the King the year before; the negro and the Indians, — small wonder that she shrank and cowered. It was but for a moment. I was yet seeking for words sufficiently reassuring when she was herself again. She did not deign to notice the men's awkward salute, and when Diccon, a handsome rogue enough, advancing to light us up the bank, brushed by her something too closely, she drew away her skirts as though he had been a lazar. At my own door I turned and spoke to the men, who had followed us up the ascent.

"This lady," I said, taking her hand as she stood beside me, "is my true and lawful wife, your mistress, to be honored and obeyed as such. Who fails in reverence to her I hold as mutinous to myself, and will deal with him accordingly. She gives you to-morrow for holiday, with double rations, and to each a measure of rum. Now thank her properly."

They cheered lustily, of course, and Diccon, stepping forward, gave us thanks

in the name of them all, and wished us joy. After which, with another cheer, they backed from out our presence, then turned and made for their quarters, while I led my wife within the house and closed the door.

Diccon was an ingenious scoundrel. I had told him to banish the dogs, to have the house cleaned and lit, and supper upon the table; but I had not ordered the floor to be strewn with rushes, the walls draped with flowering vines, a great jar filled with sunflowers, and an illumination of a dozen torches. Nevertheless, it looked well, and I highly approved the capon and maize cakes, the venison pasty and ale, with which the table was set. Through the open doors of the two other rooms were to be seen more rushes, more flowers, and more lights.

To the larger of these rooms I now led the way, deposited her bundle upon the settle, and saw that Diccon had provided fair water for her face and hands; which done, I told her that supper waited upon her convenience, and went back to the great room.

She was long in coming, so long that I grew impatient and went to call her. The door was ajar, and so I saw her, kneeling in the middle of the floor, her head thrown back, her hands raised and clasped, on her face terror and anguish of spirit written so large that I started to see it. Her clasped hands were never still. Now she raised them above her head; now, crouching low upon the floor, rested her forehead upon them; now flung them out before her, as though she pushed some object away. I stared in amazement, and, had I followed my first impulse, would have gone to her, as I would have gone to any other creature in so dire distress. On second thoughts, I went noiselessly back to my station in the great room. She had not seen me, I was sure. Nor had I long to wait. Presently she appeared, and I could have doubted the testimony of my eyes, so

changed were the agonized face and figure of a few moments before. Beautiful and disdainful, she moved to the table, and took the great chair drawn before it with the air of an empress mounting a throne. I contented myself with the stool.

She ate nothing, and scarcely touched the canary I poured for her. I pressed upon her wine and viands, — in vain; I strove to make conversation, — equally in vain. Finally, tired of “yes” and “no” uttered as though she were reluctantly casting pearls before swine, I desisted, and applied myself to my supper in a silence as sullen as her own. At last we rose from table, and I went to look to the fastenings of door and windows, and returning found her standing in the centre of the room, her head up and her hands clenched at her sides. I saw that we were to have it out then and there, and I was glad of it.

“You have something to say,” I said. “I am quite at your command,” and I went and leaned against the chimney-piece.

The low fire upon the hearth burnt lower still before she broke the silence. When she did speak it was slowly, and with a voice which was evidently controlled only by a strong effort of a strong will. She said: —

“When — yesterday, to-day, ten thousand years ago — you went from this horrible forest down to that wretched village yonder, to those huts that make your London, you went to buy you a wife?”

“Yes, madam,” I answered. “I went with that intention.”

“You had made your calculation? In your mind you had pitched upon such and such an article, with such and such qualities as desirable? Doubtless you meant to get your money’s worth?”

“Doubtless,” I said dryly.

“Will you tell me what you were inclined to consider its equivalent?”

I stared at her, much inclined to laugh.

The interview promised to be interesting.

“I went to Jamestown to get me a wife,” I said at length, “because I had pledged my word that I would do so. I was not overanxious. I did not run all the way. But, as you say, I intended to do the best I could for myself; one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco being a considerable sum, and not to be lightly thrown away. I went to look for a mistress for my house, a companion for my idle hours, a rosy, humble, docile lass, with no aspirations beyond cleanliness and good temper, who was to order my household and make me a home. I was to be her head and her law, but also her sword and shield. That is what I went to look for.”

“And you found — me!” she said, and broke into strange laughter.

I bowed.

“In God’s name, why did you not go further?”

I suppose she saw in my face why I went no further, for into her own the color came flaming.

“I am not what I seem!” she cried out. “I was not in that company of choice!”

I bowed again. “You have no need to tell me that, madam,” I said. “I have eyes. I desire to know why you were there at all, and why you married me.”

She turned from me, until I could see nothing but the coiled wealth of her hair and the bit of white neck between it and the ruff. We stood so in silence, she with bent head and fingers clasping and unclasping, I leaning against the wall and staring at her, for what seemed a long time. At least I had time to grow impatient, when she faced me again, and all my irritation vanished in a gasp of admiration.

Oh, she was beautiful, and of a sweetness most alluring and fatal! Had Medea worn such a look, sure Jason had quite forgot the fleece, and with those

eyes Circe had needed no other charm to make men what she would. Her voice, when she spoke, was no longer imperious; it was low pleading music. And she held out entreating hands.

"Have pity on me," she said. "Listen kindly, and have pity on me. You are a strong man and wear a sword. You can cut your way through trouble and peril. I am a woman, weak, friendless, helpless. I was in distress and peril, and I had no arm to save, no knight to fight my battle. I do not love deceit. Ah, do not think that I have not hated myself for the lie I have been. But these forest creatures that you take, — will they not bite against springe and snare? Are they scrupulous as to how they free themselves? I too was in the toils of the hunter, and I too was not scrupulous. There was a thing of which I stood in danger that would have been bitterer to me, a thousand times, than death. I had but one thought, to escape; how, I did not care, — only to escape. I had a waiting woman named Patience Worth. One night she came to me, weeping. She had wearied of service, and had signed to go to Virginia as one of Sir Edwyn Sandys' maids, and at the last moment her heart had failed her. There had been pressure brought to bear upon me that day, — I had been angered to the very soul. I sent her away with a heavy bribe, and in her dress and under her name I fled from — I went aboard that ship. No one guessed that I was not the Patience Worth to whose name I answered. No one knows now, — none but you, none but you."

"And why am I so far honored, madam?" I said bluntly.

She crimsoned, then went white again. She was trembling now through her whole frame. At last she broke out: "I am not of that crew that came to marry! To me you are the veriest stranger, — you are but the hand at which I caught to draw myself from a pit

that had been dug for me. It was my hope that this hour would never come. When I fled, mad for escape, willing to dare anything but that which I left behind, I thought, 'I may die before that ship with its shameless cargo sets sail.' When the ship set sail, and we met with stormy weather, and there was much sickness aboard, I thought, 'I may drown or I may die of the fever.' When, this afternoon, I lay there in the boat, coming up this dreadful river through the glare of the lightning, and you thought I slept, I was thinking, 'The bolts may strike me yet, and all will be well.' I prayed for that death, but the storm passed. I am not without shame. I know that you must think all ill of me, that you must feel yourself gulled and cheated. I am sorry — that is all I can say — I am sorry. I am your wife — I was married to you to-day — but I know you not and love you not. I ask you to hold me as I hold myself, a guest in your house, nothing more. I am quite at your mercy. I am entirely friendless, entirely alone. I appeal to your generosity, to your honor" —

Before I could prevent her she was kneeling to me, and she would not rise, though I bade her do so.

I went to the door, unbarred it, and looked out into the night, for the air within the room stifled me. It was not much better outside. The clouds had gathered again, and were now hanging thick and low. From the distance came a rumble of thunder, and the whole night was dull, heavy, and breathless. Hot anger possessed me: anger against Rolfe for suggesting this thing to me; anger against myself for that unlucky throw; anger, most of all, against the woman who had so cozened me. In the servants' huts, a hundred yards away, lights were still burning, against rule, for the hour was late. Glad that there was something I could rail out against, I strode down upon the men, and caught them assembled in Diccon's cabin, dicing

for to-morrow's rum. When I had struck out the light with my rapier, and had rated the rogues to their several quarters, I went back through the gathering storm to the brightly-lit, flower-decked room, and to Mistress Percy.

She was still kneeling, her hands at her breast, and her eyes, wide and dark, fixed upon the blackness without the open door. I went up to her and took her by the hand.

"I am a gentleman, madam," I said. "You need have no fear of me. I pray you to rise."

She stood up at that, and her breath came hurriedly through her parted lips, but she did not speak.

"It grows late, and you must be weary," I continued. "Your room is yonder. I trust that you will sleep well. Good-night."

I bowed low, and she curtsied to me. "Good-night," she said.

On her way to the door, she brushed against the rack wherein hung my weapons. Among them was a small dagger. Her quick eye caught its gleam, and I saw her press closer to the wall, and with her right hand strive stealthily to detach the blade from its fastening. She did not understand the trick. Her hand dropped to her side, and she was passing on, when I crossed the room, loosened the dagger, and offered it to her, with a smile and a bow. She flushed scarlet and bit her lips, but she took it.

"There are bars to the door within," I said. "Again, good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and, entering the room, she shut the door. A moment more, and I heard the heavy bars drop into place.

Mary Johnston.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

At a dinner of the Tokyo Harvard Club, more than a year ago, I turned to the Japanese vice minister for foreign affairs, and, in my capacity as an American sovereign, I made him this proposition: "Give us those two cruisers you are building in the United States, and for them we will give you the Philippines." The proposal itself is hardly worth noting, except as an index of Yankee confidence in the results of the war, as at that hour Commodore Dewey's fleet was only just entering Manila Bay, and its now famous breakfast had not been eaten. Of far greater significance was the manner in which the offer was received, as showing a marked indisposition on the part of the Japanese to acquire the Philippines at any price.

The reply was of course diplomatic, and equally of course courteous; for he

to whom the proposal was addressed was an Oriental and a Japanese gentleman. But apart from the jocoseness of a mere dinner-table colloquy, the surprising feature of the attitude, since ascertained, of many intelligent Japanese on the Philippine question is that it is precisely that of my distinguished neighbor at the Harvard feast. To Americans, especially those who gave ready credence to the absurd stories rife a year ago concerning Japan's ambitious designs upon the Hawaiian group, this indifference to the acquisition of the far richer domain of the Philippines, a group geographically her own, must be surprising, if not incredible. It is certainly an extraordinary and at first sight inexplicable fact, that at the moment when a well-nigh irresistible wave of imperialism is sweeping over the great Western republic, which for a century has despised every ambition

of the kind, this Oriental empire, to which, since its emergence into the modern world, ambition has been the very breath of national existence, is practically abjuring all imperial claims.

Dwellers in Japan, however, have become accustomed to extraordinary situations, and furthermore, to intelligent observers upon the spot, with any knowledge of the empire's past history and of the present national consciousness growing out of that history, the modesty of its present mood is readily explicable.

It should be kept in mind, in any estimate of the disposition of these islanders, that they are a people who, to a greater extent than any other nation of the modern world, have had whatever advantage or enjoyment may come from the policy of attending exclusively to their own affairs and of living a wholly self-contained life. Japan has indeed emerged from her long isolation, and is now living in the full tide of the rivalries and ambitions of the world's great powers. But even the force of the eager current upon which she has embarked has not availed to sweep away the abiding influence of those two and a half centuries of strict seclusion in which she fashioned and perfected for herself a refined civilization, and gained for herself a unique happiness. In the present deeper national consciousness there lingers not only the tradition, but the actual memory of that self-contained, peaceful life, itself so lately swept away, and to that memory the nation's real heart still clings with an abiding tenacity. Eager as are the leaders of the modern régime to learn and to appropriate whatever of Western thought and life may contribute to the success of the new career upon which the nation has entered, this one potent factor — its experience of isolation — is still of vital effectiveness, in spite of all outward change, and it must be taken into account in any intelligent estimate of the powers now shaping Japanese thought or influencing Japanese

policy. There is a marvelous charm even to the foreigner in the thought of the singular felicity which this nation so lately enjoyed in its freedom from all disagreeable intrusions and all wearing ambitions; and if the alien laments with such keen regret the swift disappearance of the old idyllic life, it is not surprising that the national consciousness continues to be vitally affected by the memory and the glamour of it.

It is this sub-consciousness which, perhaps more than aught else, has kept Japan so calm and dignified in the face of the deadly affront given to her pride in being forced by the alliance of European powers to give up the fruits of her victorious struggle with China. Justly incensed as the people were and still are, and great as has been the access of their indignation since the unworthy motives for the outrage have been revealed by later events, it may yet safely be said that the Japanese are to-day devoutly thankful that the Liaotung peninsula is not theirs. The conservative instinct of the nation was strongly opposed to its acquisition, even in the flush of victorious conquest, and since then that instinct has perceptibly gained in force and volume.

It is a notable fact that the only valid charge brought against the foreign policy of Marquis Ito was that, in the peace negotiations, by insisting on the cession of territory which Japan did not really need or want, he brought upon the empire sore humiliation, embittering its soul in the very flush of its triumph. The quiet dignity, also, with which, without a whisper of protest, the nation surrendered Wei-hai-wei to England, when it would have been so easy, on the European plan, to find pretexts for retaining it, is testimony to the same point.

Whatever ideal Japanese imperialism has in view, it is plainly not that of territorial aggrandizement. Its vision is intensive rather than extensive. It is the memories of old Japan of which the

people are proud ; it is the glory of new Japan which they seek to enhance. It is the spirit of the old self-contained life which leads them to cherish and maintain, even in the rush and whirl of the new career on which they have entered, whatever they can save from the beauty and peace of their centuries of seclusion.

Reinforcing this *a priori* indisposition to enlarge the borders of the empire are the enormous practical difficulties and expense entailed by the administration of its newly acquired colony of Formosa. Valuable as the island is, from almost every point of view, it is taxing the resources and abilities of the home government to such a degree that doubtless there exists, though of course it is not expressed, a strong regret that the Triple Alliance did not include in its demand the surrender of all the territorial fruits of the Japanese victories. There is no gainsaying the fact that at present Japan looks upon Formosa as a burden, and as a hindrance to her own development.

Apart, also, from the consideration of the expense incurred by the new acquisition, unforeseen problems involved in its administration are proving a source of great perplexity to the government, as well as of concern to the whole nation. These problems are of much interest at this time, as furnishing an indication of what may be in store for the United States in the imperial policy upon which she now seems bent.

Already, for example, the status of the colony in relation to the empire has become a vexed question of party politics at home, bringing into acrimonious dispute the meaning and scope of the Constitution, which, it would seem, never had in view the acquisition of outlying territory. One of the chief underlying causes of the fall of the Matsukata Cabinet was the question brought up by the removal of Judge Takano, who had been chief justice of Formosa. Though proving himself to be an incorruptible judge, he was deposed and ordered home, for po-

litical reasons. He declined to submit to the decree of the Cabinet, on the ground that, under the Constitution, he could not be removed except by impeachment ; but it is still a mooted question whether Formosa is an integral part of the empire under the guaranties of the Constitution, or whether it is subject to the practical despotism of the old régime, and to be governed by imperial ordinances. The theoretical problems growing out of such a situation seem at present insoluble, and many of the practical difficulties insurmountable.

Again, in its new rôle as a colonial administrator, the empire finds itself facing the task of managing a heterogeneous population such as has never before come under its sway, its supreme felicity hitherto having been the extraordinary homogeneity of its subject masses, arising from their long seclusion. Its hermit life gave this nation, originally composed of various racial elements, time and opportunity for the most thorough assimilation ; so that the Japanese are to-day essentially homogeneous, — perhaps, indeed, the only civilized people who can lay claim to that distinction. Herein lies, in great measure, the secret of Japan's uniqueness and of the charm it exerts upon the foreigner. In these days of the flow and flux of races, a civilized nation, forty millions strong, compacted into a unity of thought and of custom nowhere else to be found, is an object of absorbing interest.

It will readily be seen that because of this homogeneity the task of governing the Japanese has heretofore been an easy one. There is probably no more docile or law-abiding community on earth than that to be found in this island realm ; and this is true largely because the ruling powers have had but one sort of material to work upon, and therefore only the simplest governmental problems to solve.

Idyllic conditions, however, have their disadvantages. They afford no training

to meet change, and cultivate no power of adaptation to new circumstances. The Japanese, with all their eager zeal for adopting new things, are conspicuously lacking in the faculty of adapting themselves to them. The mere change of a time-table on one of their railroads results in throwing the line into almost inextricable confusion for days. So it happens that the government, suddenly confronted with the task of administering a colony made up of unusually heterogeneous elements, is all at sea in its Formosan policy, and has thus far made a dead failure of it. The situation has proved far too complicated for the Japanese mind to grasp. The population of the new territory is of too mongrel a nature to come within the scope of governmental vision or consciousness, and so its management has become a byword of reproach.

Whether the American commonwealth, with its power of swift assimilation, so efficient in compacting into national unity the Old World races who have flocked to its shores, and with its marvelous faculty of adapting itself to new conditions, will be successful in the solution of the vastly larger and more complicated problems involved in the government of the Philippines, is becoming a question of curious interest to the Japanese. In the contemplation of their own failure, it will be a most valuable object lesson for them.

On the other hand, the most serious outcome of the failure of the Japanese, the demoralization of their civil service, hitherto a service of the cleanest character, may well furnish an object lesson of the gravest significance to the American republic on its entrance into the field of colonial administration. The inevitable has happened. The incompetency of the officials sent to administer the new colony, the opportunities for corruption which have there been opened up as rewards for political service, have had the effect of bringing the Japanese to look

upon the science of government in the modern and baleful light of the spoils system. So wholly, indeed, are their minds captivated by the vision of the new politics of which Formosa's administration has proved so fruitful an example, that something like a tidal wave of political greed is sweeping over the whole nation. Cabinet changes, heralded as triumphs of the principle of party government, turn out to be simply mad scrambles for the spoils of office. For the first time in the history of Japan, old and tried officials have been displaced in obedience to the demands of a hungry horde of political "workers." How far the colonial experiment is the direct cause of this lamentable state of affairs may be a matter of question, but at all events the coincidence is certainly significant.

Whether the Western republic, with a civil service by no means so clean as Japan has hitherto enjoyed, will be able to withstand the enormous access of corruption which its rich acquisitions in the East will inevitably engender, is sure to be also a question of most instructive interest to the Japanese, as well as of the greatest concern to the best minds of the republic itself.

While thus, from the *a priori* point of view, and also because of important practical considerations, there is on the part of Japan a decided and growing indisposition to acquire the Philippines for herself, there is a preference, no less marked, as to the nation which she wants for her neighbor in those islands. Curiously enough, the origin of the preference now to be noted, as well as of the indifference already dwelt upon, may be traced, like so much else in this queer land, to the influences of its long seclusion from the world. Japan came forth from that seclusion a nation of children. Babes in diplomacy, they were quickly overreached by the trained guile of the Western world, and only just now are emerging from the bondage in which they were then imprisoned. But chil-

dren though they then were, and in many regards still are, they have enjoyed, and in a great degree are yet enjoying, one inestimable advantage of childhood, namely, that keenness of perception by which the child can detect, as by a flash of lightning, the real character of those by whom he is surrounded. For quick and accurate intuitional knowledge of character, commend me beyond all others to this nation of children, so long kept from so-called knowledge of the world.

While the nation has been held in the diplomatic leading strings of the Western powers, and while many of these powers have been scheming for its favor and regard since it has been recognized as the coming potent factor in the Eastern situation, Japan has kept steadfast to her first and instinctive preference for the one power which has never gone out of its way to curry favor with her. She has, it is true, exploited the other nations, in her search for all the good things in the Western world which might contribute to her progress. She has seemed at times to coquet with England, with France, with Germany, but in each case it has been only for special ends. There has been all the time but one genuine love and preference, and that is for the nation which, in her early modern childhood, her quick perceptions recognized as her sincere and disinterested friend. It was not that America first discovered and opened Japan to the world; it was not that alone of the Western powers she refunded her share of the ill-gotten Shimonosiki spoils; it was not even that, from the first, the Western republic was seen to have no "axe to grind" in its professions of friendship for the rejuvenated empire. It is for none of these things that Japan has so steadfastly cleaved to her first love. These were mere incidents in the course of that love, which has been continuously a deep undercurrent of real sentiment, based upon an instinctive recognition of American magnanimity. Russia, from

the beginning, has been the object of an equally strong instinctive dread, which it is now and always will be impossible to overcome. England, admired and respected as the masterful nation of the world, has never won the Japanese heart. Because the people were quick to feel the unconquerable British prejudice against all Asiatics, no genuine affection has ever existed between the island empires of the East and the West. France, in turn, has appealed to the æsthetic sensibilities of the Japanese; but there the friendship ends, for it rests on nothing solid or enduring. Germany, with its impressive imperialism and its spirit of intense loyalty to the Fatherland, has struck a responsive chord in the Japanese breast, which always thrills at the watchwords of empire and loyalty. But apart from this sentiment, there is nothing in common between the German nature and the Japanese. Had there ever been, Germany, together with France, has forfeited all possible claims to the nation's regard by joining hands with Russia to inflict upon Japan its bitter humiliation. England and America alone, among all the powers of the West, can now count the rising empire of the East as a friend; and as between the two, there is no shadow of doubt where the preference lies. Japan, for many reasons, would hesitate long before forming an alliance with England alone; but should the latter join hands with America, instinct as well as policy would draw this nation with irresistible force into the triple compact which might dominate the peace of the world. And this friendship of hers, heartfelt toward America, diplomatic toward England, is far more than the result of mere instinct. It is based also upon an intelligent appreciation of the part which the Anglo-Saxon race is to play in the future development and destiny of the world. Japan, not only as the outcome of her own conspicuous failure as a colonial administrator, but even more largely from the

development of her historic sense, from her keen observation of great world movements since she has come into the world, has not failed to note the fact that there is something in the Anglo-Saxon blood which makes the nations in whose veins it runs the benefactors of all lands that come under their sway. England is known to Japan, as to the rest of the world, as an eager and perhaps somewhat unscrupulous land-grabber. But Japan sees very clearly, what the rest of the world must acknowledge, that if England is a land-grabber, she is also, everywhere and always, a land-grubber and cultivator; that in some large and generous way she has blessed every people upon whom she has laid her powerful hand. She alone, thus far, has succeeded in the rôle of colonial administrator. She alone, among all the nations which have essayed the difficult task, has been guided by an intelligent self-interest to make her colonies integral parts of her empire, to grant them practical autonomy, and, taught by her early disastrous experiment with America, never again to exploit them for her selfish benefit, or to lay upon them the burden of taxation for the purpose of swelling the coffers of the home treasury.

Japan has also seen and weighed the fact that Russia, France, Germany, and Spain, all the other powers which have entered the field of colonial empire, have adopted the opposite policy. Now that Spain has met condign punishment for the inevitable but flagrant misrule of her dependencies, the merits of England's wise administration stand out in bold relief to the keen eyes of the oldest and youngest of the empires, as it tries, for its own guidance, to learn the drift of the world movement upon the current of which it has embarked.

It is true, as Japan and all the world know, that America, Anglo-Saxon though she is, in entering the field of colonial empire, enters it as a novice, and is

likely, therefore, to make egregious blunders at the start. It is also true, and patent to all acquainted with the present political condition of the republic, that its civil service, now in only the first stages of genuine reform, is almost wholly lacking in material for the new field of work; that America has not, and cannot have for many years, anything like the corps of trained colonial administrators to whom England owes in large measure her splendid success. Yet Japan would much rather see America than England in possession of the Philippines. All the dangers just now pointed out as incident to colonial enterprise are recognized as merely incidental and temporary. Deep down under all these surface indications Japan sees the clear grit, the indomitable pluck, and the sober common sense of our race. The want of experience, the lack of material for administrative service, and the initial opportunities for corruption are shortcomings which she perceives must sooner or later disappear before the strength of the Anglo-Saxon nature reinforced by the ingenuity, the fertility of resource, the conscious freedom, and the eager enterprise which distinguish the American branch of that masterful race. It is for this reason that Japan, instinct with the spirit of progress as she now is, has a glad welcome for America in the East. Strong in her sympathies for a country which, like herself, has too long dwelt in selfish isolation, she longs to see America, so well fitted for the task by race and training, take up the new responsibilities thrust upon her, and give the impress of her character to this world of the Orient that is so greatly in need of such influence. Japan would not give one of her cruisers for the possession of the Philippines; but she would lend America the whole navy of which she is so proud, could she have for her near neighbor the nation whose friendship she trusts.

Arthur May Knapp.

POLITICS AND THE JUDICIARY.

Is it safe to leave the selection of judges to campaign committees or to party bosses?

Recently, the boss of New York city declined to renominate for the Supreme Court a judge who had served upon the bench with honor and efficiency for twenty-eight years. The reason given was that the judge had "refused to recognize his obligations to Tammany Hall."

In the election of November, 1897, the candidates for the highest judicial office in the state of New York, — the chief justiceship of the Court of Appeals, — upon the Republican and the regular Democratic tickets, were named by the state committees of their respective parties. Apparently the people were not consulted. No nominating convention was held, and all the people had to do was to ratify at the polls the choice of their party leaders. To these leaders, this method has other advantages besides its simplicity and directness. Being irresponsible and uncontrolled, they are able the more easily to exact from the candidate a campaign contribution in proportion to the office conferred. In a recent election, Tammany Hall received, "for the purpose of advancing the cause of the Democratic party," the sum of \$5000 from its candidate for the office of justice of the City Court, and the sum of \$8830 from its candidate for the office of justice of the Supreme Court. Both of these candidates were elected. In their position upon the bench, will they be able to forget or disregard the circumstances under which they were selected? Will they, nevertheless, be independent, impartial, and fearless? Will they, none the less, retain the traditional respect and affection of the people?

These questions involve the integrity of the courts, and hence the foundations of our social and political system. They

should not be answered, therefore, without deliberation and investigation. How has this control of the judiciary by party bosses and campaign committees arisen, and to what extent does it prevail? It is a comparatively modern outgrowth of the system of selecting judges by popular election, and is a radical departure from the method provided by the founders of our general government.

In the Constitutional Convention of 1787, the selection of the judiciary was deemed fundamental and far-reaching, and was considered with corresponding seriousness and candor. For a long time it presented many puzzling aspects, although suggestions were not lacking. In the plan or outline of government presented, at the opening of the Convention, by Edmund Randolph, the national judges were to be chosen by the national legislature as a whole. But this idea received little encouragement, since the Convention at once assented to the objection raised by Wilson and Madison, that such a large body as the national legislature would hardly be able to perform so important a function without intrigue, partiality, and concealment.

A like objection was made to the selection of these judges by the Senate or smaller and more dignified branch of the national legislature, as was proposed in the scheme subsequently presented to the Convention by Charles Pinckney. Public bodies, argued Wilson and Gorham with much force, feel no personal responsibility. These statesmen favored the only other alternative presented, — the proposal of Patterson, — the appointment of the national judges by the national Executive, because they thought it would centre the responsibility for the selection. Wilson urged that such appointment by the Executive should be uncontrolled; but Gorham argued that

it should be "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." A similar practice had prevailed in Massachusetts for a hundred and forty years, a fact that had great force as a precedent. At first, however, the Convention hesitated, and Pinckney's plan of election by the Senate found more favor. It was supported by Luther Martin, Bedford, Sherman, Ellsworth, and Randolph, and was even agreed to, — the Southern States with Connecticut outvoting the three great commonwealths, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Thus the smaller states aimed to check the threatened supremacy of the larger, by increasing the influence of the Senate, in which all the states were to be equally represented.

Evidently, this vote was effected more through jealousy than by argument. It was not accepted as final, and the struggle was soon renewed. In the hope yet of maintaining their point through a compromise, Randolph proposed that personal responsibility be secured by requiring the vote of each Senator, in the election of judges, to be registered on the official journal; and Ellsworth was willing to concede a negative in the executive upon the election by the Senate, provided the latter could override such veto by a two-thirds vote. But these overtures were stoutly resisted. Gorham insisted upon the wisdom of his suggestion, and he gradually gained to his support Wilson, Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Sherman, and Randolph. The Convention reconsidered its vote, and finally followed the Massachusetts precedent. From that time to the present the national judiciary have been appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and the system in practice has fulfilled the hopes and testified to the wisdom of its founders. As a rule, the judges of the United States courts have been learned in the law, and independent, fearless, and impartial in its interpretation. Their de-

cisions have uniformly commanded obedience and respect within their jurisdiction, and have exercised a constantly increasing influence upon the courts and jurisprudence of foreign nations.

Nevertheless, this is not the mode of selecting judges now generally prevalent in the judicial systems of the several states. As the states in conventions modified their constitutions into conformity with the new general government, a few did, indeed, follow the precedent established in 1787. Thus appointment by the Executive became the law of Pennsylvania in 1790, of Delaware and Kentucky in 1792, of Louisiana in 1812, of Indiana in 1816, of Maine and Missouri in 1820, and of New York in 1821. But the majority of the old states and nearly all of the new ignored the Massachusetts principle, and adopted the Virginia practice, — the election of judges by the legislature. This method — the one urged in vain upon the Convention of 1787 by Edmund Randolph — had been used by Virginia, Connecticut, New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Georgia in the Colonial era, and was retained by them under statehood. It became the law of Vermont in 1793, of Ohio in 1802, of Mississippi in 1817, of Illinois in 1818, of Alabama in 1819, of Arkansas in 1836, and of Florida in 1838.

During the eighteenth century, these two plans, derived from Massachusetts and Virginia respectively, were the only ones adopted in the United States for the selection of judges. Such was the strength of Colonial precedent and the prevalence of conservative sentiment. During the supremacy of the Federalist party, the principle became firmly established throughout the United States that only through an indirect selection of judges — by the governor, with or without the consent of the Council or of the Senate, or by the legislature — could the people secure their rights and liberties under an independent and impartial administration of the law. A suggestion

— had any one presumed to make it — that judges be elected directly by the people would have been stoutly resisted. It would have been deemed a menace to the integrity of the courts and to the fundamental principles of republican government.

Nevertheless, after the accession to power of Jefferson and his party, at the beginning of the present century, such a suggestion was soon made, and in various ways was persistently promoted. It appeared at first as an incident and a consequence of the propaganda of democracy. In the election of 1801, the party of Jefferson secured control of the executive and legislative branches of the general government; but it acquired no immediate influence over the national judiciary. This department, under the Constitution, was not directly affected by the shifting tides of popular election. In fact, the Federalists had taken pains to postpone as long as possible the appointment of anti-Federalists to the national judiciary. At the very end of their rule, they had endeavored, by creating new circuit courts and filling them with judges of Federalistic sympathies, to anticipate the growth of litigation, and to perpetuate the Federalistic development of the law.

At this situation Jefferson and his fellow Republicans were greatly exasperated. "They have retired into the judiciary as a stronghold," said Jefferson. "The nation declared its will by dismissing functionaries of one principle and electing those of another in the two branches, executive and legislative, submitted to their election. Over the judiciary department the Constitution has deprived them of their control."

To the Jeffersonians, therefore, the traditional system of appointment for the selection of judges, preventing as it did their complete triumph, took on the aspect of a wrongful limitation of the power of the popular majority, and of a serious defect in the Constitution. To the correc-

tion of this evil and to the conquest of the judiciary they now bent their energy. They would gladly have made the attempt to accomplish this purpose by substituting a system of popular election through an amendment of the Constitution of the United States. But such an attempt did not promise success. Even had such an amendment been approved by the people, its adoption would have been difficult owing to the complicated political processes prescribed for its enactment. Since in addition it would have met the determined opposition of the Federalist party and the conservative temper of the people, it could hardly have prevailed.

Without attempting, therefore, to alter the method of selecting the national judiciary, they determined to accomplish their purpose more directly by unseating the obnoxious judges themselves through the coöperation of the Executive with the party majority in Congress. They first attacked the newly established circuit courts. Jefferson, in his first message, suggested that the Federalist measure creating these courts be repealed, on the ground that they were not required by the existing volume of litigation. His suggestion and his excuse were at once adopted by his followers in Congress; and their introduction of a bill for that purpose led to the first great struggle over the judiciary. The repeal was stoutly resisted by the Federalists, as an unconstitutional attempt to remove the national judges. But the Jeffersonians made light of the constitutional objection, and finally carried the repeal, though by only a small majority. Thus by one stroke they cut off all the circuit judges.

The crusade next took the form of impeachment. In Pennsylvania, — a strong anti-Federalist state, — in January, 1803, with the aid of the district attorney, Alexander J. Dallas, and the governor, Thomas McKean, the legislature entertained articles of impeachment

against Judge Addison of the Court of Common Pleas and removed him from office. Jefferson himself urged on the attack. In February of the same year, in a special message to the national House of Representatives, he presented complaints against Judge Pickering of the United States Court for the district of New Hampshire, intimating that the Constitution had confided in the House of Representatives "a power of instituting proceedings of redress." Taking this cue, the House promptly preferred articles of impeachment before the bar of the Senate; and though it transpired at the trial that the accused was insane, and hence not a fit subject for judicial process, still such was the party discipline that all objections were overborne and he was removed from office.

Made bold by these successes, they now prepared to attack the Supreme Court itself. One of its members, Samuel Chase, of Maryland, had made himself particularly obnoxious by his overbearing manners and his devotion to Federalism. In May, 1803, in an address to the grand jury at Baltimore, he still further invited an attack by denouncing openly and severely the course of the Republican majority in Congress. The latter seized the opportunity. They arraigned Justice Chase before the bar of the Senate, and hoped by his impeachment to break down the independence of the courts. Few incidents in American history exceed this in dramatic interest. The Senate Chamber was transformed into a court-room, with crimson benches for the Senators and a raised seat for the presiding officer. The scene recalled the trial of Warren Hastings in the House of Lords, ten years before, and the chief actors were no less conspicuous. The presiding officer was the unscrupulous and inscrutable Aaron Burr, who, though Vice-President of the United States, had lately stained his hands with the blood of Alexander Hamilton. The chief prosecutor was the ec-

centric John Randolph of Roanoke, then but thirty-one years of age, and already the acknowledged leader of the House; while the chief counsel for the defense was Luther Martin, the brilliant but erratic leader of the Maryland bar.

In the issues raised and the consequences entailed, this trial was even more remarkable. As a court of impeachment, the Senate had for its guidance no binding legal precedents and no rules of procedure. Nor did Randolph and his associates prove ready or capable guides. Their charges themselves set forth little more than errors of judgment or infirmities of temper. When subjected to the keen analysis of the defendant's counsel, they revealed no misdemeanor known to law nor any cause for impeachment. Even the party refused to sustain them. The attempt ignominiously failed, and the integrity of the courts was saved. Henceforth it was tacitly acknowledged that impeachment was an impracticable method for the promotion of party supremacy.

Nevertheless, the struggle kindled a deep distrust of the courts in the rank and file of the Jeffersonians. They deemed the system of appointment in the selection of judges to be inconsistent with what Jefferson called "a jealous care of the right of election by the people." Hence they did not cease the agitation; they turned it into a new channel. Having found the national judiciary impregnable, they now attacked the state courts. In many of the states they already controlled the legislative and executive departments and dominated public sentiment. In the states, therefore, they were able gradually to extend the principle of popular election to the selection of judges by amending the state constitutions. They also took care to incorporate that principle into the constitutions of the new states as they were successively received into the Union.

At first this movement advanced slowly. Arising in Ohio in 1802, it spread

into Georgia in 1812, Indiana in 1816, and New York in 1826. For many years it was confined, as in the case of Ohio, to the selection of inferior judges. But in 1832 Mississippi, discarding election by the legislature, boldly adopted election by the people for the selection of her entire judiciary; and she was soon followed by the great state of New York. In 1846 New York reorganized her judicial system. Commissioners were appointed to revise and simplify the rules and practice of the courts, and the selection of all judges was taken from the governor and intrusted to the people. Thereupon the movement was greatly accelerated. During the ensuing twenty years it spread into many of the older states by amendments to their constitutions, and it became part of the judicial system of every state that was newly organized. Prior to 1802, in no state had a judge been elected by the people; in 1866, of the thirty-six states that constituted the Union nearly two thirds selected their judges by popular vote.

Nevertheless, the movement did not spread without serious checks, especially in the more conservative communities. In Massachusetts, for example, in the Constitutional Convention of 1853, the Democratic element, under the lead of Benjamin F. Butler, persistently urged the popular election of judges. They were stoutly resisted by the ablest thinkers and debaters of the Convention, including Richard Henry Dana, Joel Parker, Simon Greenleaf, and Rufus Choate. Though at first defeated, the effort was repeatedly renewed, and was finally successful. The principle of popular election was adopted by the Convention. When, however, its recommendations were submitted to popular discussion, the struggle was renewed upon the stump, and the innovation was rejected by the popular vote. Massachusetts has faithfully adhered to her traditional and well-tried policy of selecting her judges by appointment.

Again, shortly after the suppression of the Rebellion, under the influence of Congress and of Federal precedent, there occurred a marked reaction in favor of the principle of appointment. This is to be observed in the constitutions framed in 1868 under the so-called reconstruction acts of Congress, in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. But the reaction was confined to these extreme Southern States, and in only one of them — Mississippi — has it been maintained. The others have steadily drifted into the selection of all their judges by popular vote, and this is to-day the practice of every other Western state. In short, of the forty-five states that now comprise the United States, in five the higher judges are elected by the legislature, in seven they are appointed by the governor by and with the advice and consent of the Council or Senate, while in thirty-three they are elected by popular vote.

Thus the people have more and more taken to themselves the immediate selection of their magistrates. Popular representatives assembled in convention have framed constitutional amendments, which have been ratified at the polls by the people themselves. That the movement has been steady and decided is to be seen from the experience of the state of New York. As has been shown, this state in 1846 superseded its system of appointment by that of election. After a trial of twenty-seven years, when asked in 1873 again to indicate the preference between the two methods, the people voted by nearly three to one for the election of judges by popular vote.

Another quarter of a century has passed, and now for fifty years in New York the courts have been connected with popular elections. How has this association affected them? One effect is certain. As a rule, it has made the judge a prominent and active member of a political organization; in other words, a partisan in politics. A partisan he

must be to obtain the office, and a partisan he must be to keep it. The office of judge, like the other offices filled by popular vote, is subject to the conditions of popular elections; and these are in the exclusive control of the political parties. The nomination is made and the campaign is waged by them and for their benefit. The fact that now and then one party is compelled, by an emphatic demand of the public, the bench, or the bar, to accept as its candidate for judicial office the nominee of another party is an exception that proves the rule. Such a concession is made only through compulsion. It weakens the party as an organization. It gives over to the enemy one of the offices or strongholds, the possession of which increases the party discipline, influence, and power. If a political party is to exist and prevail, it needs every office within its gift, to bestow upon its adherents; either to reward distinguished service, to strengthen wavering allegiance, or to secure a generous campaign contribution. That the office of judge has proved to be no exception to this rule is seen from the examples cited at the beginning of this article. They are not the only ones. Thanks to recent state laws requiring sworn statements of campaign expenses by candidates for office, the facts are now open to the public. In New York, since the passage of such a law in 1890, Tammany Hall received, in 1890, \$10,000 from its candidate for the Superior Court of the City of New York; in 1891, \$6500 from its candidate for the Supreme Court, and \$10,000 from its candidate for the Court of Common Pleas; in 1893, \$5000 from its candidate for the Court of Common Pleas; in 1895, \$5000 from its candidate for the Court of General Sessions, and \$5000 from its candidate for the Supreme Court.

The contribution need not be called the purchase price of the office. It is enough to state that its payment is evidently obligatory upon the candidate by

reason of his acceptance of the nomination. Being under obligation to his party for one of its most honored gifts, he manifests his gratitude by becoming one of its most generous supporters. Even in office his zeal does not flag. He participates in party councils and takes the stump in political campaigns. The faithful servant and generous supporter of his party, he is rewarded with a renomination at the end of his term.

Meanwhile, in the community where he is prominent as a politician, he also sits as a judge. In the interpretation of the law and in the trial of causes he may have to decide between the very men, as litigants or attorneys, with whom he is associated or to whom he is opposed, in the arena of politics. Possibly the cause brought before him has itself arisen out of, or is involved with, the political questions that agitate his community and receive the support or opposition of his party. At any moment his record or sympathy as a politician may come into contrast or conflict with his duty as a judge.

Even if his association with politics does not influence his judgment or conduct upon the bench, still it tends to weaken his hold upon public confidence and respect. Normally, the judge is regarded with a feeling of deep respect and of genuine affection; but this feeling is based upon a belief in his impartiality, independence, and fearlessness. By allying himself prominently with one class or party as opposed to another, — especially by participating in party strife and incurring political animosity, — he arouses in the former a hope of favor, and in the latter a fear of disfavor, in his judicial decisions. In both cases his office and function are undermined. The judiciary, while intrusted with preëminent powers, is nevertheless the weakest department of the government. The force and influence of its decisions rest solely upon the credit and respect with which they are received. The judicial

mandate loses much of its power if it be believed to come from a political partisan.

An even more subtle and serious danger may arise to the judicial office if, through its association with politics, it be made the agency for declaring or perpetuating some temporary party principle or purpose. In a determination to gain public office and control public policy, a party may not hesitate to compel even the judicial office to its assistance. Thus through the decisions and interpretation of the law would the party seek to justify and perpetuate its measures. The office of the judge would be degraded to the service of party politics. To be sure, under our form of government, it is an important duty and function of the judge to educe and declare the sovereign will of the majority as embodied in our constitutions, state and national; but when once this constitutional will has been determined it should not be modified or controlled by temporary political passion or caprice. Otherwise, we should have a government, not of laws, but of men.

It is not to be inferred that all judges elected by popular vote are corrupt. The evil influence of politics upon the bench has been largely counteracted by professional pride, by conservative public sentiment, and by a critical bar. Lawyers, as a class, are influential in politics, and do not easily submit to the imposition and burden of an incompetent or unworthy judge. They often dictate nominations for the bench. But even with these safeguards the evil is not obviated. It is too subtle. Men of the highest qualifications, intellectual and moral, for judicial office, when chosen under the prevalent system of popular election, can scarcely escape the baleful influences to which that system subjects them. An under-feeling of political obligation, a brooding dread of political decapitation, consciously or unconsciously qualify the judgment and disturb the

mind. They at least prevent complete independence and repose. "It is plain," says Mr. Bryce, "that judges, when sucked into the vortex of politics, must lose dignity, impartiality, and influence."

In fact, the judiciary cannot escape the harmful power of politics so long as it is subject to popular election. The time has come for the states to return to the system of appointment. It is not contended that thereby all evil political influence would be obviated. Under a system of appointment, the selection of judges may at times be controlled by executive favoritism or by political considerations, but the possibility of such control is reduced to a minimum. The Executive can be held personally and directly responsible for his appointments to judicial office, and any departure from his duty can be rebuked at the polls.

Such a reform would be in harmony with a similar reform now in progress in municipal government. In recent years, in some of our great cities, notably New York and Boston, the method of appointment has been substituted for that of popular election in the selection of heads of departments and other similar officers. Thus we are to-day correcting the excesses to which the principles of democracy and of popular election have been carried. The various functions and factors in local and municipal government are being readjusted with less regard to party passion and advancement, and with more attention to an expeditious, economical, honest, and efficient transaction of the public business.

In this reaction toward better government, let us not neglect the judiciary, the very foundation of the state. The statesmen of 1787 were not old fogies. With deep solicitude and with comprehensive view for the future welfare of the government that they were framing, they established the system of appointment for the selection of judges, and we would do well to follow their example.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE GREASER.

UNDERFOOT an illimitable wilderness of hot brown sand ; overhead an illimitable wilderness of hot brown sky ; sand and sky fused together at the far horizon ; the great encircling desolation broken only by clumped sagebrush, mesquite, and Spanish bayonet, and by round bare hills ; no limit to it anywhere within sight or within the range of imagination ; over all, dominating earth and sky, the air and the glow, a deep silence, — such is the pitiless New Mexican waste. The eye that looks on it, the mind that contemplates it, is captivated by a spell. “Neglected and forgotten of God,” he will say who views it as a stranger. The very thought of green pastures and still waters is alien and illusory. Of all strange corners of our strange West, this is the strangest ; and it is the chosen and beloved abiding place of the strangest and least comprehensible of all those who make up our national character. It seems a pathless desert. What purpose could be served by beaten ways ? Paths are made by travel and to be traveled ; but here one would as well stop haphazard in any place. Yet there are countless thin, sinuous “trails,” dissecting the immense empire of desolation into principalities and powers of barrenness. One does not find these paths by seeking ; he comes upon them unaware and quite by chance. Winding across the dull sand, itself the product of ages of disintegration of the bleak hill ranges, they are marked only by a finer comminution of the sand into yellow dust under the slow grinding of hoofbeats. The trails are as characteristic as the wilderness they traverse and as the people who use them. In its waywardness each says : “Take your time ; there is no hurry. The present moment is as sacred as any other.”

Choose at will the least promising of all these ancient bypaths. In the burn-

ing noontide comes a slow gray burro, meek and patient ; his head drooped, his eyes mere glinting peepholes in his outward shagginess, — every line, curve, and movement full of unobtrusive dignity. And this sedate aspect eminently befits his estate, for he is no ordinary beast ; he is the bearer of the presiding genius of the desert, — the mestizo, the Greaser, half-blood offspring of the marriage of antiquity with modernity. Time cannot take from him the unmistakable impress of old Spain. But his Spanish appearance is not his dominant characteristic. His skin has been sunbrowned for centuries ; his nose and cheeks are broad ; his lips are thick ; his brows are heavy, sheltering eyes soft, passionate, inscrutable. King in his own natural right, master of a blessed content, he is the strange progeny of parents who waged warfare against each other, and all but perished in the strife. They gave him no heritage save a blending of their own warring passions. Anomalous as he is, he is one of the few distinct types in our national life whose origin is fully known to us.

It is an old story, but one whose charm warrants its repetition, that the Spanish conquerors, having established themselves in Mexico, looked with discontented eyes for new and wider fields for adventure. They had heard fascinating tales of the magnificence of that race which they were to overcome in Mexico. The conquest made, the simple children of the western hemisphere, whose fabled wealth had been a lure and a snare to valor, were found to be poor, primitive folk, dwelling within bare stone and adobe walls which had been reared for protection against the raids of nomadic enemies. But, childlike in many things, they were wise in their love of peace, and were quick to see that it was desire for gold, rather than lust for blood, which

had brought the Spaniards. "We have naught to give. Behold, we are oppressed with our poverty. But our neighbors to the northward are rich, strong, and powerful. They dwell in seven cities of gold, decked with gems. In those cities you will find what you seek here in vain. Go, and leave us in peace." Coronado went with his followers, soldiers and priests and friars. On the way they heard rumors of the might and wealth of those they were to conquer. The zeal of arms was not stronger in the hearts of the soldiers than was the zeal of Christian conversion in the souls of the friars. For, taking one time with another, the Franciscans were not behind their secular brethren in the desire to impress eastern civilization upon this far new west. Sometimes priests and monks were leaders; sometimes they were mere camp followers of the army; but they were always present. When, after surmounting hardship and privation, the dauntless little band had made its way through the desert to its goal, again bitter disappointment lay in wait. Glowing tales had been sent to the mother country by the leaders of this foray, — tales of vast achievement of arms and of vaster pilage, big tales to justify these knightly vagabonds in prosecuting war without royal permit. What liars they were! But despite these gorgeous ancient lies, by little and little we have found out the truth concerning the vanquished natives of Mexico and its outlying provinces.

"The seven cities of the province of Cibola," writes Mr. H. O. Ladd, "were favorably situated in a valley. The most populous was named Macaque. Some of its houses were six and seven stories high; most of them were four stories high, ascended by ladders from terrace to terrace. Coronado reported to Mendoza that the town from which he wrote had about five hundred houses. The people wore cotton mantles, with fur and skins for winter covering, but generally went nearly

naked in summer. They daily received instruction from priests selected from the aged men. The climate was variable, often cold, with occasional rain, and they provided themselves with firewood from cedars growing twelve or fifteen miles distant. They had no fruit trees, but their fields bore excellent grass and maize, which they ground more finely than did the natives of Mexico. The wild beasts of the country were bears, mountain lions, wild sheep and goats, deer and elk of great size, whose skins the people tanned and painted for clothing and ornament, and also embroidered. They were industrious, disposed to peace, and neither given to drunkenness nor cannibalism. They buried their dead with the implements of their occupations. They were fond of music, and sang in unison with those who played on flutes. Their worship, received from tradition, was mostly toward the waters; for by them their corn was made to grow, and their lives were thus preserved. Their women were well treated, and were clad in tunics of cotton and mantles of finely dressed deerskins, passing over the shoulder, fastened at the neck and falling under the other arm. Their hair behind the ear was fashioned like a wheel, and resembled the handle of a cup. Turquoises hung from the ears, and were used as necklaces and girdles. A man had but one wife, and lived single after her death. Their weapons were bows, spears, stone hatchets, and shields of hides. The people of Cibola withdrew their families to the mountains, and were at first unwilling to communicate to Coronado the information he desired concerning the neighboring provinces. They, however, were induced to send messengers to distant towns and invite them to a conference with the strangers. Few responded to the invitation. But the Cibolans declared their willingness to submit to the laws of the Spaniards, and to have their children instructed in their religion."

Here, then, were the raw materials — Spaniard and Pueblan — from which the Greaser was to be evolved in the course of time.

The apparent mission of the Spanish soldiers in the New Mexican desert was to work devastation. Had the soldiers been alone, it is more than likely that the abiding places of the village Indians would have been razed, and their ruins, with the bodies of the people themselves, left to burial by the wind-blown sands. But, whether by the mercy of Providence or by mere chance, it happened otherwise. The Franciscans were the mediators and intercessors with fate. The soldiers were but craftsmen in arms, not civilizing agents. Spanish soldiers have never civilized anything. It was through the self-sacrifice and devotion of those good brothers that the first thin enamel of European, not to say Christian manners was put upon the character of the Pueblan. The soldiers did not hesitate to pledge anything and everything, even their soldierly honor, to the subdued people, whenever those pledges were deemed expedient; nor did they hesitate to violate every pledge, when it suited their convenience. But the priests and friars were as nearly honest as it is possible for godly Spaniards to be. According to their light (not a very bright light) they kept faith.

There was another fable to which Coronado listened, — the myth of Quivera. When, after the ignominious failure of his expedition to the northeast, he returned with his little army to Mexico, certain of the priests and lay brothers chose to remain in the new territory, to begin the slow work of conversion and regeneration, — a work which has never been completed. It is impossible to eradicate original sin by legislative enactment; it is equally impossible to make over a race of pastoral pagans by force of arms or by the arbitrary dicta of professional religionists. The Indians had conceived a strong distrust of the whole

conquering race; they could not discriminate. They had seen how empty of good the heart of a professed Christian could be, and they had suffered by that emptiness. The priests who remained after the departure of their armed allies boldly took big chances. They have had their story told many times. They were dropped neck and heels over the city walls. None the less, it may be, they are entitled to rank as Christian martyrs.

It was not until more than sixty years after Coronado's withdrawal that the first consistent attempts were made to plant permanent Spanish colonies in New Mexico. In 1598 Oñate entered the territory with a band of colonists, who brought large herds of domestic animals, and came prepared for home-building. With them were a goodly number of the ubiquitous friars. Oñate and his party meant to be friendly with the children of the soil. A conference was held with the several Pueblo tribes, whereat nearly all declared allegiance to the king of Spain. Two months later the first permanent missions were established. But Coronado's faithless vagabonds had laid too insecure a foundation for the upbuilding of comity. An Indian is slow to forget; until he has forgotten he cannot forgive. Undying enmity had grown up in the native heart toward the Spaniards. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put the broken confidence together again. Nominally and perforce the Pueblans were subjects of the Spanish throne; in reality they were still village Indians. Nominally and almost perforce they were good Catholics, — celebrating mass, meeting the money demands of the clergy, and submitting to the rites of Christian baptism; in reality they were still worshiping the gods of the sun, the wind, and the rain. Doubtless Oñate and his successors in office cherished the belief that their work was going well, and that the free native spirit had been thoroughly subdued and converted; but this submissive aspect

was only a little folding of the hands in sleep, merely a cat nap before a fierce awakening. There were eighty-two years of the era of Spanish colonial rule; then came the uprising in revolt, with uncompromising slaughter or expulsion of the immigrants, — an application of an elemental version of the doctrine of reciprocity. Those who were able fled; those who could not fly faster than the Pueblans could follow suffered death. Only some Spanish maids and matrons were held as captives, to become wives, and in due time mothers.

But Spanish domination was soon regained, and it endured until the time of Iturbide and the establishment of the Mexican Confederation. Then again Spanish blood was at a discount. Church and state together passed into control of the unregenerate half-breeds; and there followed a total eclipse of the pale light which had but half illumined the moral sky. Then, in sharp contrast, followed American annexation, with Bishop Lamy and his Jesuits; then — still sharper contrast — the real American incursion, with its railroad, its barbed-wire fences, and its public schools. And the Greaser is passing. It is now quite in order to write his obituary.

Some one — I think it was Mr. Herbert Spencer — has declared that the unmistakable mark of a high race of men is individualization, differentiation, heterogeneity, and variation from type. If that be a test, then we need not hesitate to say of the Greaser that he stands very low in the scale; for, to lapse into a Western mode of speech, he is all alike. Choose one, and you have a pattern from which all his brethren could be drawn, with only slight modifications in the items of beard and adipose.

Possibly the Greaser may seem more real if we put him down in figures. In 1540 the native population of New Mexico was, by approximation, 150,000. After three centuries it had declined to 45,000. Of the latter number, not more

than two per cent were of European blood; about twenty per cent were considered pure-blooded Pueblans; the others were mestizos. Within the last fifty years, of course, there have been great accessions to the white population, but the numbers of the other classes have not changed materially. And the white distrusts the Indian, the Indian despises the Greaser, the Greaser hates the white; there is a perfect rondo movement of dislike and antagonism. It could not well be otherwise. Inborn and inbred race instincts are strong. The differences are such as cannot be reconciled by the mere dwelling together of conflicting elements. Amalgamation of those elements can never be made complete: the Greaser himself, for example, is not an amalgamation of the characters of his parents; he is only an emulsion. The course of life upon our frontier has been fruitful of practical demonstration of several problems in sociology. One of the clearest is that the Indian problem will not be determined by any process of race absorption. Sometimes, in the exigencies of frontier life, misfit marriages have occurred; but they were only matters of expediency, a compromise with the hard fate which for a time separated the pioneers from women of their own blood. As soon as this condition changed, and white wives had become in some degree commensurate to the demand, those misalliances ceased, and the half-caste households which had been already established served no better purpose than to stand as monuments of connubial folly. There can never be more than a thin overlapping of the margins of these races. As the advance of the whites becomes more aggressive, the red men will simply retreat, — grudgingly enough, no doubt, — until by and by they are crowded into the last ditch. This is very true of the life of New Mexico; and in that territory the discord is in three notes.

The Greaser, even more than the In-

dian, has resented the intrusion of American ideas and energy into his placid atmosphere. The steam engine has annihilated distance, which to the eye of the native dweller was the chief charm of those broad plains; the shriek of the steam whistle tears to tatters the mantle of long-enduring silence; the wire fence is an infuriating infringement upon wide-ranging freedom; and as for Protestantism, with its simplicity of manners, its harsh and uncompromising morality, its public schools, and its substitution of disturbing ideas for beloved formalism, it is an affront to all the big and little gods of ancient days. But the Greaser seems to see the hopelessness of rebellion. Though his serene forehead is drawn into a black scowl, though under his breath he swears a multitude of picturesque oaths, though in his heart he rages, he feels his helplessness. He will not in any wise sincerely adopt and conform to the new order of things, called civilization; he can do nothing save to withdraw within himself, there to ponder his impending doom. The fruitful river valleys were long his home, as they had been the home of the Pueblan before him; but the white man coveted these, also. As the valley towns have grown, supplanting adobe with red brick, covering the earthen walks and roads with harsh pavements of brick and stone, substituting restless commercial activity for the sleep of centuries, the Greaser has gathered his serape about him, mounted his burro, and gone out upon the desolate plains. Ask him where he will go next, and he has recourse to that quaint bit of speech which is the best index to his mental habit, "*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?) Meanwhile, he rests in the sunlight; eating, drinking, smoking cigarettes wrapped in the sweet husk of the corn, — always smoking. The white slave of commercialism may take the land, may destroy every monument of ancient peace, may do what he will, if he but gives tobacco in exchange.

One morning, seven or eight years ago, I was lounging in a small trading store in the western end of Socorro County, which was a base of supplies for the sheep-herders and cattlemen of the neighborhood. Presently there appeared a Greaser mounted upon burroback, a live sheep tied across the burro's rump. After a word or two of listless bargaining, the Greaser gave his sheep in exchange for a four-ounce package of the cheapest smoking tobacco. Had he been inclined to dicker, he might have secured a little more; but, like the rest of his kind, he was possessed by a certain large scorn of petty haggling. He preferred to take the proffered quarter pound, and return with another sheep when his pouch was empty.

The mention of that incident reminds me of one use which the white man has made of the Greaser; for there is one niche in the territorial life into which he fits, — sheep-herding. Sheep-raising is one of the industries in which the white man, taking a hint from his predecessors in the field, has invested largely. The original dwellers in the land had both wool and cotton. A good measure of success has attended the industry in these new hands, and this success is due, in part at least, to the occupation of the mestizos as herders. They are ideal sheep-tenders. There is a strong temperamental affinity between the dullness of the sheep and the indolence of the man. Sheep on those wide pastures require to be kept in large herds; forage is comparatively scant, and they must roam freely, picking what they can as they go. They are not to be driven; they must take their own slow time. The only need for human guardians of the herd is to see that strays are not suffered to escape, and that there are no ravages of wolves or mountain lions. There is a deadly monotony in the work, with only bleating inanity for companionship, with an infinity of nature's own wilderness before the eyes, and some-

times with no glimpse of other human beings for many days and weeks together, — only the thousands upon thousands, acres upon acres, of woolly backs and mutton heads upon which to rest one's eyes and thoughts. The American temperament will not bear solitariness. The insane asylums of the sheep-raising Western states and territories hold many victims of monotony-madness, — a disease well known wherever the whites are confined in broad solitudes. But this isolation suits the Greaser. There is no going mad for him. Mount him on the back of his burro, put him to tending a herd of sheep, and he is in his element.

That children of nature are childlike and bland has been often told us, but there is an accompanying element of their disposition which may well cause a thoughtful man to pause. They have a strong way of keeping their mouths shut, and allowing the other fellow to do the talking. That is one of the Greaser's strong points. No one can tell what a Greaser thinks; no one can say what masked batteries of passion lie back of his well-mastered eyes. To trust a Greaser is to take a long jump into utter darkness. That he is treacherous every one knows who has had to do with him; but he is not wholly blameworthy. We have it upon good authority that the natives of the territory were simple and honest. The trick of deception was caught from the first conquerors and from the later paleface of the much-speaking tongue. But the Greaser's power of deception is a perfect mastery of the art, beside which the skill of the Yankee is merely the bungling of a novice. As we say out West, the Greaser "puts up a good front." One must needs be by nature suspicious, or thoroughly schooled in the ways of the swart little man, to detect the danger lurking behind the soft shine of the eyes, in the curves of his smile, and in the few gently breathed words. Only physical courage is wanting to make him what we

know as a "bad man." Physical courage he has none, — or at best but a little, and that thin. To be sure, he will fight, particularly when in his cups or when his jealousy is aroused; but he must fight with his own weapon, the knife. He is troublesome when he holds a knife, but he dreads the revolver, and of the great American fist he stands in honest fear. When he fights with his knife, so long as the odds are in his favor, he is a demon; but if he is scratched and catches sight of his own blood, that is the end of him. At heart he is the basest of cowards. This alone is enough to seal his doom. When the white nudges with his elbow and demands that the Greaser give more room, the poor little chap has not the "nerve" to jostle him again.

One who is dominated by the modern American spirit would be likely to predicate the downfall of the Greaser, upon the one fact that he is lacking in "enterprise." Nothing could be more truly said of him than that he is not "progressive." But he has got on very well. Left to himself under those genial skies, he has prospered in happy indolence, where the American with his creed of thrift has often failed. But the Greaser has the knack of it. He has never, like his successor, laid elaborate plans for to-morrow; he has mastered the faculty of being contented with each passing day. Perhaps no land is too barren to nourish the man who knows that trick. In New Mexico, the American is kept busy with his strenuous effort to make both ends meet. The Greaser is wiser: he does not expect them to meet, — does not want them to meet. He prefers to see the line of his placid days stretching away and away, after the manner of his ancient trails, toward the undefined horizon of his life. That is good enough for him.

Commerce, as a serious occupation in life, repels him. It is entirely foreign to his fixed and self-centred nature. Every tradition is against it. When the

Pueblans trafficked with other tribes, it was for the sole purpose of supplying pressing wants which they could not satisfy by the means at their command within their own communal life. And those wants were real, not imaginary. While the American fills his days with "hustling," the Greaser gets what is needful for breakfast, dreams away the morning, then gets what Providence vouchsafes for his next meal, and dreams again. Judging by our different standards, we must be slow to call the Greasers' life ideal; but we must concede that it is not altogether without charm. One who has lived with those simple people, letting himself lie open to the influences of the tranquil hours, is quick to catch the pleasurable thrill of this new order of laziness. Having experienced the idyllic repose, I am loath to say that it is not to be preferred to some of our own hot-footed, ineffective activity. There are so many ways of being lazy! I rather like the Greaser way.

But the invasion of this endless leisure by commerce has not provoked such strong resentment as has been aroused by the establishment of the public school. If commerce is repellent to the Greaser, the public school is revolting. While the poor Greaser stops his ears against the strident clamor of the Yankee invasion, and turns pale with nausea induced by its dizzy swirl, how is it possible to reconcile him to being instructed in the principles of which those hobgoblins are the offspring? The Yankee schoolmaster would teach idolatry of strange gods, — "practical" things. Geography? For the mestizo there is no geography save that of the broad scene bounded by his own sky-line; seas, continents, empires, are things of no significance.

The religious notions of the Greaser are, after all, the strongest moulding and motive force in the making of his social character. However mistaken he may have been in his conception, all of the

signs and tokens of character which he displays to the world have been moulded under the influence of that religion which has been for the time his master. Every pagan people gives a strong outward expression of obedience to the formal exactions of its religion. This is particularly true of the mestizo, because of his inactive, negative mental constitution. But his nominal conformity is not a key to the rude theology which the man cherishes in his heart. Conformity makes the citizen; it never makes the man. Since the beginning of his race, the Greaser has been, with a few trifling exceptions, a Catholic devotee. He is born, married, buried, within the shadow of that Church; he prays and pays as it demands; it has a first mortgage upon him, but it is not a part of him. And after looking at the matter carefully for a time, one is led to believe that an attempt to foreclose the mortgage would snap the bond. For, though he is so exemplary a slave, he loves his freedom. Since he cannot have it outwardly, he makes some outward concessions, then builds his little imperium within: there neither priest nor soldier, Spaniard nor American, has admission; there he worships the phantoms of his dreams.

The student must grapple with difficulties in attempting to discover the *bona fide* faith of the Greaser, who knows so well how to say nothing, how to hide what lies in the depths of his eyes. It is of no use to ask him what he thinks. The eternal hills may yield their secret treasures, but the soul of the Greaser remains an inscrutable mystery. "Faith in God" is the teaching of the priest, but the onlooker suspects that the Greaser's memory is longer and stronger than his confession of faith, and that there abides in his inner being an unyielding devotion to the old sun worship, in which the spirits of the ancient plainsfolk were grounded. It was a beautiful and poetic faith, not devoid of spiritual benefits. The Pueblan sun

worshiper had a rude religion, because he was of a rude folk. But he looked for the coming of an earthly savior, a deliverer from earthly ills and oppressions; he had this tradition before the Spanish conquest, and he still has it, — a little vague and dimmed by many disappointments, but not yet broken.

How much of this has been passed by the Pueblan to his love child, the Greaser? Quien sabe? In the larger strongholds of the Catholic Church, the cathedral cities and towns, the Greaser is held well in hand, and is drilled, schooled, catechised, to the point of perfect subjection. But in the remote fastnesses of mountain and desert, where priestly visitations are rare, no one can pretend to put his thumb upon the Greaser belief. And wherever the Greaser is, whether watching the sunrise from a hilltop or upon his knees in the cathedral, in no vital particular is he a Christian or an American. There is a strange order in New Mexico, continuing its rites to this day, — rites as rigorous as ever asceticism devised. This is the society *de los hermanos penitentes*, — the Penitent Brotherhood, — a study of which will show to what length and depth of zeal the Greaser will go when he is made to think it necessary. In the Lenten season the brotherhood is assembled for horrid trials of the flesh, when members are made to undergo such a course of self-inflicted punishment as fairly sickens the beholder. When it is over, and absolution has been given, there is the inevitable rebound from emotional excess, and for the remainder of the year the holy penitents range at the fullest length of their tether in all manner of vice, degradation, and lechery. But while that terrible ceremony may certainly be taken as a measure of religious zeal, it is not necessarily a measure of Catholic zeal.

There is one particular, however, in which the Greaser may be considered as in heart and soul a Catholic, and that is

the earnest pursuit of opportunities for holding carnival on the multitudinous Church feast days. He can give instruction to any other reveler upon earth, of whatsoever caste or creed. The festival was also a Pueblan institution; but with the Indians it was a post-harvest Thanksgiving on a large scale, and had some meaning. With the Greaser, feast days occur at every whipstitch. Some are legitimate enough; some have no more foundation than myths invented by the local clergy in the days when they were intent upon converting the Indians by hook or by crook. There is the great day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a purely local institution, of purely local origin, but for that very reason of high sanctity. Religious ceremonies, of course, attend upon every day of festival; but in the eyes of the Greaser such ceremonies form a merely perfunctory prelude to the real business of the day, — a little tonic for the appetite, a little half-willing concession to the Church's power of restraint. But mass is only a cloud, the passing of which leaves the rest of the day in broad sunlight, and leaves him free to do what he will. A feast day is a time of richest gala dress, a time of outdoor and indoor games, of drinking, of dancing, of music and song, of every sensuous joy, — and all with the blessing hand of the jovial padre laid upon the head of the participant. The pages of many books might be filled with strange tales of those feast times, if they were to be considered *seriatim*; it suffices to say that they make the largest power in holding the Greaser and the Mother Church together.

The Pueblan houses were large communal structures, of many stories and many rooms; but that was a necessary precaution for the sake of strength to resist wandering and powerful enemies. That necessity has passed, and when the Greaser builds to-day, his corner stone is simplicity, his walls are plainness, his roof is artlessness. The raw

material lies ready to his hand ; the willing sun lends its aid freely ; roughest of rough roof timbers may be got with a little labor. What window so simple as a hole in the wall ? What boon more beneficent than heaven's free air ? The finished house is a small square box of dried mud, chinked as need be with fresh relays of mud ; the floor is earthen. Sometimes the builder is moved, by spasmodic ambition or by the increase in his household, to make two rooms ; more often there is but one. In the towns, where such things can be got without too great effort, the house may have a wooden bedstead, and perhaps a rough table and a wooden chair ; but these are not essential. Men slept before there were bedsteads, ate before there were tables, and took their ease before there were chairs. A mat spread upon the floor is very good, when there is placed by its side a heaped kettle of fiery chili stew and a brimming gourd of pulque ; and he who has once slept upon a mass of the shredded fibres of the maguey, or Spanish bayonet, will not be envious of the down couches of kings. God save the Greaser ! How happy he is !

Clothing is reduced to its simplest terms. In the winter it is used for warmth ; in the summer it serves only an Edenic purpose. To keep warm is very easy. The plains are populous with herds, and if skill to weave is wanting, tanned skins do just as well. Here again the maguey befriends the Greaser, for its strong fibres twisted together make an excellent thread. Every man is his own shoemaker, and the pliant sandals of fire-cured skin are of the essence of comfort for the feet. In the summer season a very little cotton cloth goes a great way, with either man or woman. Brilliant hues are preferred, of course. The hat is the man's crowning glory. Upon it he lavishes ungrudgingly all his scanty wealth, and the extent of its adornment with silver spangles, gems, and gewgaws is limited only by his ability to

buy. The poorest of the poor will often be seen wearing a sombrero whose cost has been many times that of all the rest of his bodily furnishing. The women wear no hats ; instead they wear bright scarfs, wound over and around the head, neck, and shoulders with a skill and an attractiveness won by long practice.

The abode of the Greaser has been styled "headquarters for dirt." He is himself, one could almost say, the very apotheosis of dirt, and the nooks of his house and the folds of his raiment are the inns of those skipping, crawling things that provoked Sancho Panza's immortal plaint. But the Greaser is proverbially hospitable ; he does not give grudgingly of his substance to his tiny guests ; what he has they are free to take. And he has his reward ; he gets a little physical exercise now and again. He also gets entertainment. If he had no fleas to bite him, he would be likely to die of ennui. The manner of the Greaser's hospitality is still broader. No matter how poor his hovel or how meagre his board, the stranger is welcome. I should not like to call his apparent generosity a mere feint ; but do not be too sure of him because you have eaten of his salt. If you sleep beneath his roof, keep one eye on his handy knife. That is the Spanish of his nature and his creed, and illustrates the uncertainties of life in a neighborhood where forgiveness of sin is a marketable commodity.

One must not be too curious to see his marriage certificate, for the marriage ceremony is an expensive luxury. Baptisms and death ceremonies must be paid for ; but since the days of old the Church of the territory has looked with leniency upon a custom of mating *sans cérémonie*. There is no social penalty, for there is no blame attaching to a custom which has been in vogue amongst Pueblans, Spaniards, and Greasers from time immemorial. The Spaniards stole Pueblan women ; the Pueblans stole Spanish wo-

men ; their mongrel offspring take what they can get and are satisfied. If there is, nowadays, a certain laxity of surveillance upon the part of the spiritual guides, what matter ? The wedding fee can well be suffered to pass. Though it is not paid, it is as good as put by into a sort of permanent sinking fund ; for connubial unions, whether celebrated " by the book " or not, are fecund of other fees. Baptism, I have said, is always paid for. After all, the marriage service would be but a mockery among such folk as these, who are temperamentally incapable of observing its obligations.

As in all that goes to make manly character, the Greaser is a mere fragment of a man in stature. According to the artistic dictum, which pronounces the curve the line of beauty, the Greaser should assuredly be beautiful, for his make-up is superlatively rich in curves. His pudgy head and face bear an obtrusive lot of curling lines, which wriggle sinuously down over neck and shoulders, until they are lost in the portentous curve of his waistband. For he is fat. Rich or poor, idler and loafer, he never runs to leanness. The women are like the men. Perhaps you have heard or read of beautiful mestizo maidens ? Travelers' tales ! Save in the pictures of susceptible romanticists, I have never seen a beautiful Greaser girl. Sometimes in real life there is a certain tenderness of outline and form, a certain subflush of overripe color beneath the dusky skin, which, added to the glow of the eyes, give an effect of voluptuous charm that doubtless appeals to some. But whatever beauty the girl has in the first glamour of her youth is soon merged into the grim and ominous aspect of early old age. Roundness becomes rotundity ; the hue of dark rose becomes the dye of butternut ; the lissome, free walk becomes a flat-footed waddle. Only the inextinguishable light of the southern eyes remains to the end, — index of the passion which has burned to ashes all other elements of

beauty. Men and women share in the possession of those wonderful eyes, and of the voice, which is the eyes' fitting mate, — soft, velvety, lifeless, as though expressly made to handle the vitiated but musical Spanish-Indian patois of the Southwest.

Daily round of duty there is none for the mestizo, beyond the effort of preserving his masterly inactivity, — the labor of keeping strenuously busy doing nothing. He has always been satisfied with the least measure of the dignity of labor. In the olden time there was a system of half-voluntary slavery in vogue throughout Mexico and its dependencies, and that system has stamped its mark indelibly upon the Greaser mind. The poor man formerly incurred indebtedness to another, binding himself to work for his creditor until the debt should be paid. But his money wage was small, and meanwhile he was compelled to buy his few necessities of life from his creditor, with the result that he sank deeper and deeper into the mire of debt, until after a time he lost the hope, and even the ambition, to become free. Through the operation of this scheme of peonage, parents would mortgage their children, husbands would put a lien upon their wives and upon themselves, until this quasi-slavery grew to be an " institution " of considerable significance, whereby the workers gradually lost all thought of the manly integrity of work, and forfeited the true and only reward of the laborer. Nowadays the Greaser will not work unless he is driven ; but the lawful authority to drive is gone. Corollary : The Greaser does not work, — unless the out-of-door idling of the sheep-herder can be called work. In the first days of American occupation of New Mexico, the streets of the towns along the Rio Grande were picturesque with groups of pack burros, heavy-laden with immense bundles of fagots and mesquite roots, brought from plain and hill, for sale as firewood, a sale which brought such few

stray coins as were necessary for replenishing the store of tobacco and pulque. Some of the burros were water carriers, with great earthen jars swung in pairs against their panting sides. That is all past. The Yankee's dirty coal train has crushed the burro with its bundle of roots; the Yankee pumping station has drowned the old water carrier. But that does not matter; nothing matters very much in New Mexico. If the Greaser is ragged, the desert air and the ineffable sunlight have a kindly warmth for the skin; and for the inner man there is chili

colorado, pulque, and the sweet valley wine. Though the cursed gringo drives a sharp bargain, no bargain is intolerable which yields tobacco, the godfather of content.

To-day, at sunrise you will find the Greaser squatting against the eastern wall of his adobe hovel, basking, smoking, dreaming; in the glaring noon he shifts to the southern exposure, squats, smokes, dreams; when the gorgeous day dies he is by the western wall, stretched at his length, smoking and dreaming dreams, — dreams which he never tells.

William R. Lighton.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE BLIGHT.

IN a Stanton Street tenement, the other day, I stumbled upon a Polish capmaker's home. There were other capmakers in the house, Russian and Polish, but they simply "lived" there. This one had a home. The fact proclaimed itself the moment the door was opened, in spite of the darkness. The rooms were in the rear, gloomy with the twilight of the tenement, although the day was sunny without, but neat, even cosy. It was early, but the day's chores were evidently done. The teakettle sang on the stove, at which a bright-looking girl of twelve, with a pale but cheery face, and sleeves brushed back to the elbows, was busy poking up the fire. A little boy stood by the window, flattening his nose against the pane and gazing wistfully up among the chimney pots where a piece of blue sky about as big as the kitchen could be made out. I remarked to the mother that they were nice rooms.

"Ah yes," she said, with a weary little smile that struggled bravely with hope long deferred, "but it is hard to make a home here. We would so like to live in the front, but we can't pay the rent."

I knew the front with its unlovely view of the tenement street too well, and I said a good word for the air shaft — yard or court it could not be called, it was too small for that — which rather surprised myself. I had found few virtues enough in it before. The girl at the stove had left off poking the fire. She broke in the moment I finished, with eager enthusiasm: "Why, they have the sun in there. When the door is opened the light comes right in your face."

"Does it never come here?" I asked, and wished I had not done so, as soon as the words were spoken. The child at the window was listening, with his whole hungry little soul in his eyes.

Yes, it did, she said. Once every summer, for a little while, it came over the houses. She knew the month and the exact hour of the day when its rays shone into their home, and just the reach of its slant on the wall. They had lived there six years. In June the sun was due. A haunting fear that the baby would ask how long it was till June — it was February then — took possession of me, and I hastened to change the subject. Warsaw was their old home. They kept a

little store there, and were young and happy. Oh, it was a fine city, with parks and squares, and bridges over the beautiful river, — and grass and flowers and birds and soldiers, put in the girl breathlessly. She remembered. But the children kept coming, and they went across the sea to give them a better chance. Father made fifteen dollars a week, much money; but there were long seasons when there was no work. She, the mother, was never very well here, — she had n't any strength; and the baby! She glanced at his grave white face, and took him in her arms. The picture of the two, and of the pale-faced girl longing back to the fields and the sunlight, in their prison of gloom and gray walls, haunts me yet. I have not had the courage to go back since. I recalled the report of an English army surgeon, which I read years ago, on the many more soldiers that died — were killed would be more correct — in barracks into which the sun never shone than in those that were open to the light. It is yet three months to the sun in Stanton Street.

The capmaker's case is the case of the nineteenth century, of civilization, against the metropolis of America. The home, the family, are the rallying points of civilization. But long since the tenements of New York earned for it the ominous name of "the homeless city." In its 40,000 tenements its workers, more than half of the city's population, are housed. They have no other chance. There are, indeed, wives and mothers who, by sheer force of character, rise above their environment and make homes where they go. Happily, there are yet many of them. But the fact remains that hitherto their struggle has been growing ever harder, and the issue more doubtful. The tenement itself, with its crowds, its lack of privacy, is the greatest destroyer of individuality,

of character. As its numbers increase, so does "the element that becomes criminal for lack of individuality and the self-respect that comes with it." Add the shiftless and the weak who are turned out by the same process, and you have its legitimate crop. In 1880 the average number of persons to each dwelling in New York was 16.37. In 1890 it was 18.52; in 1895, according to the police census, 21.2. The census of 1900 will show the crowding to have gone on at an equal if not at a greater rate. That will mean that so many more tenements have been built of the modern type, with four families to the floor where once there were two. I shall not weary the reader with many statistics. They are to be found, by those who want them, in the census books and in the official records. I shall try to draw from them their human story. But, as an instance of the unchecked drift, let me quote here the case of the Tenth Ward, that East Side district known as the most crowded in all the world. In 1880, when it had not yet attained that bad eminence, it contained 47,554 persons, or 432.3 to the acre. In 1890 the census showed a population of 57,596, which was 522 to the acre. The police census of 1895 found 70,168 persons living in 1514 houses, which was 643.08 to the acre. Lastly, the Health Department's census for the first half of 1898 gave a total of 82,175 persons living in 1201 tenements, with 313 inhabited buildings yet to be heard from. This is the process of doubling up, — literally, since the cause and the vehicle of it all is the double-decker tenement, — which four years ago had crowded a single block in that ward at the rate of 1526 persons per acre, and one in the Eleventh Ward at the rate of 1774.¹ It goes on not in the Tenth Ward or on the East Side only, but throughout the city. When, in 1897, it was proposed

1526. Block bounded by Stanton, Houston, Attorney, and Ridge streets: size 200 × 300, population 2244, rate per acre 1774.

¹ Police census of 1895: Block bounded by Canal, Hester, Eldridge, and Forsyth streets: size 375 × 200, population 2628, rate per acre

to lay out a small park in the Twenty-Second Ward, up on the far West Side, it was shown that five blocks in that section, between Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Second streets and Ninth and Eleventh avenues, had a population of more than 3000 each. The block between Sixty-First and Sixty-Second streets, Tenth and Eleventh avenues, harbored 3580, which meant 974.6 persons to the acre.

If we have here to do with forces that are beyond the control of the individual or the community, we shall do well at least to face the facts squarely and know the truth. It is no answer to the charge that New York's way of housing its workers is the worst in the world to say that they are better off than they were where they came from. It is not true, in most cases, as far as the home is concerned: a shanty is better than a flat in a cheap tenement, any day. Even if it were true, it would still be beside the issue. In Poland my capmaker counted for nothing. Nothing was expected of him. Here he ranks, after a few brief years, politically equal with the man who hires his labor. A citizen's duty is expected of him, and home and citizenship are convertible terms. The observation of the Frenchman who had watched the experiment of herding two thousand human beings in eight tenement barracks in Paris, that the result was the "exasperation of the tenant against society," is true the world over. We have done as badly in New York. Social hatefulness is not a good soil for citizenship to grow in, where political equality rules.

Nor will the old lie about the tenants being wholly to blame cover the ground. It has long been overworked in defense of landlord usury. Doubtless there are bad tenants. In the matter of renting houses, as in everything else, men have a trick of coming up to what is expected of them, good or bad; but as a class the tenants have been shown all along to be superior to their surroundings.

"Better than the houses they live in," said the first Tenement House Commission; and the second gave as its verdict that "they respond quickly to improved conditions." That is not an honest answer. The truth is that if we cannot check the indraught to the cities, we can, if we choose, make homes for those who come, and at a profit on the investment. Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated in our day, and it is time that it should be said so that everybody can understand. It is not a case of transforming human nature in the tenant, but of reforming it in the landlord builder. It is a plain question of the per cent he is willing to take.

So that we may get the capmaker's view and that of his fellow tenants — for, after all, that is the one that counts; the state and the community are not nearly so much interested in the profits of the landlord as in the welfare of its workers — suppose we take a stroll through a tenement house neighborhood and see for ourselves. We were in Stanton Street. Let us start there, then, going east. Towering barracks on either side, five, six stories high. Teeming crowds. Pushcart men "moved on" by the policeman, who seems to exist only for the purpose. Forsyth Street: there is a church on the corner, Polish and Catholic, a combination that strikes one as queer here on the East Side, where Polish has come to be synonymous with Jewish. I have cause to remember that corner. In this house a man killed his wife, and was hanged for it. Just across the street, on the stoop of that brown stone tenement, the tragedy was reenacted the next year; only the murderer saved the county trouble and expense by taking himself off, also. That other stoop in the same row witnessed a suicide. Why do I tell you these things? Because they are true. The policeman here will bear me out. They belong to the ordinary setting of life in a crowd such as this. It is never so little worth living, and therefore held so

cheap along with the fierce, unceasing battle that goes on to save it. You will go no further unless I leave it out? Very well; I shall leave out the murder after we have passed the block yonder. The tragedy of that is of a kind that comes too close to the every-day life of tenement house people to be omitted. The house caught fire in the night, and five were burned to death, — father, mother, and three children. The others got out; why not they? They stayed, it seems, to make sure none was left; they were not willing to leave one behind, to save themselves. And then it was too late; the stairs were burning. There was no proper fire escape. That was where the murder came in; but it was not all chargeable to the landlord, nor even the greater part. More than thirty years ago, in 1867, the state made it law that the stairs in every tenement four stories high should be fireproof, and forbade the storing of any inflammable material in such houses. I do not know when the law was repealed, or if it ever was. I only know that in 1892 the Fire Department, out of pity for the tenants and regard for the safety of its own men, forced through an amendment to the building law, requiring the stairs of the common type of five-story tenements to be built of fireproof material, and that to-day they are of wood, just as they always were. Only last spring I looked up the Superintendent of Buildings and asked him what it meant. I showed him the law, which said that the stairs should be "built of slow-burning construction or fireproof material;" and he put his finger upon the clause that follows, "as the Superintendent of Buildings shall decide." The law gave him discretion, and that is how he used it. "Hard wood burns slowly," said he.

The fire of which I speak was a "cruller fire," if I remember rightly, which is to say that it broke out in the basement bakeshop, where they were boiling crullers (doughnuts) in fat, at

four A. M., with a hundred tenants asleep in the house above them. The fat went into the fire, and the rest followed. I suppose that I had to do with a hundred such fires, as a police reporter, before, under the protest of the Tenement House Committee and the Good Government Clubs, the boiling of fat in tenement bakeshops was forbidden. The chief of the Fire Department, in his testimony before the committee, said that "tenements are erected mainly with a view of returning a large income for the amount of capital invested. It is only after a fire in which great loss of life occurs that any interest whatever is taken in the safety of the occupants." The Superintendent of Buildings, after such a fire in March, 1896, said that there were thousands of tenement firetraps in the city. My reporter's notebook bears witness to the correctness of his statement, and it has many blank leaves that are waiting to be put to that use yet. The reckoning for eleven years showed that, of 35,844 fires in New York, 53.18 per cent were in tenement houses, though they were only a little more than 31 per cent of all the buildings, and that 177 occupants were killed, 523 maimed, and 625 rescued by the firemen. Their rescue cost the lives of three of these brave men, and 453 were injured in the effort. And when all that is said, not the half is told. A fire in the night in one of those human beehives, with its terror and woe, is one of the things that live in the recollection ever after as a terrible nightmare. Yet the demonstration of the Tenement House Committee, that to build tenements fireproof from the ground up would cost little over ten per cent more than is spent upon the firetrap, and would more than return the interest on the extra outlay in the saving of insurance and repairs, and in the better building every way, has found no echo in legislation or in the practice of builders. That was the fire chief's way to avoid "the great destruc-

tion of life;" but he warned the committee that it would "meet with strong opposition from the different interests, should legislation be requested." The interest of the man who pays the rent will not be suspected in this, so he must have meant the man who collects it.

Here is a block of tenements inhabited by poor Jews. Most of the Jews who live over here are poor; and the poorer they are, the higher rent do they pay, and the more do they crowd to make it up between them. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." It is only the old story in a new setting. The slum landlord's profits were always the highest. He spends nothing for repairs, and lays the blame on the tenant. The "district leader" saves him, in these days of Tammany rule come back, unless he is on the wrong side of the political fence, in which case the Sanitary Code comes handy to chase him into camp. A big "order" on his house is a very effective way of making a tenement house landlord discern political truth on the eve of an important election. Just before the last, when the election of Theodore Roosevelt was threatened, the sanitary force displayed such activity as it has not since up to the raid on the elevated roads, in the examination of tenements belonging very largely, as it happened, to sympathizers with the gallant Rough Rider's cause; and those who knew did not marvel much at the large vote polled by the Tammany candidate in the old city. The halls of these tenements are dark. Under the law, there should be a light burning, but it is one of the rarest things to find one. The thing seems well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. Two years ago, when the Good Government Clubs set about backing up the Board of Health in its efforts to work out this reform, which comes close to being one of the most necessary of all, — such untold mischief is abroad in the darkness of these thoroughfares, — the

sanitary police reported 12,000 tenement halls unlighted by night, even, and brought them, by repeated orders, down to less than 1000 in six months. I do not believe the light burns in 1000 of them all to-day. It is so easy to put it out when the policeman's back is turned, and save the gas.

We had a curious instance at the time of the difficulties that sometimes beset reform. Certain halls that were known to be dark were reported sufficiently lighted by the policeman of the district, and it was discovered that it was his standard that was vitiated. He himself lived in a tenement, and was used to its gloom. So an order was issued defining darkness to the sanitary police: if the sink in the hall could be made out, and the slops overflowing on the floor, and if a baby could be seen on the stairs, the hall was light; if, on the other hand, the baby's shrieks were the first warning that it was being trampled upon, the hall was dark. Some days later, the old question arose about an Eldridge Street tenement. The policeman had reported the hall light enough. The president of the Board of Health, to settle it once for all, went over with me, to see for himself. The hall was very dark. He sent for the policeman.

"Did you see the sink in that hall?" he asked.

The policeman said he did.

"But it is pitch dark. How did you see it?"

"I lit a match," said the policeman.

Four families live on these floors, with Heaven knows how many children. It was here the police commissioners were requested, in sober earnest, some years ago, by a committee of very practical women philanthropists, to have the children tagged, so as to save the policemen wear and tear in taking them back and forth between the Eldridge Street police station and headquarters, when they got lost. If tagged, they could be assorted at once and taken to their homes.

Incidentally, the city would save the expense of many meals. It was shrewdly suspected that the little ones were lost on purpose in a good many cases, as a way of getting them fed at the public expense.

That the children preferred the excitement of the police station, and the distinction of a trip in charge of a brass-buttoned guardian, to the Ludlow Street flat is easy enough to understand. A more unlovely existence than that in one of these tenements it would be hard to imagine. Everywhere is the stench of the kerosene stove that is forever burning, serving for cooking, heating, and ironing alike, until the last atom of oxygen is burned out of the close air. Oil is cheaper than coal. The air shaft is too busy carrying up smells from below to bring any air down, even if it is not hung full of washing in every story, as it ordinarily is. Enterprising tenants turn it to use as a refrigerator as well. There is at least a draught of air, such as it is. When fire breaks out, this draught makes of the air shaft a flue through which the fire roars to the roof, and transforms what was meant for the good of the tenants into their greatest peril. The stuffy rooms seem as if they were made for dwarfs. Most decidedly, there is not room to swing the proverbial cat in any one of them. In one I helped the children, last holiday, to set up a Christmas tree, so that a glimpse of something that was not utterly sordid and mean might for once enter their lives. Three weeks after, I found the tree standing yet in the corner. It was very cold, and there was no fire in the room. "We were going to burn it," said the little woman, whose husband was then in the insane asylum, "and then I could n't. It looked so kind o' cheery-like there in the corner." My tree had borne the fruit I wished.

It remained for the New York slum landlord to assess the exact value of a ray of sunlight, — upon the tenant, of course. Here are two back-to-back rear

tenements, with dark bedrooms on the south. The flat on the north gives upon a neighbor's yard, and a hole two feet square has been knocked in the wall, letting in air and sunlight; little enough of the latter, but what there is is carefully computed in the lease. Six dollars for this flat, six and a half for the one with the hole in the wall. Six dollars a year per ray. In half a dozen houses in this block have I found the same rate maintained. The modern tenement on the corner goes higher: for four front rooms, "where the sun comes right in your face," seventeen dollars; for the rear flat of three rooms, larger and better every other way, but always dark, like the capmaker's, eleven dollars. From the landlord's point of view, this last is probably a concession. But he is a landlord with a heart. His house is as good a one as can be built on a twenty-five-foot lot. The man who owns the corner building in Orchard Street, with the two adjoining tenements, has no heart. In the depth of last winter, I found a family of poor Jews living in a coop under his stairs, an abandoned piece of hallway, in which their baby was born, and for which he made them pay eight dollars a month. It was the most outrageous case of landlord robbery I had ever come across, and it gave me sincere pleasure to assist the sanitary policeman in curtailing his profits by even this much. The hall is not now occupied.

The Jews under the stairs had two children. The shoemaker in the cellar next door has three. They were fighting and snarling like so many dogs over the coarse food on the table before them, when we looked in. The baby, it seems, was the cause of the row. He wanted it all. He was a very dirty and a very fierce baby, and the other two children were no match for him. The shoemaker grunted fretfully at his last, "Ach, he is all de time hungry!" At the sight of the policeman, the young imp set up such a

howl that we beat a hasty retreat. The cellar "flat" was undoubtedly in violation of law, but it was allowed to pass. In the main hall, on the ground floor, we counted seventeen children. The facts of life here suspend ordinary landlord prejudices to a certain extent. Occasionally it is the tenant who suspends them. The policeman laughed as he told me of the case of a mother who coveted a flat into which she well knew her family would not be admitted; the landlord was particular. She knocked, with a troubled face, alone. Yes, the flat was to let; had she any children? The woman heaved a sigh. "Six, but they are all in Greenwood." The landlord's heart was touched by such woe. He let her have the flat. By night he was amazed to find a flock of half a dozen robust youngsters domiciled under his roof. They had indeed been in Greenwood; but they had come back from the cemetery to stay. And stay they did, the rent being paid.

High rents, slack work, and low wages go hand in hand in the tenements as promoters of overcrowding. The rent is always one fourth of the family income, often more. The fierce competition for a bare living cuts down wages; and when loss of work is added, the only thing left is to take in lodgers to meet the landlord's claim. The Jew usually takes them singly, the Italian by families. The midnight visit of the sanitary policeman discloses a state of affairs against which he feels himself helpless. He has his standard: 400 cubic feet of air space for each adult sleeper, 200 for a child. That in itself is a concession to the practical necessities of the case. The original demand was for 600 feet. But of 28,000 and odd tenants canvassed in New York, in the slumming investigation prosecuted by the general government in 1894, 17,047 were found to have less than 400 feet, and of these 5526 slept in unventilated rooms with no windows. No more such rooms have

been added since; but there has come that which is worse.

It was the boast of New York, till a few years ago, that at least that worst of tenement depravities, the one-room house, too familiar in the English slums, was practically unknown here. It is not so any longer. The evil began in the old houses in Orchard and Allen streets, a bad neighborhood, infested by fallen women and the thievish rascals who prey upon their misery, — a region where the whole plan of humanity, if plan there be in this disgusting mess, jars out of tune continually. The furnished-room house has become an institution here, speeded on by a conscienceless Jew who bought up the old buildings as fast as they came into the market, and filled them with a class of tenants before whom charity recoils, helpless and hopeless. When the houses were filled, the crowds overflowed into the yard. In one case, I found, in midwinter, tenants living in sheds built of odd boards and roof tin, and paying a dollar a week for herding with the rats. One of them, a red-faced German, was a philosopher after his kind. He did not trouble himself to get up, when I looked in, but stretched himself in his bed, — it was high noon, — responding to my sniff of disgust that it was "*sehr schoen! ein bischen kalt, aber was!*" His neighbor, a white-haired old woman, begged, trembling, not to be put out. She would not know where to go. It was out of one of these houses that Fritz Meyer, the murderer, went to rob the poorbox in the Redemptorist Church, the night when he killed policeman Smith. The policeman surprised him at his work. In the room he had occupied I came upon a brazen-looking woman with a black eye, who answered the question of the officer, "Where did you get that shiner?" with a laugh. "I ran up against the fist of me man," she said. Her "man," a big, sullen lout, sat by, dumb. The woman answered for him that he was a mechanic.

"What does he work at?" snorted the policeman, restraining himself with an effort from kicking the fellow.

She laughed scornfully. "At the junk business." It meant that he was a thief.

Young men, with blotched faces and cadaverous looks, were loafing in every room. They hung their heads in silence. The women turned their faces away at the sight of the uniform. They cling to these wretches, who exploit their starved affections for their own ease, with a grip of desperation. It is their last hold. Women have to love something. It is their deepest degradation that they must love these. Even the wretches themselves feel the shame of it, and repay them by beating and robbing them, as their daily occupation. A poor little baby in one of the rooms gave a shuddering human touch to it all.

The old houses began it, as they began all the tenement mischief that has come upon New York. But the opportunity that was made by the tenant's need was not one to be neglected. In some of the newer tenements, with their smaller rooms, the lodger is by this time provided for in the plan, with a special entrance from the hall. "Lodger" comes, by an easy transition, to stand for "family." Only the other night I went with the sanitary police on their midnight inspection through a row of Elizabeth Street tenements which I had known since they were built, fifteen or sixteen years ago. That is the neighborhood in which the recent Italian immigrants crowd. In the house which we selected for examination, in all respects the type of the rest, we found forty-three families where there should have been sixteen. Upon each floor there were four flats, and in each flat three rooms that measured respectively 14×11 , 7×11 , and $7 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In only one flat did we find a single family. In three there were two to each. In the other twelve each room had its own family living and sleeping there. They cooked, I suppose, at the one stove

in the kitchen, which was the largest room. In one big bed we counted six persons, the parents and four children. Two of them lay crosswise at the foot of the bed, or there would not have been room. A curtain was hung before the bed in each of the two smaller rooms, leaving a passageway from the hall to the main room. The rent for the front flats was twelve dollars; for that in the rear ten dollars. The social distinctions going with the advantage of location were rigidly observed, I suppose. The three steps across a tenement hall, from the front to "the back," are often a longer road than from Ludlow Street to Fifth Avenue.

They were sweaters' tenements. But I shall keep that end of the story until I come to speak of the tenants. The houses I have in mind now. They were Astor leasehold property, and I had seen them built upon the improved plan of 1879, with air shafts and all that. There had not been water in the tenements for a month then, we were told by the one tenant who spoke English that could be understood. The cold snap had locked the pipes. Fitly enough, the lessee was an undertaker, an Italian himself, who combined with his business of housing his people above and below the ground that of the padrone, to let no profit slip. He had not taken the trouble to make many or recent repairs. The buildings had made a fair start; they promised well. But the promise had not been kept. In their premature decay they were distinctly as bad as the worst. I had the curiosity to seek out the agent, the middleman, and ask him why they were so. He shrugged his shoulders. With such tenants nothing could be done, he said. I have always held that Italians are most manageable, and that, with all the surface indications to the contrary, they are really inclined to cleanliness, if cause can be shown, and I told him so. He changed the subject diplomatically. No doubt it was with him simply

a question of the rent. They might crowd and carry on as they pleased, once that was paid; and they did. It used to be the joke of Elizabeth Street that when the midnight police came, the tenants would keep them waiting outside, pretending to search for the key, until the surplus population of men had time to climb down the fire escape. When the police were gone they came back. We surprised them all in bed.

Like most of the other tenements we have come across on our trip, these were double-deckers. It is the type of tenement that is responsible for the crowding that goes on unchecked. It is everywhere replacing the older barracks, as they rot or are torn down.

This double-decker was thus described by the Tenement House Committee of 1894: "It is the one hopeless form of tenement construction. It cannot be well ventilated, it cannot be well lighted; it is not safe in case of fire. It is built on a lot 25 feet wide by 100 or less in depth, with apartments for four families in each story. This necessitates the occupation of from 86 to 90 per cent of the lot's depth. The stairway, made in the centre of the house, and the necessary walls and partitions reduce the width of the middle rooms (which serve as bedrooms for at least two people each) to 9 feet each at the most, and a narrow light and air shaft, now legally required in the centre of each side wall, still further lessens the floor space of these middle rooms. Direct light is only possible for the rooms at the front and rear. The middle rooms must borrow what light they can from dark hallways, the shallow shafts, and the rear rooms. Their air must pass through other rooms or the tiny shafts, and cannot but be contaminated before it reaches them. A five-story house of this character contains apartments for eighteen or twenty families, a population frequently amounting to 100 people, and sometimes increased by boarders or lodgers to 150 or more."

The committee, after looking in vain through the slums of the Old World cities for something to compare the double-deckers with, declared that, in their setting, the separateness and sacredness of home life were interfered with, and evils bred, physical and moral, that "conduce to the corruption of the young." The statement needs no argument to convince.

Yet it is for these that the "interests" of which the fire chief spoke rush into battle at almost every session of the legislature, whenever a step, no matter how short and conservative, is to be taken toward their improvement. No winter has passed, since the awakening conscience of the people of New York city manifested itself in a desire to better the lot of the other half, that has not seen an assault made, in one shape or another, on the structure of tenement house law built up with such anxious solicitude. Once a bill to exempt from police supervision, by withdrawing them from the tenement house class, the very worst of the houses, whose death rate threatened the community, was sneaked through the legislature all unknown, and had reached the executive before the alarm was sounded. The governor, put upon his guard, returned the bill, with the indorsement that he was unable to understand what could have prompted a measure that seemed to have reason and every argument against it, and none for it. But the motive is not so obscure, after all. It is the same old one of profit without conscience. It took from the Health Department the supervision of the light, ventilation, and plumbing of the tenements, which by right belonged there, and put it in charge of a compliant Building Department, "for the convenience of architects and their clients, and the saving of time and expense to them." For the convenience of the architect's client, the builder, the lot was encroached upon, until of one big block which the Tenement House Committee

measured only 7 per cent was left uncovered for the air to struggle through; 93 per cent of it was covered with brick and mortar. Rear tenements, to the number of nearly 100, have been condemned as "slaughter houses," with good reason, but this block was built practically solid. The average of space covered in 34 tenement blocks was shown to be 78.13 per cent. The law allowed only 65. The "discretion" that pens tenants in a burning tenement with stairs of wood for the builder's "convenience" cut down the chance of life of their babies unmoved. Sunlight and air mean just that, where three thousand human beings are packed into a single block. That was why the matter was given into the charge of the health officials, when politics was yet kept out of their work.

Of such kind are the interests that oppose betterment of the worker's hard lot in New York; that dictated the appointment by Tammany of a commission composed of builders to revise its code of building laws, and sneer at the "laughable results of the late Tenement House Committee." Those results made for the health and happiness and safety of a million and a half of souls, and were accounted, on every humane ground, the longest step forward that had yet been taken by this community. For the old absentee landlord, who did not know what mischief was afoot, we have got the speculative builder, who does know, but does not care so long as he gets his pound of flesh. Half of the just laws that have been passed for the relief of the people he has paralyzed with his treacherous discretion clause, carefully nursed in the school of practical politics to which he gives faithful adherence. The thing has been the curse of our city from the day when the earliest struggle toward better things began. Among the first manifestations of that was the prohibition of soap factories below Grand Street by the act of 1797, which created a Board of Health with police powers.

The act was passed in February, to take effect in July; but long before that time the same legislature had amended it by giving the authorities discretion in the matter. And the biggest soap factory of them all is down there to this day, and is even now stirring up a rumpus among the latest immigrants, the Syrians, who have settled about it. No doubt it is all a question of political education; but are not a hundred years enough to settle this much, that compromise is out of place where the lives of the people are at stake, and that it is time our years of "discretion" were numbered?

And, please God, the time is at hand. Here, set in its frame of swarming tenements, is a wide open space, some time, when enough official red tape can be unwound, to be a park, with flowers and grass and birds to gladden the hearts of those to whom such things have been as tales that are told, all these dreary years, and with a playground in which the children of yonder big school may roam at will, undismayed by landlord or policeman. Not all the forces of reaction can put back the barracks that were torn down as one of the "laughable results" of that very Tenement House Committee's work, or restore to the undertaker his profits from Bone Alley of horrid memory. It was the tenant's turn to laugh, that time. Down half a dozen blocks, among even denser swarms, is another such plot, where football and a skating pond are being planned by the children's friends. We shall hear the story of these yet, and rejoice that the day of reckoning is coming for the builder without a soul. Till then let him deck the fronts of his tenements with bravery of plate glass and brass to hide the darkness within. He has done his worst.

We can go no further. Yonder lies the river. A full mile we have come, through unbroken ranks of tenements with their mighty, pent-up multitudes.

Here they seem, with a common impulse, to overflow into the street. From corner to corner it is crowded with girls and children dragging babies nearly as big as themselves, with desperate endeavor to lose nothing of the show. There is a funeral in the block. Unnumbered sewing machines cease for once their tireless rivalry with the flour mill in the next block, that is forever grinding in a vain effort to catch up. Heads are poked from windows. On the stoops hooded and shawled figures have front seats. The crowd is hardly restrained by the policeman and the undertaker in holiday mourning, who clear a path by force to the plumed hearse. The eager haste, the frantic rush to see, — what does it not tell of these starved lives, of the quality of their aims and ambitions? The mill clatters loudly: there is one mouth less to fill. In the midst of it all, with clamor of urgent gong, the patrol wagon rounds the corner, carrying two policemen precariously perched upon a struggling “drunk,” a woman. The crowd scatters, following the new sensation. The tragedy of death and life in the slum have met together.

Many a mile I might lead you along these rivers, east and west, through the island of Manhattan, and find little else than we have seen. The great crowd is yet below Fourteenth Street, but the northward march knows no slackening of pace. As the tide sets uptown, it reproduces faithfully the scenes of the older wards, though with less of their human interest than here where the old houses, in all their ugliness, have yet some imprint of the individuality of their tenants. Only on feast days does Little Italy, in Harlem, recall the Bend when it put on holiday attire. Anything more desolate and disheartening than the unending rows of tenements, all alike and all equally repellent, of the uptown streets, it is impossible to imagine. Hell’s Kitchen in

its ancient wickedness was picturesque, at least, with its rocks and its goats and shanties. Since the negroes took possession it is only dull, except when, as happened last summer, the remnant of the Irish settlers make a stand against the intruders. Vain hope! Perpetual eviction is their destiny. Negro, Italian, and Jew, biting the dust with many a bruised head under the Hibernian’s stalwart fist, resistlessly drive him before them, nevertheless, out of house and home. The landlord pockets the gate money. The old robbery still goes on. Where the negro pitches his tent, he pays more rent than his white neighbor next door, and is a better tenant. And he is good game forever. He never buys the tenement, as the Jew or the Italian is likely to do, when he has scraped up money enough to reenact, after his own fashion, the trick taught him by his oppressor. The black column has reached the hundredth street on the East Side, and the sixties on the West,¹ and there for the present it halts. Jammed between Africa, Italy, and Bohemia, the Irishman has abandoned the East Side uptown. Only west of Central Park does he yet face his foe, undaunted in defeat as in victory. The local street nomenclature, in which the directory has no hand, — Nigger Row, Mixed Ale Flats, etc., — indicates the hostile camps with unerring accuracy.

Uptown or downtown, as the tenements grow taller, the thing that is rarest to find is the home of the olden days, even as it was in the shanty on the rocks. “No home, no family, no morality, no manhood, no patriotism!” said the old Frenchman. Seventy-seven per cent of their young prisoners, say the managers of the state reformatory, have no moral sense, or next to none. “Weakness, not wickedness, ails them,” adds the prison reformer; no manhood, that is to say. Years ago, roaming through the British Museum, I came upon an exhibit but the main body lingers yet among the sixties.

¹ There is an advanced outpost of blacks as far up as One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Street,

that riveted my attention as nothing else had. It was a huge stone arm, torn from the shoulder of some rock image, with doubled fist and every rigid muscle instinct with angry menace. Where it came from or what was its story I do not know. I did not ask. It was its message to us I was trying to read. I had been spending weary days and nights in the slums of London, where hatred grew, a noxious crop, upon the wreck of the home. Lying there, mute and menacing, the great fist seemed to me like a shadow thrown from the gray dawn of the race

into our busy day with a purpose, a grim, unheeded warning. What was it? In the slum the question haunts me yet. They perished, the empires those rock-hewers built, and the governments reared upon their ruins are long since dead and forgotten. They were born to die, for they were not built upon human happiness, but upon human terror and greed. We built ours upon the bed rock, and its corner stone is the home. With this bitter mockery of it that makes the slum, can it be that the warning is indeed for us?

Jacob A. Riis.

IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

III. ÆSTHETIC PROGRESS.

ONE who would chronicle the development of American cities on strictly æsthetic lines faces a difficult undertaking, not because there is so much to record, but because the development is diversified, widely scattered, and lacking in harmony. But such a chronicle has value in showing a general realization of the shortcomings of our cities, from the æsthetic point of view, and a surprisingly common awakening of a wish to improve them. There is beginning to appear, also, an endeavor to harmonize these efforts, to treat conditions scientifically and systematically.

During the summer and autumn of the world's fair at Chicago, when the country was carried away by the exposition's unexpected beauty, it was common to hear it spoken of as "the white city" and "the dream city." In these terms was revealed a yearning toward a condition which we had not reached. To say that the world's fair created the subsequent æsthetic effort in municipal life were therefore false; to say that it immensely strengthened, quickened, and

encouraged it would be true. The fair gave tangible shape to a desire that was arising out of the larger wealth, the commoner travel, and the provision of the essentials of life; but the movement has had a special impetus since 1893.

When one speaks of the æsthetic side of American cities, one thinks at once of their public buildings; of their parks, statues, and boulevards. But in any right conception of urban loveliness these would be only the special objects of a general and harmonious beauty. A great work in the creation of fairer cities is to be done in directions less striking. A boulevard may do less to improve the general appearance of a city than the putting of its wires underground; a beautiful park may give to it less natural charm than would be restored by the abatement of the smoke nuisance; and a statue may fail to impart the artistic character that an orderly sky-line and harmony in the façades of its business blocks would give. It was appreciation of this fact which the world's fair especially extended.

A newspaper of New York, in writing of local conditions, has said: "The opportunity lies before us, ample and inviting, and wholly ignored. The site of a future city north of the Harlem offers a field for improvement more magnificent than that for which Nero destroyed imperial Rome. With a Haussmann or a L'Enfant in our three millions of population, the ideal city, the city beautiful and perfect, would at least be suggested, but what are we doing with it? We are plodding along on village lines, with village methods, marring with patchwork improvements that disfigure, ignoring all the teachings of the past, unconscious of all the possibilities of the future. We are laying out the new districts of the Greater New York, not as the ideal city nor the city beautiful, nor even as a city of common sense. We are merely permitting it to grow up under the stimulus of private greed and of real estate speculation."

There is only one American city which has been laid out as a whole on an artistic design prohibitive to haphazard growth. That city is Washington. A detail of the Indianapolis plan also deserves praise. Of the others, the proudest boast of the "gridiron" plan, whose virtue is the very dubious one of regularity. This system has not even economy of intercommunication to recommend it, since the traveler has two sides of a right-angled triangle to traverse to any destination that is not on his own street. The vistas granted by diagonal avenues do much for the beauty of cities, as one sees abroad or in Washington. Their points of intersection and the centres whence they radiate make adornment easy with parks, circles, plazas, and statues. Consider the advantage which the mere topography of the city gives to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris over the Washington Arch in New York.

We shall not attain to cities really beautiful, then, until we learn artistically to plan them. Transformations may

help us greatly, as London and Paris show; but the pity is that we displayed so little wisdom in the rare opportunity granted when our cities were yet on paper. After actual city building is begun, effort toward beauty is delayed by the strength of the demand for necessities. As long as each new year makes imperative many miles of paving, the laying of miles of sewers, extension of water, and protection from crime and fire over larger areas, it is explicable that weary taxpayers should suffer their ideal of a fairer city to grow dull. Rapid transit aided civic adornment in many ways, but in largely extending city lines an immediate effect was also to increase the burden of necessary expenditures. As a rule, however, the newer parts of our cities, with their broader streets, circles, and spaces set aside for adornment by turf and flowers, are better than older portions. This is hopeful and educating; and there is a widespread effort to mend existing conditions in the older parts, though a mended article can never be as good as one well made at first. Many of the new bridges are worthy of cities of high ideal. In Washington, the Civic Centre has done much in converting blind alleys into open thoroughfares. In San Francisco, a public-spirited woman, who has provided a worldwide competition of architects for artistic designs for the University of California, has recently offered to provide plans for beautifying the entire city by a similar international competition, and the city is well situated financially to avail itself of the chance. Cleveland also is fortunate in an opportunity for contemplating the simultaneous erection of a new court house, post office, library, city hall, and chamber of commerce. The wish has arisen to group these buildings, if possible, and to construct them on one harmonious architectural plan that shall create a magnificent centre of public business. In Philadelphia, the opportunities for municipal art have been a sub-

ject of most earnest discussion in as well as out of clubs, since the beauty of a temporary "court of honor," erected on Broad Street for the Peace Jubilee last fall, awoke to sudden consciousness the wish for a fairer city, and suggested dreams of its realization. New York is prouder, perhaps, of no portion of its area than of the heights where are rising in picturesque lavishment and splendor those structures that are now spoken of as "the city's crown." Moreover, during the last winter, the Architectural League took as the subject of discussion for its monthly dinners the ideal metropolis; and the plans there put forth by experts, seeking not the visionary, but the practical, for the adornment of the city, received a degree of respectful comment in the press of the large cities that, like the talk itself, was significant. Since such creative activity has always strongest hold on the imagination, it is proof of conscientiousness that actual efforts so often take a restrictive form. Movements typical of this are the attempts to abate the smoke nuisance, to supervise building operations with æsthetic as well as hygienic purpose, to control advertisements, to clean the streets, and to put the wires underground.

Several inventions have been patented to prevent dense smoke from the burning of soft coal, and various suffering cities have passed ordinances requiring that consumers be used. Others gain results perhaps as large by limiting the time during which such smoke may be allowed to come from the chimneys. The effort is much more notable than the gain. Restrictive building ordinances are strikingly illustrated in recent legislation against the construction of "sky scrapers." The winter and spring of 1898 furnished cases in point. In the spring, Chicago passed an ordinance which limited the height of buildings to 130 feet; and in Boston, where an ordinance limits the height to 125 feet, a significant discussion, dragging

through the winter, resulted at last in the passage of a bill which imposed a limit of 90 feet upon buildings in Copley Square. Both these acts were interesting; Chicago's because, as the first city to put the steel-frame construction to the test, she has always taken a motherly pride in it. It was a surprise to Easterners to find her with aspirations higher even than the buildings. In Boston, no other consideration than the æsthetic really entered into the affirmative side of the argument. When an announcement was made that a sky scraper was about to rise in that chaste square bounded by Trinity Church, the Museum of Fine Arts, the splendid Public Library, and the New Old South, there was a flood of newspaper letters, in which architectural harmony and skyline were technically and feelingly discussed. But this familiar vent did not draw off the agitation. A petition of protest was circulated and numerous signed, and a bill was introduced in the legislature to limit the height of buildings on Copley Square to 80 feet. The fight was a long and hard one, for financial objections alarming to landowners were easily raised. It was notable, however, that the press sided with the supporters of the bill. It was argued that to guarantee the preservation of the beauty of a neighborhood by legislation which was prohibitive to inharmonious construction there, was to add as much to the value of the ground as the proposed restriction in building height would remove. One can hardly overestimate the importance of this animated discussion as revealing an awakened desire for handsomer cities. Boston is often commended for the civic pride and public spirit which made her new library possible; but here was an action which could be helped by no thought of the monument which it was incidentally raising to itself. The subject has since been seriously considered in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia.

Examples of the effort to control advertisements, for the preservation or increase of a city's attractiveness, are by no means as common as they should be; but Massachusetts may again be cited. In the winter of 1898 a bill was introduced in the legislature, providing that "no person shall place or maintain within 500 feet of a state highway or of a parkway or a boulevard an advertising sign, or a picture or a poster intended to serve as an advertisement, if the superficial area of said advertisement, either by itself or in connection with others placed within 20 feet of it, exceeds 10 square feet." In Chicago, an ordinance of similar purpose appeared in the autumn of 1897. It limited the size of advertising signs "within 400 feet of parks or boulevards" to "four feet in width by three in height." New York also has such a law. But no American city, so far as known, controls the buildings which often disgrace park entrances, though even this has been suggested.

Better street cleaning, since the success which attended the efforts of Colonel Waring in New York, has been the most popular direction for the municipal æsthetic effort to take. It has lately absorbed a good deal of the movement's enthusiasm, but one is not inclined to quarrel with its prominence. Good pavements are a demand which clean pavements involve, and together they may be said to be the essentials of municipal dignity. As a man is judged by his linen, a city is judged by its streets. Though the success of Commissioner Waring in New York gave special impetus to the present vigorous movement, yet, like every leader of a crusade, he was a natural product of his time. Increased familiarity with the better conditions abroad, the very desire for fairer cities, initiated an effort which gained the larger hope of success for the example which he gave under home conditions. In Hartford, Connecticut, there is a club of women that is interesting as a type of

clubs which, singly and collectively, illustrate this form of civic spirit. It is called the Civic Club, and at this writing it has no printed report of its work. It had informal origin at a small luncheon, "where," as a member describes it, "the subject of our extremely dirty streets came up." There happened to be present a number of women of the sort generally known as "representative," and an organization was effected with the avowed object of cleaning the city. The club's policy has been from the first conservative, and it has maintained friendly relations with the municipal boards. As a result, its mere suggestions have accomplished much. Beginning with street cleaning, the club addressed letters to property holders, requesting coöperation; it induced the city to furnish cans for waste at the corners of the streets, and made it a punishable offense to scatter papers or refuse. A school league was then formed before the movement had been generally inaugurated; and Hartford was one of the first of the smaller cities to put its street cleaners in uniform. Extending its function to the promotion of "a higher public spirit and better social order in the community," the club has added other lines of work. If the Civic Club of Hartford, with its membership limited to 150, could do so much, we may be sure that there has been important effort in other cities. It is a work which women have especially taken in hand.¹ In Chicago, in 1897, a woman was appointed chief inspector of streets and alleys. She was the first woman to be appointed to such a position, but she filled it to better satisfaction than had been known before, having gained experience in similar duties for the Civic Federation. School children have been widely interested in the subject; and while the positive work which they do in the collection and removal of

¹ It is an open secret that Commissioner Waring, of New York, owed his appointment to the suggestion of a woman.

street waste is often considerable, the preventive work is of greater value. In Chicago the children formed a Clean City League, and in New York Colonel Waring established leagues in many of the schools. This plan, like most of his, was copied elsewhere.

It is not to be inferred, however, that citizenship always delegates such work to women and children. An example of masculine activity has been offered by the Merchants' Association of San Francisco. In 1897, 915 business firms were members; and to keep them and the public familiar with the work and aims of the association an eight-page paper was started, containing original articles and editorials on municipal questions. No advertisements were admitted, and five thousand copies a month were distributed freely. The streets were the first object of attack. Preliminary plans were prepared for an improved method of street cleaning, and then the association offered to see to the cleaning of any block within a certain district, if the merchants on that block would subscribe at a rate of not more than ten cents a day for a frontage of twenty-five feet. Subscriptions flowed in, and the plan was a success. Thus encouragement was given for undertaking the city contract, as an object lesson. A very low bid induced the board of supervisors to award the contract to the association's president. Its directors became his bondsmen, and the work was planned and managed by its officers. To insure success, \$30,000 were raised by voluntary subscription to add to the city's appropriation, and the contract was triumphantly carried out. At the approach of its expiration, plans and specifications for perpetuating the system were prepared, and these were adopted by the city authorities.

But whatever the popular interest in this work, it is properly a city function. Upon the city itself must fall the chief burden. This is especially true of the

removal of snow, slush, and mud. In fact, apart from the spirit which it illustrates, the popular interest is mainly of importance for its reactionary effect on officials. That is exemplified by New York's brief success, which was made possible by what is called the "reform element" in politics. The exact measure of that advance is thus significant. In 1888, only 53 miles of paved streets in the city were cleaned daily. In 1896-97, 433 miles were gone over from one to five times a day and kept clean. The distance traversed by sweepers each day was then longer than the railroad route from New York to Chicago. After the famous March blizzard of 1888, when the resources of the department were taxed to their utmost to remove the snow, 40,542 loads were carted away. In the winter of 1896-97, after each considerable snowstorm, 200,000 loads were removed, and in one day a fourth as many loads again as in the whole week after the blizzard. Moreover, 2000 men who had no pride in their work had been converted into a uniformed army of 2500 who were proud of their work, and who were sure of their positions as long as they were efficient. All difficulties were arranged by arbitration; the pay of the sweepers had been advanced from \$600 to \$720 a year; and the considerable increase in cost was held fully justified by results.

It is important to note that this change may be considered without the slightest partisan bias. This is generously made clear by Colonel Waring himself in his book. He declares: "The tendency to ascribe former defects of the Department of Street Cleaning in New York city to one political party, as such, seems to me not to be fair. I had this prevailing tendency myself, when I first took office; but my experience has taught me that it was a question, not of party, but of politics. . . . I am to this extent no more an anti-Tammany man than I should be an anti-Republican man

if Republicans had brought about the same defects had their party been in power."

The cheapest and easiest pavement to keep clean is a good one. The movement for the one is therefore the other's strongest ally. The discovery of commercially available asphalt and its preparation for paving has been a powerful factor in the results secured, but the demand for clean pavements will be found to lie back of much of the favor with which expensive asphalt has been received. Probably few persons realize how great the recent advance in this department of urban development has been. In most of our cities, nearly all the improved pavements have been laid within a dozen years. Forty-five years ago, in New York, the standard type was the cobblestone, and that was a luxury that was confined to the lower part of the city. The asphalt now in use was introduced in 1879. This was early, for even Washington got it only in 1878. A block was laid in front of one of the hotels. It was not until 1888 that a considerable stretch of asphalt was tried. Then it was put on ten blocks of Madison Avenue. In the three years ending December 31, 1893, 1,639,486 square yards were put down, at a cost of \$5,500,000. This, in general terms, is the history of the progress in all the cities. In street cleaning and the improvement of pavements, we have lately attained to a distinct and very important effort toward fairer cities.

Perhaps one could cite no better evidences of the extent and earnestness of these efforts along thoroughly practical lines than the American Municipal Improvement Society and the League of American Municipalities. The former of these was organized six years ago. Between sixty and seventy cities are represented in its membership, mainly by mayors, city engineers, and members of the boards of public works. Annual conventions are held, and carefully prepared papers relating to the improve-

ment of cities are read, discussed, and published. The league, which has also the purpose to systematize city building, was the outcome of a convention held at Columbus in 1897. Mayors and councilmen were present from one hundred and one cities in twenty-three states. In the league the membership is held by the cities themselves. It has established an office in New York, and this is intended to serve as a bureau of information on any subject of municipal management. A library is being formed of reports of the departments of the cities that are members.

Of more distinctly æsthetic purpose is effort for the beautifying of the streets. It rests mainly with the people, and properly, since in any case they must be depended upon to protect and cultivate grass, flowers, and shrubbery. Examples of the effort are seen in the greater care of lawns and trees, the removal of front fences, the planting of vines, and the "parking" which gives to city sidewalks vistas almost like country paths. Tree-planting societies afford a good instance of collective effort of this sort. In Washington, the street trees, said to number 78,000, are under the care of a special city commission, which expends about \$20,000 a year, and a law of New Jersey makes a similar provision there. In a few cities they are in charge of the park commissioners, and this is to be the rule under the new uniform charter which is to go into effect September 1, 1899, for the cities of Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and Troy, New York. In other instances, as with Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, the trees of certain streets are in charge of the commission; but generally the care of trees is left to the people themselves.

Such is the condition in Brooklyn, where the most conspicuous of the tree-planting societies is located. Founded with enthusiasm several years ago, it languished for lack of a definite plan, and has been but recently revived. It

is now performing a great work, and is known in almost every state of the Union. In the extension and popularizing of its work, it had, up to April 12, 1898, published twenty-four circulars regarding the planting and care of trees. One of these was addressed to children; and another, regarding the injury done to trees by horses gnawing the bark, was put into the hands of practically every horse owner and driver in Brooklyn, it is believed. The society calls frequent attention to the injury done by certain insects, recommends safeguards, and has carried on a movement that amounts almost to a crusade against the posting of advertisements on the trees. It formally states its objects to be "to promote the planting and protection of trees, the erection of drinking fountains, and otherwise to render the city of Brooklyn attractive." Within the limits of the old New York a tree-planting society was started in May, 1896. In April, 1898, it reported that nearly 1000 trees had been planted since the association was formed, as a result of its efforts. It has a special field in the miles of residential streets in New York that are so generally bare and shadeless. In Buffalo a Forestry Association was incorporated last December, to do by persuasion what the municipal government had the right to accomplish, but never did. Staten Island has a tree-planting association that has been working earnestly. In Indianapolis, a number of women, who have banded themselves into a Park Memorial Tree Association, do an interesting work in planting memorial trees, with appropriate ceremonies, besides working on streets and lawns.¹

This does not exhaust the list of private efforts, but it indicates their char-

acter. To this group of societies one for the planting of vines has been added, in New York. Duluth is an example of the short-sighted policy with which too many cities were laid out. When it awoke to æsthetic aspirations, it felt the need of trees so much that their provision was made a city charge. The work was put into the hands of the park commissioners, who in 1896 reported that they had planted along city streets about 5000 trees of the forest class. In Denver, writes Julian Ralph, "the first things that impress you are the neatness and width of the streets, and the number of young trees that ornament them." New Haven, as is well known, gains a sub-title from the beauty of her elms; Cleveland is called the Forest City; and Rochester, which is called the Flower City, gained a reputation some years ago through a crusade of the school children against a pest of caterpillars which threatened to destroy the shade trees. A popular subscription was raised by the Genesee Valley Forestry Association for prizes to the children, and in a few spring weeks 45,000 cocoons were destroyed. The attack was two or three times renewed, with not less success, until the danger was passed. Dayton, Ohio, has lately attained distinction by the wonderful æsthetic redemption of a squalid section through the influence of a manufacturing company which commenced by beautifying its own grounds.

Progress in city lighting owes much to the application of electricity. Public opinion is permitting a more generous use of it than strict necessity demands. When the expense of this extra lighting, which finds in adornment its excuse, reaches a prodigious sum in the eyes of taxpayers, the protest is apt to take the form of a demand for a city plant.

¹ A small but illuminating anecdote may be repeated to illustrate the latter department of effort. The association formed a club of boys who had been thoughtlessly ruining a fine stretch of street lawn. The boys were con-

sulted regarding plans for its preservation, and each was given some task for which he was responsible. It is said that no more neatly kept lawn is now to be seen in the city.

This is significant, but it opens an economic question which has no place here.

The debt which city beauty owes to rapid transit is large. In its prevention of crowding, it makes *rus in urbe* possible, and all that this means. In suburban property the idea of civic beauty is generally emphasized. No unimportant part of the work of this branch of the City and Suburban Homes Company of New York, for example, is in the setting out of model suburban communities, planned in their entirety from an artistic as well as a hygienic point of view. A prospectus, which is a fair type of many, announces houses pretty in themselves, and of varied but harmonious architecture, macadamized streets, "well-laid sidewalks, lines of shade trees, terraced sites, and a perspective of fifteen feet of lawn in front of the houses." Discovery of the means of rapid transit came at a critical point in the swift growth of our cities, and with the telephone it has enabled them to stretch out and make themselves fair, just as the electric light and the smooth pavement came in time to give a practical turn to the awakening æsthetic effort. The burial of street wires, like these other changes, is not required by æsthetic considerations alone, but it is just as effective as though it were. Indeed, it is worth while to reflect that the last quarter of a century must have witnessed a real advance in civic art through the influence of invention, — through the conduit, the smooth pavement, rapid transit, and electric light, — had there been no conscious endeavor.

City parks at once suggest themselves. Two years and a half ago, a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on *The Art of Public Improvement*, said that "parks have become a necessity of our cities and towns," and a very interesting sketch was published of their origin with us, and their rapid development. Historically, the thought of large parks for American cities hardly goes back of the early fif-

ties; and "only persistent and unremitting effort on the part of a few determined souls" was able then to get consideration for the project. An official who has made a study of the park statistics of twenty-five principal cities is my authority for saying that, except in a few of the largest, it is only within the last decade that a general interest in park development has appeared. He adds that in every case the park acreage has more than doubled in that time.

There are scoffers who see only robbery in the parks, as they do in the schools, and sneer that the "public-spirited voters of appropriations" are not those who pay the taxes. It is a pity that no comparative statistics have been collected, for an answer would probably be found in the proportion of park lands which are gifts to the municipality. The large gifts of this character to the cities of Cleveland and Hartford are so recent as to be generally remembered. To take, therefore, two cities which are further apart, it appears in the third annual report of the park commissioners of Duluth (1894) that the total value of park property, exclusive of improvements, was \$497,263, of which lands worth \$228,000 had been donated to the city for the purpose. In the East, Springfield, Massachusetts, reported that of the 24 parcels of land making up the 463½ acres of Forest Park, which is the great park of the city, 19, comprising 339½ acres, had been the gifts of individuals. It may be added that this park included considerable zoölogical and ornithological exhibits, for which not one dollar of public money had been expended for specimens. In fact, private gifts are apt to take this practical turn. The report of the park commissioners of Scranton includes, among those of 1898, a commodious kitchen for the use of picnickers, a lake, a menagerie, and a number of summer shelter tents; and the little city of York (Pennsylvania), setting about a rehabilitation

of the old public common last summer, found associations and individuals ready to present almost everything. A musical society gave the band pavilion, mechanics an iron flagstaff and flag. Each school in the city, private or public, planted a tree. Citizens gave benches and seats, and collectively a fountain, for which the water company furnished free water. In St. Louis, to go back to the larger gifts, the famous Tower Grove Park and Shaw's Garden came from an individual. The latter is a practical school of botany, largely endowed, and the former was enriched by the gift of fine bronze statues of Shakespeare and Humboldt. In his will the donor made provision for two unique and interesting banquets, to be held each year by those who were interested, as he was, in this expression of the city's higher life. This is too picturesque an institution for the student of urban development on æsthetic lines to overlook.

But our cities are not dependent upon private generosity, great as that may be. The park acreage of Greater New York, authorized by public liberality, exceeds that of Greater London or of Paris, and is four times that of Berlin. There is little need here to speak of the park systems of Boston, — the Boston within the city, and the Metropolitan without. For the land alone which is comprised in the first the city has paid something more than \$6,000,000, without considering the old Common or the Public Garden; and it has added something more than \$7,500,000 for improvement and adornment. The Metropolitan Park Commission, which enables the towns and cities about Boston to coöperate with the big city in the selection of contiguous park lands and their harmonious treatment, was created by legislation only as late as 1893. The commission now controls more numerous large pleasure grounds than are held by any public authority on the continent except the national government. The great

systems of boulevards and parkways, which are characteristic of the development of this land, are distinctly an æsthetic feature. They have become a distinguishing part, also, of the fine park system of Chicago, which, through their means, encircles the city on the land side. With proverbial large-mindedness, Chicago is now extending one of them, the famous parkway, Sheridan Drive, with the aid of the towns and villages to the north, along the lake shore clear to Milwaukee, a distance of some eighty miles. New York, taking up this line of æsthetic improvement, has been building a beautiful speedway, and is extending her drives and boulevards as far as Yonkers, constructing noble bridges and costly viaducts for the purpose. In the winter of 1897 alone (though in the fifteen years ending in 1896 the park acreage had been increased nearly fivefold) an expenditure of \$13,250,000 was authorized for improvements in parks and associated enterprises. Chicago, within a year, has decided on an improvement in Lincoln Park alone that will cost \$5,000,000, while Buffalo has joined the little list of cities that find speedways a civic need.

A peculiar contribution to the proofs of popular esteem for parks is made in the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia. The organization is believed to be unique, though park management often forms the subject of debate at other civic clubs, and an American Park and Outdoor Association, which is national in character, has been lately formed. It holds annual conventions, and its membership is composed of experts; but men, women, and children comprise the 1300 members of the Fairmount Park Art Association, voluntarily banded together for the adornment of Fairmount Park and the city of Philadelphia. For this purpose they pay annual dues, which are graduated according to the kind of membership chosen. A certain part of these

payments is set aside for the permanent funds, which are to be allowed to accumulate until they aggregate \$100,000, now nearly reached, when the interest alone will be used. The unreserved balance is expended as opportunity for civic adornment offers. The society was founded in 1871, and incorporated the next year. It is its claim that, in the intervening years, almost every Philadelphian of note has been a member. As yet, the efforts have been devoted mainly to the procurement of fine sculpture for the park.

In New York, an organization of generally similar purpose has made its appearance in the Municipal Art Society. This was organized in March, 1893; but in a new constitution, adopted in 1898, the scope of the work was considerably enlarged. Hitherto it had depended on the subscriptions of its members for funds to provide decorations, sculptural or pictorial, for the public buildings and streets of the city. These are costly, and there had been completed only one piece of decoration, — Simmons's allegorical paintings in the criminal courts building. Arrangements had been made, however, in conjunction with ten other art societies, for the construction of the beautiful Hunt Memorial on Fifth Avenue, against the wall of Central Park. Both these were notable achievements. By its new constitution, the society is able to institute and to control competitions for works of art, for the execution of which it does not pay. An instance is the competition which it was made possible for the society to hold for the ceiling decoration of the new municipal assembly room in the city hall. The former administration had appropriated \$10,000 for the purpose, and the Municipal Art Society can increase the efficacy of the grant by conducting a competition and offering prizes. In Philadelphia, the Academy of Fine Arts became the centre for such associated effort to decorate the city hall. The city, with a

larger liberality than New York's, made the appropriation for the prize competition.

The New York society further extends its function by securing competitive designs for artistic street lamps, for the most artistic public flagpoles, park benches, drinking fountains, etc. In loyalty to its motto, "To make us love our city, we must make our city lovely," it has begun in a small way a work like that of the National Belgian Society, which is doing so much for the artistic renaissance of Belgian cities. The Architectural League is putting its words into deeds by also offering competitions for practical civic ornaments. Last winter, one of these was for reviewing-stands.

To go a long way from New York, there is in San Francisco an Art Association which takes pride in beautifying the city. That is indeed a field to which art clubs everywhere may well turn their attention. In a letter from the mayor of San Francisco, on æsthetic efforts at the Golden Gate, the special advantages which that city offers for artistic treatment are described. Market Street, the main artery of the city, he says, "is unique in this respect: that it has other streets running into it at unusual angles, thus creating small open places distant from one another by block divisions. In these places it is planned to put fountains." Three have already been erected, and one of them is famous as the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. The Art Association, the Merchants' Association, and the Bohemian Club have been active in this direction, and the first-named has done valuable restrictive work. In Cincinnati, a Municipal Art Society was formed in 1894. Its most important work has been the decoration of the vestibule of the city hall, for which \$2500 were raised. This building is notable as having witnessed probably the first example, with us, of municipal art as understood in the cities of Renaissance Italy. The common council threw

open to competition the designs for the stained-glass windows on the staircase. In Baltimore, a Municipal Art Society was organized a few months ago; and no attempt can be made here to name all the clubs that are working in this direction, with more or less singleness of purpose. In Philadelphia, for instance, the Contemporary Club has lately discussed memorial municipal art. In Brooklyn, the Civitas Club, the Urban, the Chiscopean, and various others have taken up the matter. In some cases there is nothing except talk, but often club protest does a very important work. A case in point is the emphatic resolutions adopted by the Boston Society of Architects, in 1896, against the threatened destruction of the Bulfinch front of the State House; at the same time the Fine Arts Federation of New York sent a letter: and these protests were finally heeded.

The trouble in all this effort has been lack of concerted action. The National Sculpture Society and the National Society of Mural Painters have been formed, each to unify its special work and take all the cities as its field. Still more recently, the Fine Arts Federation and the National Art Club have been established, to bring together all the various departments of art activity. The sphere of the former is limited to New York, and it was founded in hope that a representative committee, able to express promptly and authoritatively the judgment of the whole artistic conscience of the city, would make united action less difficult and tedious than in the past. The National Art Club, with a large non-resident membership, proposes to knit together the art influences of the country, to keep them in touch with one another by a monthly publication, and in the home which it establishes to supply a centre for art societies and art lovers. Its prospectus contained also this significant promise: "It will try to encourage the fine arts in many directions and the broadest spirit, especially agitating

for beauty and good taste in civic architecture, town parks, public sculpture and painting, public processions and pageants and the decoration of streets; and it will keep its members informed of what is being done for civic art, at home and abroad." The National Sculpture Society (incorporated in 1896) has exercised important influence in an advisory capacity in several cities. A number of periodicals devoted wholly to municipal affairs have recently appeared. These are an effect rather than the cause of wide awakening to civic possibilities; but they also tend to unite and harmonize effort.

A large amount of endeavor, however, is informal. Sometimes an individual, whose motive may or may not be public-spirited; sometimes a society, or a collection of individuals united only for a moment by common impulse, and often with the wish for the æsthetic adornment of the city completely secondary to that for perpetuating a memory, offers to give an art object. In this way a degree of adornment has been gained for which our cities might have waited vainly many years, had they depended upon the societies regularly organized for municipal improvement. Recent notable examples are the great Washington Monument, which was presented to Philadelphia by the Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania, and which is said to be the finest of its kind in the country; the Stephen Girard statue, in the same city; the beautiful Shaw Memorial, at Boston; the Grant tomb and the Washington Arch, in New York. The last is a particularly interesting case, having slight excuse other than its own beauty and power of civic adornment. Of temporary construction, to grace an anniversary celebration, it appealed so strongly to the public's æsthetic yearning that the money was raised by popular subscription to make it permanent in marble. Its fairness thus belongs not only to itself, but to its promise.

When one thinks of the monuments to soldiers, sailors, and civilians, of the fountains and other such things which have lately been offered to our cities, it is clear that there is need of an expert examining board in each city to pass on the worthiness of the contemplated gift. Some years ago, a physician, of more enterprise than civic conscience, went through the country offering a drinking fountain to each of several cities. He was hailed as a public benefactor, and some municipalities voted their proudest sites to him for the embellishment. When the fountain came and was set up, it proved to be a zinc structure, containing incidental advertisements of the material and the donor, and capped by a crude life-size figure of its giver. There was a general revulsion of feeling, and in several cases where the municipality did not act, the big fountains were "spirited" away by night. This experience should teach a lesson.

But to realize that all is not art which adopts art's form, and that a thing is not necessarily worthy of acceptance merely because it is a gift, requires a higher degree of popular culture than the instinctive wish to make cities fairer. In some instances, as we have seen, the art societies have tried to exercise this critical function; but, lacking the stamp of official authority, their decisions have not always had popular support. Indeed, disappointed donors have generally looked upon such disapproval as unwarranted interference. Out of this obvious need there have arisen the municipal art commissions. The first of these was established in Boston, and was composed of men of experience and good taste. The charter of the Greater New York provided for the appointment of a similar commission for that city, naming as *ex officio* members the mayor, the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the president of the New York Public Library, and the president of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

It is worth noting that the mayor made his excellent selections of "a painter, a sculptor, an architect, and three other citizens" from a list furnished by the Fine Arts Federation. Baltimore came next, the new charter granted to that city in the spring of 1898 making the provision. In every case the commissioners serve without pay, and no work of art, "which term comprises statues, paintings, mural decorations, stained glass, monuments of any kind, arches, or fountains," may become the city's property by purchase or gift without their approval. Nor can any existing works of art in the possession of the city be removed or altered except by their consent. In each case, also, it is provided that, at the request of the mayor or council, the commission shall "give its advice," to quote from the Baltimore charter, "as to the suitability of the design for any public building, bridge, or other structure." In Philadelphia the establishment of a jury of art experts has been the goal of much earnest effort by the Civic Club; and Brookline has had — and unhappily has lately lost its patience with — an art committee, whose approval a bylaw made essential to the acceptance of the plans of any school or other public building.

There is criticism of municipal art commissions on the ground that their work is so largely restrictive. It is claimed that in action mainly of a negative character there is only discouragement. But, if necessary, public opinion can authorize the bestowal of larger power. The bill for the establishment of an art department in Boston was reported to the legislature unanimously in the winter of 1898. In the state of New York, in the same winter, a law was enacted permitting all cities of more than 50,000 inhabitants to spend a certain sum annually for American works of art, such expenditure to be made under the supervision of an art commission. The sum named was \$50,000 a year for cities of

over 250,000 inhabitants, and \$25,000 a year for the others. The works of art must have been done by American artists in the United States, but they may include mural paintings, mosaics, and stained or painted glass, which is bought "for the purpose of beautifying" the city. The act requires that when a municipality decides to make such a purchase, if an art commission is not otherwise provided, the mayor "shall" appoint one; and that the commission shall contain art experts, and "may" include women. But the cities have gone little beyond this, and none has yet given to its art commission the suggested initiative power to make a general artistic plan, marking out sites suitable for sculptural and other adornment. Still, the theory of the veto power seems to presuppose an ideal, lack of conformity with which shall be fatal to artistic projects; and the new law referred to, in New York, makes it possible for the commission to assume an initiative, as experience has shown, and ask for the legalized appropriation for a special object.

A distinctive feature of the new charter of New York provides for a Board of Public Improvements, which has a distinct opportunity of this sort. When a plan has received the indorsement of the small local board, whose chairman is the president of the borough, it goes to the board which represents the city at large. The latter consists of the mayor, the corporation counsel, the controller, the presidents of the five boroughs, and the commissioners of the six departments, with a president whom the mayor appoints. The theory is that the individual will have a better chance to be heard, and yet that order and unity will be preserved in the city's development. But the reform now needed most is still restrictive. It is the submission of the plans for public works of all kinds — there is good reason for naming bridges as an example — to the art commissions. This need is too weakly recognized by

the charters, and public opinion should change the notice to the mayor from the subjunctive mood to the imperative.

There is a line of civic development in an æsthetic direction which appeals to other senses than sight. The claim of the ear is not forgotten. In Philadelphia and in Boston there is already a municipal band. The mayor of Philadelphia writes that the one in that city has steadily grown in favor. In the summer of 1897 it gave ninety concerts in twenty-three squares. The band in Boston gave its first concert last June. A series followed, one each Sunday on the Common, and two or three every week in public parks and squares. A music commission had been created, as an expression of the city's wish to furnish good free music to the people. The municipal band was of its creation, and was made excellent. A choral society was organized, and the programmes were varied with vocal music, instrumental solos, etc. The popular success was immense, audiences numbering 20,000 persons sometimes gathering on Sunday. The commission also purchased the Mechanics' Hall organ, which it proposed to place in a public building accessible to the people; and when winter came, a series of indoor orchestral concerts was arranged. The commissioners conducted an examination of the instruments of itinerant street musicians, and the ordinance defining the powers of the board states that, with slight restriction, it "shall have the charge and control of the selection of public music, to be given either indoors or in the open air, for parades, concerts, public celebrations, and other purposes." No other American city has yet gone as far as Boston in this direction, though public concerts in the parks are common.

The permanent orchestras, other musical efforts, and various artistic advantages belong, of course, to a city's artistic as much as to its educational group of problems, though in this study it has seemed

best to treat them more fully under the latter head. But for reference to the suppression of city noises there can be no place in these three groups of effort better than is this. A magazine article advocating this movement, not long ago, was received with unusual approval. In most places city ordinances were found to be sufficiently restrictive in letter, and they came to be better enforced; Detroit furnishing a good instance with a successful crusade against steam whistles. City noise has vastly increased with the growth and congestion of traffic, but smooth pavements and rubber tires are now helping civic progress in the direction of greater quiet.

Municipal advance on æsthetic lines has been supported by an interesting economic argument. This was not needed, but of late it has been so much referred to that it cannot be properly passed over. It expresses the value of civic attractiveness in dollars. When the Municipal Improvement Association of New Orleans wished to close one of its printed addresses with a strong appeal, it said: "New Orleans could be one of the most attractive cities in the world, and visitors should come in large numbers; and if this condition of affairs should be reached, then the income derived from this source would be, perhaps, as important as that derived from the trade of the city." The mayor of San Francisco, in an address which has since been printed in pamphlet form, said: "Every visitor . . . adds to the general prosperity. . . . San Francisco could thus be made a great resort, if the people, having an ideal before them, would devote their efforts to its realization from year to year." And then he quoted the stand which Pericles took: "Make Athens beautiful, for beauty is now the victorious power in the world." The Chicago Tribune, which is not a sensational newspaper, made a strong appeal, some time ago, for higher æsthetic progress, by devoting a page to an enumeration

of the wealthy Chicagoans who were living elsewhere. It was a remarkable list, telling how the fortunes had been made, and where and how they were being spent. The aggregate of principal was \$130,000,000, and the estimated income \$5,000,000, which was "spent away from the place where it was earned." The showing filled rival cities with delight, — New York, for instance. But New York would have as long a list of absentees. The lesson that was plainly sought, and as plainly taught, is that it is financially worth while for a city to make itself attractive; lovely to look upon, comfortable to live in, inspiring and interesting. An extraordinary development of the idea, as it will seem to most Americans, is to be found in Brussels, and more recently in Paris. These cities are offering prizes for the most beautiful house fronts. The American Architect says that in Paris the municipal council lately opened a new street, and announced that a jury would be appointed to consider the houses erected on it. Owners of the four houses judged most beautiful were to be entitled to a remission of one half the frontage tax, while the architects who designed the structures were to receive premiums of 1000 francs each. Our increasing leisure class, which is not hampered by landed estates, is sure to gather where there is most that is fair. The condition is not one of discouragement. Those who are bound to any city will always make a beginning of the movement. How much Chicago, with her high ideal and her masterful purpose, has already done! In her permanent orchestra, her noble libraries, her art buildings, her boulevards and parks, there is more than a beginning. Once a start is well made, the wealth that is attracted, or kept at home, will be spent on the very objects that increase the attractiveness of cities. To the city that hath, more shall be given.

But there is other value in municipal beauty than that indicated by money

value. There is a sociological value in the larger happiness of great masses of people, whose only fields are park meadows, whose only walks are city streets, whose statues stand in public places, whose paintings hang where all may see, whose books and curios, whose drives and music, are first the city's where they live. The happier people of the rising City Beautiful will grow in love for it, in pride in it. They will be better citizens,

because better instructed, more artistic, and filled with civic pride. The little Florence of the twelfth century, whose few inhabitants were raising the tower of Giotto and the famous Duomo, has written her name above cities a score of times as large. It was possible to say in her, as it should be possible to say with us, that the "noblest sort of heart is that composed of the united will of many citizens."

Charles Mulford Robinson.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

WYNDHAM BIMBASHI'S career in Egypt had been a series of mistakes. In the first place, he was opinionated; in the second place, he never seemed to have any luck; and, worst of all, he had a little habit of doing grave things on his own lightsome responsibility. This last quality was natural to him, but he added to it a supreme contempt for the native mind and an unhealthy scorn of the native official. He never seemed to realize that, after all, the native knows, in one sure way, a good deal more about his country than a foreigner possibly can; also, that, however corrupt in character Mahommed may be, he is in touch with the mind of his countrymen. But Major Wyndham — which is to say Wyndham Bimbashi — was convinced of the omniscience of the British mind, of its universal superiority. He said as much to Vernet, the French count in the confidence of the Khedive, who had got him his billet at a time when there were scarcely any English officials in Egypt. Vernet chafed, but he had been Wyndham's guest in Sussex, years before, and he contented himself with a satirical warning. In this he deserved credit, for Wyndham's manner, with his unimaginative, bullet-headed cocksureness, his yawning indifference, his un-

pitying endurance of foreigners' opinions, was provoking, if nothing more.

Bored as he generally was, Wyndham had ideas of reform, — in the army, in the state, everywhere. With all his Englishness, he was for doing what is characteristic of the Frenchman, — transplanting schemes of home government and administration bodily into colonies and spheres of influence. He had not that excellent quality, often found among Englishmen, of working the native up through his own medium, as it were, through his own customs and predispositions, to the soundness of Western administrative methods. Therefore, in due time, he made some bad mistakes, which, in natural sequence, were followed by dangerous mistakes. By virtue of certain high-handed actions he was the cause of several riots in native villages, and he had himself been attacked at more than one village, as he rode between the fields of sugar cane. On these occasions he had behaved very well, — certainly no one could doubt his bravery; but that was a small offset to the fact that his want of tact and his overbearing manner had been the means of turning the Haddendowa Arabs loose upon the country, raiding and killing.

But he could not, or would not, see

his own vain stupidity. The climax came in a foolish sortie against the Hadendowas. In that unauthorized mêlée, in covert disobedience to a general order not to attack unless at advantage, — for the Gippies under him were raw levies, — his troop was diminished by half, and, cut off from the Nile by a flank movement of the Hadendowas, he was obliged to retreat, and take refuge in the well-fortified and walled house of a friendly sheikh, which had previously been a Coptic monastery.

Here, at last, the truth came home to Wyndham Bimbashi. He realized that though in his six years' residence in the land he had acquired a command of Arabic equal to that of others who had been in the country twice that time, he had acquired little else. He awaked to the fact that in his cocksure schemes for the civil and military life of Egypt there was not one element of sound sense; that he had been all along an egregious failure. It did not come home to him with clear, accurate conviction, — his brain was not a first-rate medium for illumination; but the facts struck him now with a blind sort of force, and he accepted the blank sensation of failure. Also, he read in the faces of those round him an alien spirit, a chasm which his knowledge of Arabic could never bridge over.

Here he was, shut up with Gippies who had no real faith in him, in the house of a sheikh whose servants would cut his throat on no provocation at all; and not an eighth of a mile away was a horde of Arabs, a circle of death, through which it was impossible to break with the men in his command. They must all die here, if they were not relieved.

The nearest garrison was at Berber, fifty miles away, where five hundred men were stationed. Now that his cup of mistakes was full, Wyndham Bimbashi would willingly have made the attempt to carry word to the garrison there. But

he had no right to leave his post. He called for a volunteer. No man replied. Panic was upon the Gippies. Though Wyndham Bimbashi's heart sickened within him, his lips did not frame a word of reproach; but a blush of shame came into his face, and crept up to his eyes, dimming them. For there flashed through his mind what men at home would think of him, when this thing, such an end to his whole career, was known. As he stood still, upright and confounded, some one touched his arm.

It was Hassan, his Soudanese servant. Hassan was the one person in Egypt who thoroughly believed in Wyndham Bimbashi. Wyndham was as a god to Hassan, though this same god had given him the taste of a belt more than once. Hassan had not resented the belt, though once, in a moment of affectionate confidence, he had said to Wyndham that when Wyndham got old and died he would be the servant of an American or a missionary, "who no whack Mahommed."

It was Hassan that now volunteered to carry word to the garrison at Berber.

"If I no carry, you whack me with the belt, Pasha," said Hassan, whose logic and reason were like his master's, neither better nor worse.

"If you do, you shall have fifty pounds — and the missionary," answered Wyndham Bimbashi, his eyes still cloudy and his voice thick; for it touched him in a tender nerve that this one Soudanese boy should believe in him, and do for him what he would give much to do for the men under him. For his own life he did not care, his confusion and shame were so great.

He watched Hassan steal out into the white brilliance of the night.

"Mind you keep a whole skin, Hassan," he said, as the slim lad, with the white teeth, oily hair, and legs like ivory, stole along the wall, to drop presently on his belly and make for some palm trees a hundred yards away.

The minutes went by in silence, an hour went by, the whole night went by. Hassan had got beyond the circle of trenchant steel.

They must now abide Hassan's fate. But another peril was upon them : there was not a goolah of water within the walls.

It was the time of low Nile, when all the land is baked like a crust of bread, when the creaking of the shadoofs and the singing croak of the sakkia are heard all the long night, like untiring crickets with the throats of frogs. It was the time succeeding the khamseen, when the skin dries like slaked lime and the face is forever powdered with dust ; and the fellaheen, in the slavery of superstition, strain their eyes day and night for the Sacred Drop, which tells that the flood is flowing fast from the hills of Abyssinia.

It was like the Egyptian that nothing should be said to Wyndham Bimbashi about the dearth of water until it was all gone. The house of the sheikh, and its garden, where were a pool and a fountain, were supplied from the great Persian wheel at the waterside. On this particular sakkia had been wont to sit all day a patient fellah, driving the blindfolded buffaloes in their turn. It was like the patient fellah, when the Arabs in pursuit of Wyndham and his Gippies suddenly cut in between him and the house, to deliver himself over to the conqueror, with his hand upon his head in sign of obedience. It was also like the gentle Egyptian that he eagerly showed the Hadendowas how the water could be cut off from the house by dropping one of the sluice gates ; while if another was opened, all the land around the Arab encampments might be well watered, the birkets filled, and the bersim kept green for their horses and camels. Which was the reason that Wyndham Bimbashi and his Gippies, and the sheikh and his household, faced the fact, the morning after Hassan left, that

there was not a goolah of water for a hundred burning throats. Wyndham understood now why it was that the Hadendowas sat down and waited, that torture might be added to the oncoming death of the Englishman, his natives, and the "friendlies."

All that day terror and a ghastly hate hung like a miasma over the besieged house and garden. Fifty eyes hungered for the blood of Wyndham Bimbashi, — not because he was Wyndham Bimbashi, but because the heathen in these men cried out for sacrifice ; and what so agreeable a sacrifice as the Englishman who had led them into this disaster, and would die so well ! Had they ever seen an Englishman who did not die well ?

Wyndham Bimbashi was quiet and watchful, and he cudgeled his bullet-head and looked down his long nose in meditation all the day, while his tongue became dry and thick, and his throat seemed to crack like roasting leather. At length he worked the problem out ; then he took action.

He summoned his troop before him, and said briefly : " Men, we must have water. The question is, who is going to steal out to the sakkia to-night, to shut the one sluice and open the other ? "

No one replied. No one understood quite what Wyndham meant. Shutting one sluice and opening the other did not seem to meet the situation. There was the danger of getting to the sakkia, but there was also an *after*. Would it be possible to shut one sluice and open the other without the man at the wheel knowing ? Suppose you killed the man at the wheel : what then ?

The Gippies and the friendlies scowled, but did not speak. The Bimbashi was responsible for all : he was an Englishman ; let him get water for them, or die like the rest of them, — perhaps before them !

Wyndham Bimbashi could not travel the sinuosities of their minds ; and if he

could have done so, it would not have affected his purposes. When no man replied, he simply said: "All right, men. You shall have water before morning. Try and hold out till then."

For a long time he walked up and down the garden of straggling limes, apparently listless, and smoking hard. He reckoned in his mind how long it would take Hassan to get to Berber, and how long it would take for relief to come. He was fond of his pipe, and he smoked now as if it were the thing he most enjoyed in the world. He held the bowl in the hollow of his hand almost tenderly. He seemed unconscious of the scowling looks around him. At last he sat down on the ledge of the rude fountain, with his face toward the Gippies and the Arabs squatted on the ground, some playing mankalah, others sucking the dry lime leaves, some smoking apathetically, and others still gasping and staring.

One man, with the flicker of insanity in his eyes, suddenly ran forward and threw himself on the ground before Wyndham Bimbashi.

"In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful, water!" he cried. "Water! I am dying, effendi, whom God preserve!"

"Nile water is sweet: you shall drink it before morning, Mahommed," said Wyndham quietly. "God will preserve your life till the Nile water cool your throat."

"Before dawn, O effendi?" gasped the Arab.

"Before dawn, by the mercy of God," answered Wyndham; and for the first time in his life he had a burst of imagination. The Orient had touched him.

"Is not the Song of the Sakkia in thine ear, Mahommed?"

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:

The Nile floweth by night, and the balasses are filled at dawn.

The maid of the village shall bear to thy bed the dewy gray goolah at dawn.

Turn, O Sakkia!"

Wyndham Bimbashi was learning at last the way to the native mind.

The man rose from his knees. A vision of his home in the Mirkaz of Minieh passed before him. He stretched out his hands, and sang in the vibrating monotone of his people:—

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:

Who will take care of me, if my father dies?

Who will give me water to drink, and the cucumber vine at my door?

Turn, O Sakkia!"

Then he crept back again to the wall of the house, where he huddled between a Berberine playing a darabukkeh and a man of Fayoum who chanted the *Fatihah* from the Koran.

Wyndham looked at them all, and pondered. "If those devils out there would only attack us!" he said between his teeth. "Or if we could only attack them!" he added, and he nervously hastened his footsteps; for to him this inaction was terrible. "They'd forget their thirst if they were fighting," he muttered, and then he frowned; for the groans of the horses behind the house came to his ear. In desperation he went inside and climbed to the roof, where he could see the circle of the enemy.

It was no use. They were three to one, and his Gippies were demoralized. It would be a fine bit of pluck to try to cut his way through the Hadendowas to the Nile; but how many would reach it?

No, he had made his full measure of mistakes; he would not add to the list. If Hassan got through to Berber, his Gippies here would be relieved; and there would be no more blood on his head. Relieved! And when they were relieved, what of himself, Wyndham Bimbashi? He knew what men would say in Cairo,—what men would say at the War Office in London town, at "the Rag," everywhere! He could not look his future in the face. He felt that every man in Egypt, save himself, had known

all along that he was a complete failure. It did not matter while he was not conscious of it; but now that the armor-plate of conceit protecting his honest mind had been torn away on the reefs of foolish deeds, it mattered everything. For when his conceit was peeled away, there was left a crimson cuticle of the Wyndham pride, — of the Wyndham Bimbashi pride! Certainly he could not attack the Hadendowas: he had had his eternal fill of sorties!

And he could not wait for the relief party, for his Gippies and the friendlies were famishing, dying of thirst. He prayed for night. How slowly the minutes, the hours, passed; and how bright was the moon when it rose, — brighter, even, than it was when Hassan crept out through the Arab lines!

At midnight Wyndham Bimbashi stole softly out of a gate in the garden wall, and, like Hassan, dropping to the ground, crept toward a patch of maize lying between the house and the river. He was dressed like a fellah, with the long blue yelek and a poor wool fez; and round the fez was a white cloth, as it were to protect his mouth from the night air, after the manner of the peasant.

The fires of the enemy were dying down, and only here and there Arabs gossiped or drank coffee by the embers. At last Wyndham was able to drop into the narrow channel, now dry, through which, when the sluice was open and the sakkia turned, the water flowed to the house. All went well till he was within a hundred yards of the wheel, though now and again he could hear sentries snoring or talking just above him. Suddenly he heard breathing an arm's length before him; then a figure raised itself, and a head turned toward him. The Arab had been asleep, but his hand ran to his knife by instinct, — too late, for Wyndham's fingers were at his throat, and he had neither time nor chance to cry "Allah!" before the breath left him.

Wyndham crept on. The sound of the sakkia was in his ears, — the long, creaking, crying song filling the night. And now there rose the Song of the Sakkia from the man at the wheel: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left:

The heron feeds by the water side; shall I starve in my onion field?

Shall the Lord of the world withhold his tears that water the land?

Turn, O Sakkia!"

. . . The cold white stars, the deep cold blue, the far-off Libyan hills in a gold and opal glow, the smell of the desert, the deep swish of the Nile, the Song of the Sakkia! . . .

Wyndham Bimbashi's heart beat faster, his blood flowed quicker, he strangled a sigh in his breast. Here, with death on every hand, with immediate danger and a fearful peril before him, out of the smell of the desert and the ghostly glow of the Libyan hills there came a memory, — a memory of a mistake he had made years before with a woman. She had never forgiven him for the mistake, — he knew that now. He knew that no woman could ever forgive the blunder he had made, — not a blunder of love, but a blunder of self-will and an unmanly, unmannerly conceit. It had nearly wrecked her life: and he only realized it now, in the moment of clear seeing which comes once in this life to every one. Well, it was something to have seen the mistake at all!

He was near the sluice gate now. It was impossible to open it without the fellah on the water wheel seeing him.

There was another way. He crept close and closer to the wheel. The breath of the blindfolded buffalo was in his face; he drew himself up lightly beside the buffalo, — he was making no blunder now! The fellah still sang: —

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:

For the chargers that ride the bersim waits."

The great jars on the wheel emptied

their splashes of water into the trough for the channel.

Suddenly Wyndham Bimbashi leaped from behind the buffalo upon the fellah, and smothered his head and mouth in the white cloth he had brought. There was a moment's struggle; then, as the wheel went slower and slower, and the patient buffalo stopped, Wyndham Bimbashi dropped the gagged but living fellah into a trench by the sakkia, and, calling to the buffalo, slid over swiftly, opened the sluice gate of the channel which fed the house, and closed that leading to the Arab encampment.

Then he sat down where the fellah had sat, and the sakkia droned its mystic music over the river, the desert, and the plain. But the buffalo moved slowly; the fellah's song had been a spur to its travel, as the camel driver's song is to the caravan in the waste of sands. Wyndham Bimbashi hesitated an instant; then, as the first trickle of water entered the garden of the house where his Gippies and the friendlies were, his voice rose in the Song of the Sakkia: —

“Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:

Who will take care of me, if my father dies?
Who will give me water to drink, and the
cucumber vine at my door?

Turn, O Sakkia!”

If he had but one hour more, there would be enough water for men and horses for days, — twenty jars of water pouring, pouring all the time!

Now and again a figure came toward the wheel, but not close enough to see that the one sluice gate had been shut and the other opened. One hour passed, an hour and a half, and then the end came.

The gagged fellah had managed to free his mouth, and though his feet were bound also, and he could not loose them at once, he gave a loud call for help. Here and there Arab sentries sprang to their feet with rifles and lances.

Wyndham Bimbashi's work was done. He leaped from the sakkia, and ran toward the house. Shot after shot was fired at him, lances were thrown, and once an Arab barred his way suddenly. He pistoled him and ran on. A lance caught him in the left arm. He tore it out and pushed forward. Stooping once, he caught up an Arab sword from the ground. When he was within fifty yards of the house, four Hadendawas intercepted him. He slashed through, then turned with his pistol and fired as he ran quickly toward the now open gate. He was within ten yards of it, when a bullet crashed through his jaw.

A dozen Gippies ran out, dragged him in, and closed the gate.

The last thing Wyndham Bimbashi did before he died in the gray of dawn — and this is told of him by the Gippies themselves — was to cough up the bullet from his throat and spit it out upon the ground. The Gippies thought it a miraculous feat, and that he had done it in scorn of the Hadendawas.

Before another sunrise and sunset had come, Wyndham Bimbashi's men were relieved by the garrison of Berber.

There are Englishmen in Egypt who still speak slightly of Wyndham Bimbashi; but the British officer who buried him hushed a gossiping dinner party, a few months ago, in Cairo, by saying: —

“Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his Gippies have laid him.”

And he did not apologize for paraphrasing the famous ballad. He has shamed Egypt, at last, into a sort of admiration of Wyndham Bimbashi, to the deep satisfaction of Hassan, the Soudanese boy, who received his fifty pounds, and to this day wears the belt that once kept him in the narrow path of duty.

Gilbert Parker.

LETTERS BETWEEN TWO POETS.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

THESE letters are the formal record of the friendship between two poets; and while the self-evident reason for putting them before the public must lie in the discussions they contain on matters of literary art, there is a rather special human interest in the relation which called them forth. For this was a friendship which did not mature slowly, restrained by the cautious prudence of alert self-consciousness, but sprang at once into full, generous, and whole-hearted existence, as if aware how brief a time were allotted it.

In *Letters of Sidney Lanier*,¹ the circumstances which brought about the first epistolary acquaintance appear in detail. Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, and a warm friend and admirer of Mr. Lanier, had sent the younger poet's newly published *Symphony* to Mr. Taylor; and when the latter's hearty appreciation of this poem reached the author, it called forth the letter which inaugurated their friendship and a correspondence that lasted, almost without a break, until Mr. Taylor's death. Since this correspondence is practically complete (with the exception of a few extracts that appear in the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*), the text has been allowed to explain itself, with no elucidating comment save in one or two instances.

It should be remembered that at this time Bayard Taylor had been a very prominent figure in the literary world for over twenty-five years. As author, translator, traveler, diplomatist, and lec-

turer, his position had long been assured; four years before, his twenty or thirty previous volumes had culminated in that great translation of *Faust* which is in itself a literary heritage that any man might consider sufficient for a life work. Sidney Lanier's name, on the contrary, was almost unknown. Only a few months before had appeared the first poem which brought him any general recognition,² and his opening letter expresses his deep sense of generous and sympathetic appreciation from the older man, whose own battle with Obscurity was but a dim memory.

The opportunity was for Mr. Lanier "a noble prospect of realizing an old dream." He writes to Mr. Peacock shortly before addressing Mr. Taylor himself: "I have always had a longing after him, but I have never dared indulge it more than one indulges what one considers only a pet possibility; so that now when I behold this mere shadow of a meeting assume the shape of an actual hand-shaking in the near future, it is as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his *Dream* standing by his bed."

Early in August, 1875, Mr. Lanier made a trip to New York, and his first letter is from 195 Dean Street, Brooklyn: —

August 7, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR, — When a man, determined to know as well what is under as what is above, has made his plunge down to the bottom of the great Sea Doubtful of poetic endeavor, and has looked not only upon the enchanted caverns there, but upon the dead bodies also, there comes a moment, as his head re-

¹ *Letters to Mr. Peacock*, edited by William R. Thayer, and published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July and August, 1894.

² *Corn*, in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1873.

emerges above the surface, when his eyes are ablank with salt water and tears, when the horizon is a round blur, and when he wastes strength that might be applied to swimming in resolutely defying what seems to be the gray sky overhead.

In such a moment, a friendly word — and all the more if it be a friendly word from a strong swimmer whom one perceives far ahead, advancing calmly and swiftly — brings with it a pleasure so large and grave that, as voluble thanks are impossible, so a simple and sincere acknowledgment is inevitable.

I did not know that my friend Mr. Peacock had sent you my *Symphony* until I received his letter inclosing yours in reference to that poem: your praise came to me, therefore, with the added charm of surprise. You are quite right in supposing the *Makamât* of Hariri of Basra to be unknown to me. How earnestly I wish that they might be less so, by virtue of some account of them from your own lips! I could never describe to you what a mere drought and famine my life has been as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in an atmosphere of art, or when one is in conversational relation with men of letters, with travelers, with persons who have either seen or written or done large things. Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying. . . .

I remember how Thomas Carlyle has declared a man will be strengthened in his opinion when he finds it shared by another mortal, and so inclose a slip which a friend has just sent me from the *Boston Transcript*, containing some pleasant words about my poems, by Mr. Calvert.

Pray believe that I shall always hold myself, and always rejoice to be held by you, as your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

This letter reached Mr. Taylor while away from home, and it was ten days later that his reply came: —

Boston, August 17, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I am exceedingly glad that you are to remain for a month, because now I can be sure of seeing you, although not immediately, as I should wish, were I absolute master of my days.

I go from here to Pennsylvania for a week, but shall return to New York on the 28th to attend the celebration of Goethe's one hundred and twenty-sixth birthday, and shall then be nearly a week, alone and idle, at my residence, No. 31 West 61st Street, where I beg you will come, say on Sunday, the 29th, after which we can arrange how to meet again. Or, if you desire to attend the Goethe celebration, — Bryant gives the address, and my unlucky self the ode, — please send me a line to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and I can easily get an invitation for you from the Goethe Association.

I write hurriedly, finding much correspondence awaiting me here, so can only repeat how much joy the evidence of a new, *true* poet always gives me, — such a poet as I believe you to be. I am heartily glad to welcome you to the fellowship of authors, so far as I may dare to represent it; but, knowing the others, I venture to speak in their names also. When we meet, I hope to be able to show you, more satisfactorily than by these written words, the genuineness of the interest which each author always feels in all others; and perhaps I may be also able to extend your own acquaintance among those whom you have a right to know.

Excuse this hurried scrawl, and believe me most sincerely

Your friend,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The next letter is subsequent to the

Goethe celebration (which Mr. Lanier attended), and the visit to Mr. Taylor the following day : —

August 30, 1875.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — The three numbered sonnets inclosed¹ are in continuation of those in the magazine which I mail herewith. Any criticism you may make on them, when we meet again, I will take as a special grace; for they form the beginning of a series which I will probably be writing all my life, knowing no other method of heart's-ease for my sense of the pure worshipfulness which dwells in the Lady they celebrate.

The other two are only a couple of little snatches which were both born last Thursday, and I don't know any other reason for sending them to you save that they're curiously unlike — for twins.

September 25, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — For some time after my last charming day with you it really seemed as if the ghost of Dr. Sangrado — him of bloody memory — had obtained permission to work his will upon me, as the Devil did upon Job. I was unmercifully phlebotomized: hæmorrhage came upon hæmorrhage.

Which I would not mention, except that I cannot bear you should believe any light cause able to prevent me from immediately acknowledging a note so thoroughly kind and heartsome as your last to me. When it came, I was not allowed the privilege either of speaking or writing.

But I'm getting in prime condition again, and anticipate with keen eagerness the pleasure of seeing you when you return.

Pray send me a line, to let me know when that will be. I've moved over to New York, and my address is at the Westminster Hotel, this city.

An accumulation of work keeps me

¹ Part of Acknowledgment. (See Poems.) The magazine referred to was the September

at my desk the whole of each day and much of each night. I pray you, therefore, invert the littleness of these words, and therewith measure the scope of that affection wherein I am

Faithfully your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

September 28, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER, — We are in all the agonies of moving; but a good fate brings us within two short blocks of your hotel. . . . Saturday evening we have the monthly meeting of the Century Club (in 15th Street), and I hope you will be strong enough to go with me. Bryant is president, and you will see Stoddard, Stedman, and many other good fellows. Pray don't make any engagement elsewhere, if you go out evenings.

I need n't excuse my haste this morning: you know what *packing* is. I look forward with delight to many more hours together.

September 29, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Your note comes flushed with good news. For bringing me within two blocks of you I will in the most sublime manner forgive Fate a dozen heinous injuries.

I will eagerly await you on Friday evening, and will be delighted to go with you to the Century Club.

I write in the greatest haste, to-day not being long enough by some six hours for what I have to do before it ends.

Which makes me realize how glorious is Friendship, to whose immortality the poor necessities of night and sleep do not exist.

Friday noon.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — . . . Behold, in this I. sonnet, how this morning the idea which you were good enough to present me last night *would* sing itself in me till I could do no less than put it on paper.

Lippincott's, which contained the four sonnets called In Absence.

Also tell me, when we meet to-night, if you now have any objections to the II. and III., which you have seen before.

Next comes another hasty undated little note from the same hand, telling of poetic activities : —

Sunday morning.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Any time between now and to-morrow night, won't you please look over this Cushman stanza, and tell me, when we next meet, if you do not think it more consistent than formerly? I think to send it to Scribner's, if peradventure it may find favor in their eyes.

And won't you accept the manuscript of this little song? . . .

Hastily (and yet not hastily),
Your friend, S. L.

Two weeks later Mr. Lanier was in Philadelphia.

October 15, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I hope you'll like this little song,¹ which is but lately an inhabitant of this planet.

I will miss my Saturday night to-morrow; and I would be strongly inclined to consider this a very cross-purpose indeed, if I did not feel myself so indebted to Purpose already.

And perhaps it is well enough for me to be away for a week or two. I want to digest Mr. — and Mr. —. I find that spiritually we are cannibals all: we feed upon each other; soul assimilates and makes tissue of soul.

I have n't time to *write* you.

God be praised that you exist, is a frequent ejaculation of

Your friend,
SIDNEY LANIER.

October 16, 1875.

MY DEAR LANIER, — Just returned from the Century breakfast to Lord Houghton (which was charming, and

¹ Rose-Morals.

most inspiring to all authors). I find your note. . . .

Your song is delightful. I'm glad to find that you are taking these "swallow flights." They have their true place, and through them the poet often learns a great deal. Forgive me two technical criticisms. The end of verse 2d —

"Say yea, say yea!" —

is too monotonous in sound. The one vowel (and not one of the best vowel sounds) repeated four times is too much, especially as "dares the day" comes two lines before it.

"Ah, say not nay!"

(for instance) gets rid of two of the sounds, and is quite as pleading, though less eager.

Also, the additional foot in the penultimate line of the poem violates its melody. Could you not say,

"That from my soul as leaf from stem may fly
My songs, I pray"?

I can't see that anything is lost by this change, which preserves the metre. The conception of the little piece is perfect. Of course, you will not accept these suggestions unless they seem valid to your own mind.

Meanwhile, hearty thanks for sending me the manuscript! . . . My round of dreary lecturing begins again, and I must roll a heavy stone over the fountain of my Muse. . . .

October 29, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I have just received a letter from that lovely Charlotte Cushman, which invites me with such lavish goodness to come to her that I cannot at all resist; and so I'm going there (Boston, Parker House) for a few days, before returning South. I will stop in New York a day or two on my way back — probably about a week from now — to see you. Will you be there? As I will remain in Boston about a week, I will be glad to avail

myself of your kind offer of letters to Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell. They will reach me if sent to the Parker House, where Miss Cushman is staying, and where I will stop.

On second thought, as her letter contains a message to Lord Houghton (who, it seems, went to Newport to see her, but missed her), which you will much more likely be able to deliver than I, I'll inclose it herein. Her disease renders her unable to sit at a table: hence she writes in pencil. Pray read her letter, if only to see what a fair large soul it is.

I sent you a paper (The Graphic of 27th) which contains a very pretty compliment to me in the shape of a poem by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, based on a quoted line from my Symphony. The same paper contains an extract from my paper on St. Augustine, which, unfortunately, the scissors wielder clipped off just as the climax was reached. The — takes occasion to give me some pain, anent this poor St. Augustine article, by first making a statement which is grossly inaccurate, and next basing on it a criticism which would be unjust even if its foundation were not untrue, and finally dismissing the subject with a comparison of my merits and Mrs. —'s, which is as pure a piece of gratuitous ungentlemanliness as a vulgar soul could well devise. Not that I care in the least for the judgment, or that I shall change my "foible" — foible! — of seeing God in everything; but the point where the pain comes in is simply that it may interfere with one's already very short allowance of bread, by making the magazines shy of giving employment to one who fails to please the —. What a diatribe I've written! But such indignation as you detect herein is wholly impersonal, and entirely due to that repugnance with which one sees a really strong newspaper turning over articles to be "criticised" by persons who do not even understand the usages of gentlemen. How

differently come *your* criticisms, which I always receive thankfully, whether unfavorable or otherwise! . . .

November 1, 1875.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I hasten to send you the letters, hoping they will reach you in good season. I also return Miss Cushman's letter, thinking you will prefer to keep it. Give her my love, which she has always had since I knew her.

As for the —, be calm; that is nothing, and will have no effect whatever. I had not seen the article, but found it at the Century, and also read the whole of your St. Augustine, which is poetical in parts, and wholly bright and readable. When you consider that for eight years the — has snubbed me and sneered at me in the most vulgar way, and "I still live," you will not allow so flippant a notice to trouble you. . . . If Whittier should come to Boston, go and see him: it will be enough to say that you are my friend. He is thoroughly noble, and you will like him.

I breakfast with Lord Houghton tomorrow, and will give him Miss Cushman's message. As Manto says to Faust (Part II.), "On! Be bold!"

MACON, GA., November 24, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Poets understand everything: I doubt not you well know a certain sort of happiness which at the same time locks up expression and enlarges fancy, and you will therefore easily comprehend how it is that thirty days have passed without any message from me to you, although there has been no one of them during which you were not constantly in my mind. This happiness of which I speak — which freezes one's pen and tongue while it melts one's heart — means, in the present instance, that I have been at home for ten days past, joyfully reunited with the other — and far sweeter — Moiety of me. My three young men — one of seven, one of five, and one of two

years — keep me in an endless labyrinth of surprises and delights : nothing could be more keen, more fresh, more breezy, than the meeting together of their little immense loves with the juicy selfishness and honest animalisms of the dear young cubs. What a prodigious candor they practice ! They're as little ashamed of being beasts as they are proud of being gods. They accept themselves at the hands of their Creator with perfect unreserve : pug nose or Greek, blue eyes or gray, beasthood or godhood, — it's all one to them. What's the good of metaphysical mopings, as long as papa's at home, and you've got a mamma to kiss, and a new ball from now till dinner, and *then* — apples !

This is their philosophy : it is really a perfect scheme of life, and contains all the essential terms of religion, while — as for philosophy — it is perfectly clear upon points which have remained obscure from Plato down to George Lewes.

How I wish my lovely two-year-old boy, my royal —, could look you in the eyes for once, and put his arms deliberately round your neck and give you one of his fervent kisses ! Fancy that your big Lars was also a baby, and also a poet, and you'll have a whiff of it.

Your letters came to me while I was with Miss Cushman, and were the means of procuring for me two delightful afternoons with Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow. I was sorry to miss Mr. Aldrich. I wrote him a little note, to find out when he would be in town. He replied that he could not come until after I had left Boston, but added that he would be in New York during the winter, "when perhaps Mr. Taylor would be good enough — he is good enough for anything — to bring us together."

I'm sure you'll care to know that I had a charming visit to Miss Cushman, and that each day was crowded with pleasant things which she and her numerous friends had prepared for me.

I leave Macon for Baltimore on Friday next. . . . I resume my old place as first flute of the Peabody Orchestra, which lasts until March ; though hoping all the time still to find some opportunity for getting my longed-for chair of the Physics and Metaphysics of Music established in some college or other. . . .

A month after this Mr. Lanier received, largely through Mr. Taylor's influence, the invitation to write the Cantata for the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, for which Dudley Buck had agreed to compose the music.

January 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — General Hawley's invitation has just arrived, and I have sent my acceptance. I will probably see Theodore Thomas here on Monday next, and will try to arrange a meeting with Mr. Buck in New York soon.

There is n't the least use in my trying to thank you for this pleasant surprise ; but I *do* wish I could tell you the delight with which I find my name associated with yours in this way.

Are we at liberty to mention our appointment in this behalf to our friends ? I only ask, remembering that the name of the Centennial poet has not yet been officially announced, — at least so far as I know. . . .

Your faithful and grateful,

S. L.

January 7, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I have so many distractions in these days that I really forgot (temporarily) to send you my volume, and am glad of your reminder. I'll order it done this morning. As the book goes by mail, I can't write your name in it, but I'll do that afterwards.

I think it best to let the Centennial Commission make the announcement of orators and poets. I've mentioned my share confidentially to one or two friends, but shall not let it get into print. . . .

I know that General Hawley is quite pleased to have you do the work. I should say eight days would be ample time. You must not exceed fifty lines ; my Hymn will be twenty to twenty-four only. . . .

January 9, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR,—Yesterday I impressed myself with these following principles :—

1. That the Cantata was to be sung not only at our Centennial, but at a festival where the world was our invited guest to be welcomed.

2. That spread-eagleism would be ungraceful and unworthy.

3. That something ought to be said in the poem.

4. That it afforded room to give the musical composer an opportunity to employ the prodigious tone contrasts of sober reflection, the sea, lamentation, a battle, warning, and magnificent yet sober and manly triumph and welcome.

5. That it ought to be, not rhymed philosophy, but a genuine song and lyric outburst.

Having put this offering on my altar, I waited; and this morning I saw that the Fire had come down from a gracious Heaven, and that it was burning.

Here is the result. Pray read it, and send me word immediately — and with perfect candor — as to such parts of it as strike you unfavorably. I wish I could hear you intone it, *ore rotundo*!

January 12, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Being cool next day, I found some flaws in my poem; and having made out a working copy of it (by reading the analysis of movements written in the margin, you will see what immense resources it offers to the musician), I send it to you. Pray let me know freely if the whole is worthy.

Always your friend, S. L.
I have not yet sent it to Mr. Buck.

January 12, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — Just in time! for I must leave to-morrow. Your principles of conception and construction are right, and the execution, as a *whole*, is successful. My task will be to carefully examine details. I have numbered the lines to avoid any mistakes.

2. See if you can't find a better word instead of "larger."

3. "Stairèd" will not do, especially after "hundred-terraced." As you are looking down, why not say "climbing," but never "stairèd."

7 and 8. I think you can get two better lines. "Where" has not a good effect at the end of the line, and I don't quite like "rage in air." How would something like this answer?

Out of yonder misty deep,
Where old toil and struggle sleep.
 battle

10. Is “balking” the best adjective?

16. There's something hard and awkward about this line.

17, 18, 19. The repetition seems to weaken the effect. I would suggest a change like this in the stanza: —

Unto every scattered band
At the portals of the land,
Hunger cries: "Ye shall not stay!"
Winter cries: "Ye must away!"
Vengeance cries: "Beware my day!"
From the shore and from the sea,
"No! It shall not be!"

22 to 31 inclusive. I like these ten lines least of all. "Tongued" is not agreeable, and "prescribed" and "conscripted" make quite an unpleasant impression, as of artifice. Line 25 is not quite intelligible. The stanza would be much better if lines 24, 25, 26, and 27 were wholly omitted. But I should much prefer a smoother stanza, hinting at toil, patience, growth, and the blending of different old-world elements. The prohibitory strain is carried too far; it reaches a climax in the preceding stanza, and you want something else interposed between that and the new refrain, "It was: it is," etc.

Could n't you make a stanza after this fashion?

Courage stood and faltered not
 Patience
 Toil
 Cavalier and Puritan
 Holland
 Huguenot
 Wrought, joined hands, welded
 separate links into one chain,
 etc., etc.

Then the new movement, it seems to me, would come in with fine effect.

36, 37, 38. Are these lines really necessary? They may be in a musical sense. "Now *still* thee" is not a good expression, and there is a little too evident *purpose* in "underworld" and "thunderworld."

50. "Lover" is not true, and is rather weak here; why not say, —

"The world's new Host salutes the welcome world"?

There! I have found all the fault I can. If you will only change the lines 22 to 31, I think it will answer admirably, and be most welcome. The plan is entirely poetical, and ought to be made very effective in music. I want, for your sake, to have the Cantata universally liked, but you will be sharply set upon if you use the words "stairèd," "prescribed," and "conscripted," and the line "clothes for men," etc. (25). Why not yield that much, for this once? I also think that the suggestion I make for the change in the stanza will make the whole piece more popular. There is both originality and lyric fire everywhere else. . . .

Always faithfully yours,

B. T.

January 13, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I agree with your main points of objection, and I will change the stanza about which you are most apprehensive. I'm particularly charmed to find that you don't think the poem *too* original. I tried

hard to think — in a kind of average and miscellaneousness.

I read and explained it to Thomas last night. He said, "I think Mr. Buck ought to be delighted with the musical conception of the poem;" adding that of course he would not dare to pronounce upon the poetic merits of it beyond saying that the ideas seemed to him very beautiful.

I sent you the copy showing the movements, before I had received your letter. I'll send a final copy when I've finished it. You see I had to compose for the musician as well as the country, and had to cast the poem into such a form as would at once show well in music (where contrast of movement between each adjacent part, in broad *bands of color*, was, from the nature of the art, a controlling consideration) and in poetry. I wished, indeed, to make it as large and as simple as a symphony of Beethoven's. If it does not come up to this, I've failed; but your commendation confirms my own cool feeling about it, which is that it will do.

I think — But I won't, either, for it's simply absurd. Your criticisms on the piece are invaluable to me; for though I don't agree with all of them, the sharp reëxaminations which they compel me to make develop many things which otherwise would not be developed.

January 13, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I have barely time (while my wife packs my valise) to say that the change you have made in the next to the last movement is altogether better. Now please rewrite the stanza beginning, "Then the smiting-tongued swords." Something expressing patience, toil, and growth is required between the menace of failure and the triumphant success. The transition is too sudden, and the stanza, as it at present stands, mars the beauty of the Cantata. As I said before, "stairèd years" must also be changed. If you doubt

my judgment in the matter, consult Peacock also. I suppose I need n't return this second MS. Good-by!

January 15, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — You are so far responsible for me as the writer of this Cantata that I don't intend to feel satisfaction until I am sure that you think the poem absolutely worthy of the country and of poetry as an art. Therefore, having, after two days' cooling, found many faults with it myself, I have quite rewritten it, and send it to you, hoping that you will let me know if it seems to you entirely large, simple, and melodious. For it is to this that I have directed all my efforts in it. I have had constantly in mind those immortal melodies of Beethoven, in which, with little more than the chords of the tonic and dominant, he has presented such firm, majestic, and at the same time artless ideas. Of course, with the general world — especially in a Swinburnian time — I do not expect to obtain the least recognition of the combination of childlike candors and colossal philosophies which I have endeavored here to put in words, but I do wish to know whether to you the poem, as *you* now see it, comes near this ideal. I don't believe there is the least necessity for me to beg you not to have the least regard for *me* in pronouncing upon anything that you still find wanting. I desire the poem to be perfect.

I put the Farewell, dear England, into the Mayflower strophe, because Mather relates that the people in the vessel actually stood up and cried out these words as they were departing. I also entirely rewrote the stanza you did not like, and then inserted a whisper chorus (of the Huguenot and Puritan, in dactylic measure), to prepare by its straining pi-anissimo for the outburst of jubilation.

January 20, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — Thank you!

The revised Cantata, which I have just received through my wife's letter, is in every way better than the first draught. It is what it purports to be, — a cantata, not an ode, — with the musical character inherent in its structure and not to be separated. If the composer seconds you properly, the effect cannot be otherwise than grand and satisfactory. I have only a few slight technical faults to find.

"A weltering flow" — a sluggish, aimless tide — hardly corresponds with "ridged with acts," which indicates billows and a *direction* of the tide. Now, your idea is clear to me, and I think it might be expressed in a more logical figure.

I don't like, either, the molossus "Grown foul Bads," nor the use of "Bads" as a noun. The latter is not incorrect, but it is somehow disagreeable. "Evils grown in alien air" would read better to me.

The Huguenot and Puritan stanza is a great improvement.

The word "stertorous" seems to me out of tone; it sounds more medical than poetical, and the noun "death" makes it worse. In the next line, "brother — wars new — dark" has a heavy effect, and will be very hard to sing. Yet the meaning is just what is wanted. Thence to the end all is excellent.

I have forgotten one other.

"Noisy lords, tongued with lithe and poisoned swords,"

is much too *forced* an image. You seem to be fond of the word "tongued," but in this instance it may be best to use a little self-denial. It is an expression which will give the spiteful critics a chance. If it were good, I should say, "Damn the spiteful critics!" but I *don't* think it good. Turn the matter over once more in your mind.

There! Is that fault enough to find? I've examined every line severely, and find nothing more. You have already

added fifty per cent to the merit of the work. I am too busy to write more: pardon this abrupt breaking off!

February 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Pray tell me how you are. I wished for you all day yesterday with special fervor, thinking how the bland and sunny air that bathed us all here would have soothed your malady. . . .

It has been uphill work with me to struggle against the sense of loss which the departure of my beloved Charlotte Cushman leaves with me. She and you were the only friends among the artists I have ever had; and since she is gone I am as one who has lost the half of his possessions. The passion to which my devotion to her had grown takes it hard when sight and hearing are both become for evermore impossible. To-day, though keenly desirous to rest after a week of great strain, this little poem teased me till it was on paper. I hope you will think it not wholly unworthy. As I read it over now, a disagreeable fancy comes that the last two lines of it are somewhat like something of somebody else, and these vague "somes" are intolerable. Pray tell me if this is so. . . .

March 4, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I did n't answer you sooner, because I wanted to send you my Hymn, — to read and ponder over, — and it was not quite ready. Here it is, now, and I ask you to be as frank with me about it as I am wont to be with you. If I take offense, don't believe me again! . . .

Your poem is strong and full of feeling, with which the occasional roughness entirely harmonizes. The idea is a little similar to a poem of mine, *The Mystery*, but is very differently expressed. I notice no resemblance to anything in the last lines. . . .

¹ This Hymn was withheld by Mr. Taylor when, by a change in the programmes (see his

March 11, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — I've only just crawled out of a sick-bed, where I have been spending one of the most unsatisfactory weeks of my existence, — a week whose place in the general plan of good I find as much difficulty in justifying as croton bugs, or children born idiots, or the sausage-grinding school of poetry.

I have particularly desired to write you about the Hymn.¹ Of course, the value of a friend's criticism in this kind is simply that when one has to write in a hurry the friend is in the nature of one's own conscience of beauty (as you have beautifully called your wife), *as that conscience will be after the coolness of time has come*. The friend is a mere anticipation of time, — one's-self-after-a-while. Purely upon this theory I acquire boldness enough to say what follows. 1st. Generally. Inasmuch as the opening verse presents a noble *tema*, or motive, of triple design in the ideas of the God of Peace, Toil, and Beauty, would it not be best to carry on this motive entirely through the poem, making (say) the II. verse converge upon the idea of Peace, the III. upon Toil, IV. upon Beauty (or Art), and (if you choose) V. regathering the whole by means of some common tone, — the whole thus gaining perfect unity of impression? In looking down the poem with this view, one easily sees that, with a very small change of phraseology, it can be perfectly carried out. In the III. verse you have indeed returned to the original motive in a very beautiful manner, — the oak of toil, the rose of art, etc. The II. verse ought on three accounts clearly to be stricken out: (1) it is a departure from the whole plan of the poem; (2) it is explanatory of what all the parties to the Hymn thoroughly understand already to be the situation; (3) it is below the plane of the other next letter), his part in the celebration was altered to writing the Ode instead.

conceptions. Conceding these views for a moment (and I think there can be no doubt that your cool judgment, after a while, will estimate the poem precisely according to the success with which it carries out the general scheme indicated), the following will be an outline of the poem as it will finally appear:—

I. Just as you have it, or with any transposition of the lines that may seem desirable to facilitate the new arrangement.

II. For this you can take your number IV., and with a slight change of idea make the whole refer to *Peace*; as, for example, a general supplication that, although our eras are but as dust, yet dust may become fruitful, and *Peace* may be vouchsafed as the climate favorable, etc.

III. This is nearly ready in the number III. of the poem which closes with the lovely reference to the oak of Toil and the rose of Beauty (or Art). The opposition of these two is so fine that it suffices to authorize the consolidated treatment of the ideas of Toil and Beauty in one and the same verse.

IV. For this your number V. can easily be made to serve by directing its general tone upon the three prominent ideas already treated, having reference to the exchanging of each with each, and the relation of each to the God of the three, thus making a perfect return to the I., and ending, as it were, upon the tonic. This would make the poem perfect in four stanzas : and it can all be done without altering the structure of the verses at all, and with only changing here and there a noun, a verb, or an adjective, so as to make the sense point always towards the thematic ideas. 2d. If, however, this does not happen to meet your fancy, and you decide to retain the poem as it is, there are one or two minor matters to which your attention should be called : —

1st. I am clear that the II. should either disappear entirely or be replaced, for the reasons hereinbefore stated.

2d. In III., the sounds of "thy guidance" (*y* and long *i*) and of "made failure" (two long *a*'s) seem bad, particularly as they come so close to each other.

3d. In IV., the idea in the two lines which come after the first two should be a more closely logical *sequitur* upon them.

4th. The fourth line of V. (I mean "thyself in *him*" only; the rest of the line is perfect) can be justified in one's thought, but it compels one to think hard in order to do that, — and this is a disadvantage. Can you not make it a little more transparent? Again, the last two lines might *so* easily be made to reaffirm and point the first stanza as well as the whole poem; for example:

All conquering Peace thy gift divine,
 shadowing
 All Toil, all Beauty meeting Thine!
 imaging
 based on

I think, further, in reference to these last two lines, that it would be well to give them either a stronger hold by a verb of some sort, or some turn more precisely parallel with the rest of the verse. The first two couplets commence with "Let each with each" and "Let each in each," which is fine: it is somewhat weakening the force of these to close with a grammatically independent couplet which has no verb at all.

Of course you understand that I like the poem (except the II. verse): all the ideas are noble, and there is a simple grandeur in the expressions which is fine. All my suggestions are made simply with a view to concentrate the impression. The shot are all good: let them not scatter, but strike like one bullet.

Pray let me see the poem again. . . .

Mr. Taylor's answer to this brought the announcement that his part had been changed from writing the opening Hymn to preparing the Ode for the great Fourth of July celebration.

March 20, 1876.

Bravissimo, dear Mr. Taylor! Why, this is the very Fitness of Things: the appointment matches, as a rhyme matches a rhyme; nothing can be more evident than that God has temporarily taken the direction of matters into his own hands. . . . I send you my congratulations and fair wishes with a certain sense of indignant triumph in the coming-to-pass of what ought to have been.

I see, from what you say in reply to my letter on the Hymn, that my musical associations have put me under a certain general suspicion, with you, of a propensity to impart the principles of musical construction into poetry. But this was a principle far larger than any peculiar to music or to any one art. I am so much interested in it that I am going to beg you to let me plead the case with you a moment.

Permit me first to say that I came at it, not by any reasoning prepense, but by examination, afterwards, of wholly unconscious procedure. It revealed itself clearly to me in thinking about a little poem I wrote a few days ago. Perhaps I can best illustrate it by first quoting the poem, which is a pendant to a little song you have already seen, being No. II. of *Rose-Morals*: —

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tube-rose; hide thee there;
There breathe the meditations of thine Art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave, yet light,
How fervent fragrances uprise
Pure-born from these most rich and yet most
white
Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
Grow, Soul, unto such white estate
That art and virginal prayer shall be thy
breath,
Thy work, thy fate.

Now, it seems to me — as a mere extended formulation of the thoroughly unconscious action of the mind in this poem — that every poem, from a sonnet

to Macbeth, has substantially these elements, — (1) a Hero, (2) a Plot, and (3) a Crisis; and that its perfection as a work of art will consist in the simplicity and the completeness with which the first is involved in the second and illustrated in the third. In the case of a short poem, the hero is the central idea, whatever that may be; the plot is whatever is said about that idea, its details all converging, both in tone and in general direction, thereupon; and the crisis is the unity of impression sealed, or confirmed, or climaxed by the last connected sentence or sentiment or verse of the poem. Of course, I mean that this is the most general expression of the artistic plan of a poem: it is the system of verses, which may be infinitely varied, but to which all variations may be finally referred. I do not think that there is, as you feared, any necessary reason why a poem so constructed should present “a too conscious air of design:” that is a matter which will depend solely upon the genuineness of the inspiration and the consummate command of his resources by the artist.

Is not this framework essentially that of every work of any art? Does not every painting, every statue, every architectural design, owe whatever it has of artistic perfection to the nearness with which it may approach the fundamental scheme of a Ruling Idea (or Hero), a Plot (or involution of the Ruling Idea in complexities related to or clustering about it), and a Denouement or Impression-as-a-whole?

I don’t mean this for a theory; I hate theories. I intend it only to be a convenient synthesis of a great number of small facts; and therefore I don’t stickle at all for calling the elements of a work of art Heroes or Plots or Crises, and the like, only using those terms as the shortest way of expressing my meaning.

Anyway, fair fall the Ode. I hope that God will let you into Heaven, with no limitations as to walking on the grass

or picking the flowers — till you've got all you want.

Mr. Buck has sent me a copy of the piano score of the Cantata, but I have not yet had time to examine it thoroughly. Anything will go well, though, with a large chorus to sing it and Thomas' Orchestra to play it. . . .

Write me soon, as to your always desirous
S. L.

March 24, 1876.

DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Don't trouble to write me any elaborate reply. I only sent you this continuation of my thought about the centralization of ideas in poems because I have been studying your work within the last two or three months, and have become clearly satisfied that *that* is the direction in which you should grow. You tend *from* it by reason of the very stress and crowding of the multitudinous good things which you give to the world. I find poems of yours in which every sentiment, every thought, every line, *as* sentiment, thought, or line, is exquisite, and yet which do not give a full white light *as poems* for want of a proper convergence of the components upon a single point. Sometime we will talk of this; I am not at all sure that in my hasty letters — for I am worked almost to the annihilation of sleep and of meals — I have given anything like a clear idea of what I mean. . . .

I am going night and day on *my* Centennial Ode for the Magazine, which is to be illustrated and made the feature of the July number. It has to be furnished early in April, and I am only about half through. Some people will put their hands to their ears, at the doctrine it preaches. My musical engagement here is now completed, and as the poem is the only piece of work I have, I suppose God intends me to feed on blackberries all the summer.

The interesting letter in which Mr. Taylor expresses his own views as to the

theories above promulgated may be found in the Life and Letters before referred to.

April 1, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — Will you do me the favor to read this and send it back to me, if you do not find it objectionable?¹ I am going to offer it to the Tribune. If they print it, so; if they do not, I will try some one else. I have endeavored to speak with the utmost justice towards the Tribune's critic, and modesty as regards myself. If you can make any suggestions to me which will enable me to see it otherwise than a duty *to speak at all*, I will be profoundly thankful to you. In any case of a poem of my own private giving forth, I would never dream of rebuking the most brutal critic for mistaking my artistic purposes as artistic ignorances; but many of the people who will read this Tribune attack are not only incapable of judging its correctness, but will be prevented from seeing the whole poem for yet six weeks, and will therefore come to its final perusal with the prepossession that the author of it was stupidly ignorant of the first principles which should guide a writer of text for music. This prepossession is a wrong on the public, and, without reference to its wrong on me, should be immediately and decisively overturned. . . .

I'm hard at my Ode, and see the beginning of the end. Tell me how you fare with yours. I fervently pray the God of the poet to give you all such fire as you shall want. . . .

April 3, 1876.

MY DEAR LANIER, — I must write very hastily, as usual; for, in addition to my regular work and extra business matters which come at this season, the Ode is pressing upon me with might, with might!

¹ A defense and explanation of the Centennial Cantata. See Lanier's Music and Poetry, 1898.

I don't wonder you were annoyed at the notice of your Cantata in the Tribune. I was surprised when I saw it; but I have since ascertained how it came there. It is published by Schirmer, and was sent to Mr. — to be noticed. The advertisement to-day says it will appear *shortly*. Mr. Buck must explain this: I cannot. Mr. —, of course, supposed it was a legitimate subject to write about; and in talking with him about it to-day I learned, incidentally, that he meant no special criticism of the text, but only used what he thought necessary to illustrate the music. This does not lessen your grievance, but it ought to modify your expressions. I have marked with a pencil certain things which I earnestly beg you to omit. In such matters, the man who betrays his exasperation puts himself at a disadvantage; the reading public never fully apprehends an author's position, and there are not fifty readers of the Tribune who would comprehend your annoyance sufficiently to sympathize with your rejoinder. Were it my case, my first thought would be to reply as you have done; my second thought would be not to reply at all. One result will be the publication of the whole text, at once, by other papers, since they can now so easily get it.

I am very sorry this has happened so; but I think the first blame belongs to the premature publication of the music (which includes the text). Since working on the Tribune I have learned how honest and amiable — is by nature: he should not have quoted anything, but I *know* that he supposed he was free to do so. I knew nothing of the matter until after I saw the article in print.

I must break off. If I should not write to you again for three weeks, don't imagine I forget you, but my ideas for the Ode are gathering, and the distractions which interrupt them make me almost desperate. I shall probably be forced to run away from New York for a week or so.

BALTIMORE, April 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — It suddenly occurs to me — apropos of your connection with the Tribune — that in sending you the article to read I may have rendered myself liable to a fancy on your part (for you have not known me very long) that I was trying in a round-about way to secure some sort of interference by you in its, or my, behalf.

But no! My only reason for sending you the piece was that I quite distrust my own judgment in such matters. I live so utterly alone that just as a deaf person forgets the proper intonations of voice in speaking, so I forget how matters look, and go, among men; and I therefore sent my article for your judgment and advice to me upon its propriety, knowing that you are more among men than I am. I never asked, and will never ask, help in such a matter; and were this not so, I would ask it directly, or not at all.

By the grace of God my Centennial Ode is finished. I now only know how divine has been the agony of the last three weeks, during which I have been rapt away to heights where all my own purposes as to a revisal of artistic forms lay clear before me, and where the sole travail was of choice out of multitude.

I hope to see you on Thursday, being called by business to New York. Of course you won't care to see my Ode until after you have written your own, — wherein may the God of the artist detach his best angels to your service.

66 CENTRE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
April 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR, — From indications at Philadelphia yesterday, I deem it of very great importance to me that some intelligent criticism of my poem should appear in a journal of standing. Without wishing to *guide* or in any way *direct* criticism, I am keenly desirous that the poem might be judged *on the plane of its principles*, — leav-

ing the critic the utmost freedom in pronouncing how far it has succeeded in carrying them out. I have not yet been able to tell you — in all our correspondence about the poem — what were the main considerations leading to its substance and form. Please let me do so now.

1st. The principal matter over which the United States can legitimately exult is *its present existence as a republic*, in spite of so much opposition from nature and from man. I therefore made the refrain of the song — about which all its train of thought moves — concern itself wholly with the *Fact of Existence*. The waves cry, "*It shall not be*;" the powers of nature cry, "*It shall not be*;" the wars, etc., utter the same cry. This refrain is the key to the whole poem.

2d. The poem was limited to sixty lines, in which space I had to compress the past and the future of the country, together with some reference to the present occasion. This necessitated the use of the highly generalized terms which occur, — as for instance when, in the Good Angel's Song, the fundamental philosophies of Art, of Science, of Power, of Polity, of Faith, and of Social Life are presented in the simple Saxon words, and in one line each.

3d. I wished that the poem might belie the old slander upon our tendency to Fourth of July uproariousness, buncombe, spread-eagleism, and the like. I tried, therefore, to make it the *quietest* poem possible.

4th. A knowledge of the inability of music to represent any shades of meaning save those which are very intense, and very highly and sharply contrasted, led me to divide the poem into the eight paragraphs or movements which it presents, and to make these vividly opposed to each other in sentiment. Thus, the first movement is reflection, measured and sober; this suddenly changes into the agitato of the second; this agitato, culminating in the unison shout, "*No!*"

It shall not be," yields, in the third movement, to the pianissimo and meagre effect of the skeleton voices from Jamestown, etc.; this pianissimo, in the fourth movement, is turned into a climax of the wars of armies and of faiths, again ending in the shout, "*No!*" etc.; the fifth movement opposes this with a *whispered* chorus, — Huguenots whispering "*Yea*," etc.; the sixth opposes again with loud exultation, "*Now praise*," etc.; the seventh opposes this with the single voice singing the Angel's Song; and the last concludes the series of contrasts with a broad full chorus of measured and firm sentiment.

5th. So far I have spoken of the main circumstances determining the substance of the poem. The metrical forms were selected purely with reference to their descriptive nature. The four trochaic feet of the opening strophe measure off reflection; the next (Mayflower) strophe swings and yaws like a ship; the next I made outré and bizarre and bony simply by the device of interposing the line of two and a half trochees amongst the four-trochee lines; the swift action of the Huguenot strophe of course required dactyls. And having thus kept the first part of the poem (which describes the time *before* we were a real nation) in metres which are as it were exotic to our tongue, I now fall into the iambic metre — which is the genius of English words — as soon as the Nation becomes secure and firm.

6th. My business as member of the orchestra for three years having caused me to sit immediately in front of the bassoons, I had often been struck with the possibility of producing the ghostly effects of that part of the bassoon register so well known to the students of Berlioz and Meyerbeer, by the use of the syllable *ee* sung by a chorus. With this view, I filled the ghostly Jamestown stanza with *ee*'s, and would have put in more if I could have found them appropriate to the sense.

Now let me ask your friendship two questions.

1st. Is there any *proper* way in which you could call the attention of the Tribune literary critic, whenever my poem as poem is to be noticed, to these considerations I have above enumerated? Would it be trespassing either upon his, my, or your position, if you should hand him what I have written above?

2d. In view of the fact that the poem is now printed with the piano score, and is liable at any time to be copied, and copied badly, by other papers, would it not be well for me if it were printed by the Tribune, properly?

In fine, I am convinced that if one influential paper would take the initiative in judging the poem from the above standpoint, all the loose opinion would crystallize about it; and if not, I shall be cruelly misjudged and mistreated.

Two reflections make me bold enough to ask this of you: first, that I would so gladly embrace any opportunity of giving you my love in this or any other way; and second, that I feel as if the great wrong done me by Mr. ——'s criticism gave me a half right and claim upon the paper. If the inclosed letter of Dudley Buck's would be of any service in this connection, let it be.

Buck showed me Mr. Whittier's hymn yesterday, which was just received. I noticed *the* two lines.¹ It is good.

I trust with perfect confidence to your candor in this matter, if my request seem bizarre or in any the least wise improper.

God bless you.

Your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

P. S. I should like it to be stated that I have been a member of the Peabody Orchestra for three years, under Asger Hamerik.

Mr. Buck's letter was as follows: —

¹ Used by Mr. Whittier from Mr. Taylor's Hymn (written before he was commissioned to

April 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. LANIER, — I am sorry that the Tribune article gave you pain; but after you have been dissected, flayed, and otherwise disposed of as many times as I have been, you will not wince at one newspaper article. No, I did not find the poem so difficult to set as it strikes the critic of the Tribune, whose article was as great a surprise to me as to yourself. The "pitfalls" referred to were rather godsend in my case, with exception of the (2) Jamestown and Plymouth lines. The tough spot for me was the first verse, after which everything seemed to fall into shape of its own accord. It is not a matter of number of feet or kind of verse with me so much as whether *I take a fancy* to a poem, which I did in your case. Since the work appeared and the rehearsals commenced in Philadelphia, I have of course heard a multitude of expressions in regard to the poem, and find that my original judgment of its effect on various minds is correct, namely, the more intelligence (more particularly in the line of poetry) a person possesses, the better he likes it. Several have said to me, "These words grow upon me every time I read them." One person in particular astonished me, at the first rehearsal, by saying after reading them through once that he could n't understand them. It was a person of intelligence. I remarked simply that I thought he had better give the poem two or three readings. He came to me last week and said he wanted to take back what he had said about the poem, and he too remarked as above in regard to their growing upon him. This trait is certainly true of a vast number of the best things by the best men, — I think eminently so in case of Tennyson. It was this which made me so desirous to have the poem printed in advance of the music. Then it would have been studied prepare the Ode). See Pickard's Life of Whittier.

and analyzed *per se*, and they would have gotten at the merits of it quicker. Why this was not permitted has always been beyond my comprehension. In a word, I think the intelligence of the country will be on your side, and about the rest I would not trouble myself. Be therefore comforted, and write me a dramatic cantata!

Have you any "bits" lying about that would do for songs?

In haste, very truly yours,

DUDLEY BUCK.

This is the last reference in the corre-

spondence to the criticisms and ridicule of the Centennial Cantata which, as shown here, gave Mr. Lanier no little pain at the time. This was due, however, far less to personal sensitiveness than to the feeling that his critics were falsifying before the public principles of art which seemed to him vital; and it was to combat what he believed to be an obscuring of fundamental truth that he finally sent to one of the New York newspapers a complete statement of his conception (which appears in the recent volume of collected essays, *Music and Poetry*).

Henry Wysham Lanier.

NOTES ON GLASS DECORATION.

It is not the object of this paper to give a history of glass decoration nor the story of its revival, but to indicate simply a few leading points which call just now for public appreciation in America. The complete absorption of body and mind requisite to accomplish artistic and permanent results should be more widely understood, and the worth of the work proclaimed. No form of art can exist without beauty; but, like flowers, and all the highest and most common of divine gifts, glass exists to express beauty first, and dignity. It demands large endowment and expenditure. Perhaps the worst thing bad art can be accused of is the making of cheap glass.

The great makers of antiquity would have been satisfied with the blaze of glory which blossomed, from the moment of the rising of the sun, upon their windows; but the people, ever demanding a sign, sought for emblems, until, in response to their desire, came figures of saints and angels. Later, memorial windows with many figures, occasionally portraits, were introduced, until the art assumed its present vast proportions. The

main fact, however, should never be lost sight of: that the glory of color, the magnificence of softened light, was, and is, the primal inspiration to the mind of the artist who works in this material.

The making of windows in mosaics of colored glass upon which figures and ornaments are painted "is a mediæval and emphatically a Christian art." Such windows existed in St. Sophia at Constantinople as early as the sixth century, and appear to have come into being at the same period in the two ancient basilicas of Rome, St. John Lateran and St. Peter's. Of this period Professor J. W. Mackail says: "The last words of the Neo-Platonic philosophy with its mystical wisdom were barely said when the Church of the Holy Wisdom rose in Constantinople, the most perfect work of art that has yet been known in organic beauty of design and splendor of ornament; and when Justinian, by his closing of the schools of Athens, marked off, as by a precise line, the end of the ancient world, in the Greek monasteries of Athos new types of beauty were being slowly wrought out which passed

outward from land to land, transfiguring the face of the world as they went, kindling new life wherever they fell, miraculously transformed by the separate genius of every country from Norway to India, creating in Italy the whole of the great mediæval art that stretches from Duccio and Giotto to Signorelli, and leaving to us here, as our most precious inheritances, such mere blurred and broken fragments of their glories as the cathedral churches of Salisbury and Winchester."

In the year 709, Wilfrid, Bishop of York, called upon the French glassworkers to make windows for his cathedral. These famous workers were a colony from Greece,—perhaps an offshoot from the very same monks of Athos who had already made the East radiant. Unhappily, their work at York was destroyed by fire; but there are still remnants of this antique period to be found at the Church of St. Remi in Rheims and elsewhere in France.

As we draw near to the thirteenth century, it becomes apparent that the ability for this particular form of art and the religious spirit which is its inspiration find a centre in Italy. During the lives of the great artists who have made Italy forever famous, the religious fervor of the people was constantly nourished by architecture, pictures, and decoration in glass. Glass decoration, in their hands, was indeed like the perfect flowering of the whole. The living flame of the spirit seemed to descend through it and transfigure arches and statues, columns and the faces of the saints painted on the walls. The splendor and the marvel of it animated all countries, and the work of these religious artists was sought far and wide; but Italy was their home, and the secret passed away for a time with the men of genius who developed it in that period when Italy was consecrated by her great poets and artists.

The key of the wonder lay partly in

the humility of the celebrated designers of that long period. They not only conceived the idea of enhancing by color the magnificence of the Christian monuments, but with their own hands, in conjunction with those of the artisan, formed and moulded the material which was to express something of the glories beheld by them with the eye of imagination.

The revival of glass decoration signifies a revival of power in the artisan. La Farge has said, in these later years: "In our work in America, if nothing else had been accomplished, I for one should feel pleased that certain artisans have been trained, owing to the difficult requirements of the profession, to a point of capacity and interest in artistic work that makes them artists without their losing the character of the workman. Of this the public can know nothing; they hear only of the artist in control, yet the foreman answers a requirement as serious as any that are met by the foremost painter of to-day, when his sure grasp of the principles of color and design allows him not only to interpret a faint sketch so as to arrange its color in proper harmonies, but also to use the theory of complementary color contrast, for the modeling of surfaces, for the difference of planes, for making any part of the design recede or advance. And that there are such artisans with us, who have been formed out of nothing, and with no previous education, is the best hope of possible advancement."

Nevertheless, with the death of the artists who have made Italy famous glass decoration dwindled to a trade. Even the appreciation of this form of high art was so far lost that the works of the great period were allowed to decay or disappear. It is surprising how few of the antique windows are preserved in Rome. At Assisi, at Arezzo, and elsewhere examples are to be found, but too many have been lost altogether. In the old parish church at the little town

of Jouarre in France is an exquisite bit of work of this old period. King David is seen playing upon his harp. It is but a fragment, yet it is one of the perfect things which remain to recall the glory of the famous time.

The skill in making glass itself, the crude material, continued to advance, in spite of the decadence of its use for the art of decoration. The workmen of France, Germany, and England vied with one another to produce the largest and clearest plates, and the "lost art," as it has been called, obviously owed its decline to other causes than failure of material. The whole question, when attentively observed, appears to centre in the personality of certain artists. After the beginning of the sixteenth century, and until the latter half of the nineteenth, with the exception of some sporadic achievements under a few great designers, this form of decoration made no progress. Certain developments of the early art, such as the mosaic system, disappeared altogether, while enamel painting has been preserved, especially in Germany, but resulting in very few artistic productions. The wonder is, with the work of the great masters before their eyes, and with sufficient control of the vehicles, how men could escape doing something better, during this long interval.

Even in restoring the ruin time and storm have wrought upon the old glass, and where the new glass is to stand side by side with the great examples, the botching done would be hard to credit if it were not in constant evidence.

A few celebrated artists appeared during the dark period, under whose direction memorable work was achieved; among them, and not the least, may be mentioned Jervais, who executed the designs of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is interesting to recall the personal oversight given by Reynolds to engravers working after his pictures; and we can well believe that his care in this respect did not

slacken while the vast labor by Jervais in putting up the great east window of New College, Oxford, was going forward.

Clearly, the degradation of the art of decoration with colored glass came about when the idea began to prevail that the artisan who can handle his tools is alone requisite to accomplish artistic results; when, on the other hand, the preraphaelite movement originated in England under the imaginative men whose influence swept over the modern world, and when in the United States an impulse began to be felt toward original artistic expression, the old vehicles were sought, having themselves long borne witness to their power of responding to the highest requisitions.

At the time La Farge commenced his work in New York there was very little proper material to be found in America, and almost no educated workmen. Nevertheless, the artist was ready; great churches were springing up around him, inviting decoration; the architect was calling for interior artistic assistance which would supplement and complete his idea; and La Farge, still young and hardly determined in his own mind as to the especial form of art to which he should finally devote himself, was animated to test his ability in order to effect harmony in the interiors already begun.

It was impossible for him to lay his hand upon the necessary glass; foreign glass was difficult to command, but the idea had taken possession of his mind, and he was not daunted. It was his habit to buy all the objects of opaline glass he could find, and any others which suited his purpose, and shatter them to produce the desired effects; he also pressed gems and stones, Japanese metals, and whatever could further his work, into the service of decoration. Even with larger provision of material the work is most laborious and troublesome; the necessity falls upon the artist

not only of making the design and adapting it to the heavy lines of lead in which the various shapes of glass must be set, but of plating and fusing, enameling and painting, and turning each morsel of color, to get from it the highest effect, — sometimes putting more than a thousand pieces into a foot square, as may be occasionally requisite. The impediments are beyond the conception of any but the artist who is striving to accomplish results which may be won with such vehicles alone. He dreams by night and by day of the colors which float before his vision; but by day he must also work with his own hand, melting, combining, altering, until he can assure his men that they may take the glass out of his hand, perfect the surfaces, and make the work permanent.

These general notes are by way of prelude to the consideration of a new and significant work in modern glass, by Mrs. Whitman, lately placed in Memorial Hall, Harvard University. It is a piece of decoration which fulfills many of the great requisitions. In spite of peculiar difficulties arising from the construction of the window, the heavy mullions of which were placed in position long before occasion arose for the present work, a harmony has been achieved by keeping the tone of color very low, which is a beauty in itself, since nothing is lost in brilliancy or intensity, and only so much is sacrificed as could well be spared. We are reminded, of course, of the accusation brought against the mediæval glassmakers, — that light was too much shut out by their decorations; but, as we have seen, the conditions of the Cambridge window were imperative. The exquisite light in La Farge's Infant Samuel and the Angel of Help is not unknown in Mrs. Whitman's smaller pieces, and a second large decoration, under freer conditions, will doubtless find her reveling in the pleasure of higher and fuller light.

This window stands, nevertheless, as

a noble and sufficient testament, and one worthy of all consideration. It was primarily intended as a monument to the sons of Harvard who died in the war against slavery, and was projected as such by the donor, Martin Brimmer, "alumnus, fellow, and perpetual benefactor" of the university. While the window was in progress Martin Brimmer died, and the work at once became also a memorial to his name. It is a monument not only to the soldiers, forever young, but to the noble life of one of Massachusetts' most lamented citizens. The rose window blossomed into peculiar radiance, the violet hues in their soft glory and the ruby of the heart bringing tears to the eyes of those who look at it for the first time. On either side of the rose angels appear, each holding one end of the scroll, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy Name be the Glory." Every thought of the giver, of the maker, of those who lost their lives in battle or who have gone on to other spheres, — the long battle of life being ended, — is merged, while looking at the splendor of the rose, in the one thought of praise and adoration. The song of color, the song of light, the song of faith, — they are one with the song of eternal joy, eternal beauty, eternal peace, as imaged in the unspeakable shining which falls on the human heart.

The whole work should be more properly considered, however, from below upward, beginning with the idea of the donor, from whose wishes the decoration sprang, and in whose memory the following inscription runs across the foundation: "Martinus Brimmer, alumnus, socius, donum dedit 1829-1896."

The middle panel dedicates the window to the soldiers in whose honor it was projected, saying in Latin: "The men whose names are written on these walls laid down their lives in ardent youth or vigorous prime that the republic might live. Ye living, who reap the fruit of

their sacrifice, live as they died, to make men freer, happier, and more united."

Two figures representing the soldier and the scholar give dignity and significance to the lower half of the window. These serious and spirited forms are set in frames of green, which suggest growth and youth and perpetual springtime. However brilliant with many colors the spaces are in which they stand, the prevailing sense is of the living green of nature.

Above these figures are four angels bearing what may be called the standards of conduct which animate the ideal scholar and soldier. The words Love, Honor, Courage, Patience, are inscribed thereon.

Finally comes the great rose, of color unspeakable.

"Luce intellettuale piena d'amore,
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,
Letizia che trascende ogni dolore."

We recognize afresh to-day, by the examples to which we have alluded, that glass is now used as a decoration in the most distinguished positions. It is again one of the first accessories to the highest forms of architectural work, and brought into connection with the most sacred associations and memories of humanity. Less than almost any other means of expression can it afford to descend to the trivial, the grotesque, the startling, the merely commonplace. As Flaubert has said of the best work in letters: "Ce n'est pas de faire rire, ni de faire pleurer, ni de vous mettre en fureur, mais d'agir à la façon de la nature, c'est à dire de faire rêver."

Why is it, men ask nowadays, that Rheims and Chartres and Bourges, Rouen, Cologne, and Antwerp, and many

cathedrals in Italy and England are looked upon and visited as shrines, however remote they may be from the path of the traveler? Is it not, in large measure, because of

"the giant windows' blazoned fires"?

And why, although we in America choose new shrines, memorial halls, chapels, libraries, public buildings, for decoration, instead of churches only, as of old, — why should we not more generally recognize the difficulties and the seriousness of our modern labor? It is much to know that we have at this hour, in America, artists who stand in the front rank of the world's workers. Their impediments in the past have been far too great, yet not greater, perhaps, than in modern England, where some of the fine windows of Burne-Jones have also suffered from architecture unsuited to them. A better period appears to open, a time when architect, artist, and artisan will understand their natural and close relation each to each. Such a result will again produce the harmony which in early centuries brought forth the monuments we worship.

In one of the old translations of the Sermon on the Mount it is written, "Blessed are the beggars for light." It was the spirit of this saying which blossomed in the windows through which the sun rays fell upon the early worshippers.

The religious spirit of our own age is taking on new life, and finding many and beautiful manifestations. One expression of this new spirit shines in the light that falls through emblems and holy figures imaged upon resplendent windows in our sacred places.

Annie Fields.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING.

I REMEMBER to have heard a very interesting discussion, in Oxford, in the spring of 1883, apropos of the Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, which had just appeared. The editor of the correspondence was criticised with extreme severity, many of the warmest friends of the Carlyles feeling it no less than an outrage that the deepest privacies of the Chelsea household should have been so ruthlessly laid bare to the gaze of the vulgar. Somewhat to my surprise, the Master of Balliol, the late Dr. Jowett, — “the Master” *par excellence* to all who knew the Oxford of his day, — did not altogether go with the censors. I wish I could recall his exact words, which were surely the best possible and the simplest; but he said in substance that there were certain people so distinguished by nature, so original in type, so indispensable to the student of human character and its possible variations, that their fellow beings needed, and had a right, to know all that could be known about them after their death, even to the most trivial details. Judged by this rule, the shades of Robert and Elizabeth Browning have forfeited, by sheer pre-eminence, the privilege of privacy in the grave. Morally no less than intellectually, these were two very remarkable persons, — the most remarkable, so far as we know, ever made one flesh in holy wedlock. The secrets of that rare communion of kindred spirits, guarded so fastidiously while either lived, are now the legal property of the reading world; and the legacy having been made over freely and with businesslike dispatch, the public may at least enter without scruple upon its enjoyment.

The time seems appropriate, therefore, for a review of the whole series of memoirs, which began with the appearance of Mrs. Sutherland Orr’s Life and

Letters of Robert Browning in 1891, was continued by that of the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning in 1897, and concludes with the publication in full of the almost daily and sometimes bi-daily correspondence which passed between the two poets from January 10, 1845, to September 12, 1846, the date of their ever memorable and most romantic marriage. A small volume also appeared in 1877, containing the letters of Miss Barrett to Richard Horne, the author of *Orion* and *A New Spirit of the Age*, through whose influence she first, in 1835, became a contributor to periodical literature. Robert Browning’s home letters, and as many more as he could easily recover of those addressed before his marriage to other *familiares*, he himself destroyed about four years before his death; but the Browning annals are so voluminous without them that their absence is hardly felt.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr’s Life of Robert Browning is neither a very thorough nor a very pleasing performance. A great deal too much space is given to her own criticisms of his various works in the order of their publication; she strangely misjudges the relative merit of his later and his greater poems, and her tone toward Mrs. Browning is unsympathetic, from first to last. Her memoir is now valuable chiefly through furnishing the data which enable us to compare, step by step, the converging careers of the predestined pair, and to note some curious coincidences between them of time, home atmosphere, and accidental influence.

It was one effect of the ingenuous modesty and lasting youthfulness of the woman’s spirit that the six full years of seniority on her side barely counted. Elizabeth Barrett Moulton - Barrett — the correct form of her unwieldy maiden name may be given *in extenso* for once,

but the simpler and more familiar one will suffice for the future — was born March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, the estate of a maternal uncle, a few miles from the ancient cathedral town of Durham. Robert Browning was born May 7, 1812, in the remote London suburb of Camberwell. The parents of both were Dissenters, in easy circumstances. Mr. Moulton-Barrett was, indeed, at one time, very wealthy; and the elder Robert Browning, the father of the poet, might have been so but for the honorable disgust he came to feel, after serving a year's apprenticeship in the West Indies, for the system of slave labor under which the fortunes of both families were accumulated.

It is a pity to endeavor to minimize, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr does in the case of Robert Browning, the influence upon the mental and moral development of a very clever child of being born and bred, in a country like England, outside the privileged circles of the state Church, and, by consequence, of the great world. It is only an accident, but it is an accident, so to say, of astrological moment. It is not thus that one would choose to be born in England; but it is astonishing what a proportion of those who have most profoundly influenced the thought and the conduct of serious English readers during the last fifty years have labored under this apparent disadvantage, and had this invisible and yet "invidious bar" to break before finding their true place. Ruskin, Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, and, in a lesser degree, the Martineaus and the whole circle of sober-minded East Anglian heretics, Quakers, Unitarians, and others, are instances which will readily occur to the memory of all. There are names enough to build an induction after Mill's own most approved pattern. Moral earnestness, the species of angularity which ever belongs to an untrained and unsupported but vigorous conscience, a kind of other-worldliness in early life, which may become a noble unworldli-

ness with advancing years, but may also become the exact reverse, intellectual independence, and a certain racy provincialism of spirit are more or less characteristic of them all.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the similarity of their early traditions had much to do with the instinctive and complete comprehension of each other's mental processes which the Brownings always evinced.

If the childhood of both had not been so sequestered, — the girl's on the beautiful estate of Hope End, among the Malvern Hills, which her father bought in 1809, the boy's in the social desert of Camberwell, — they would have incurred less danger of being set up and admired as infant phenomena. Both were so admired to a somewhat appalling degree, but they were creatures too fine to be spoiled. While Elizabeth Barrett paced, in ankle-tied shoes, the garden alleys of Hope End, meditating her Epic on the Battle of Marathon, which was printed at her father's expense when she was thirteen, Robert Browning was measuring off heroic couplets on the edge of the family dining table, which he could just reach with the tips of his outstretched hands, or having his curly hair brushed, as he used long afterward humorously to relate, to the tune of Watts's hymns, with a heavier stroke on every strongly accented syllable: —

"Fools *never* raise their *thoughts* so high;
Like *brutes* they live, like *brutes* they die."

The boy's home was less opulent than the girl's, but his education, in the best sense of the word, was more liberal and his environment more stimulating. His mother was so sweet and wise a saint that she suffered in prayerful silence even her boy's brief lapse into religious infidelity. It came of reading the poems of Shelley, which she herself, in the simplicity of her heart, had bought for him at his request, and it passed before he was twenty, never to return. His father,

on the other hand, was a man of great native distinction of mind, a discriminating lover of good books, good pictures, and good music, with all of which young Robert was on terms of easy familiarity from his earliest remembrance.

Elizabeth Barrett's mother seems to have left no trace whatever upon her daughter's mind; while her father, though a man of astounding force of character, was so flagrantly what is now called a *degenerate* that one is driven to doubt whether the lambent pearl of his daughter's unique genius could have been secreted under conditions of health. All the more certain is it, as her lover and husband invariably averred, that her native endowment, her simple God-given *ingenium*, was more signal and surprising than his own.

Properly speaking, neither had any regular mental training. Robert Browning went, as a lad, to an insignificant private school. From fourteen to sixteen he had a French tutor at home, who taught him the French language thoroughly, but little beside. For one year, his eighteenth, he was a member of the London University, and he was well instructed in music, for which he had a great natural gift. He had a circle of musical friends in Camberwell, too: his cousins, the Silverthorne brothers, gay fellows, who both died young, and whose mother paid for the printing of Pauline in 1833; and Alfred Domett, afterward premier of New Zealand, and immortalized by the poet as Waring. This was the period at which Robert Browning, with his fond father's full consent, gravely adopted poetry as a profession, — a thing one cannot conceive of his doing, at that age, had he been a public school and university man. Yet Wisdom was justified of her child, and nobly. The first notable fruit of that resolve was Paracelsus; and Paracelsus lives, and will continue to live, not so much through the subtlety of its metaphysical speculations, and through

certain scattered passages of the narrative, which are instinct with the highest kind of imaginative beauty, nor even through the rich and haunting music of the superb song, "Over the sea our galleys went;" but because in it the youth of twenty-three discovered his own distinctive and surpassing gift, — the divination of individual human character as an organic whole. Nobody had known for several hundred years, nor cared particularly to know, what manner of man Paracelsus was. The callow youth at Camberwell resuscitated and evoked him out of the past; not without patient research, to be sure, yet still by a species of magic. The dry and laborious investigations of later students have all gone to confirm the main truth to historic fact of what then seemed the creation of an audacious fancy.

Paracelsus, in the nature of things, could never have won more than a success of esteem; but incidentally it brought its author the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Talfourd, Horne, and Landor, and fairly launched him among men of letters.

His practical sponsor and first warm public eulogist, however, was W. J. Fox, the editor of the *Monthly Repository*. The very name of the periodical excites an involuntary smile in those who remember Harriet Martineau's description of her own first appearance in print, which was made there. Her contribution was anonymous, and she awaited with some natural excitement the comments thereon of her clever family circle, where Mr. Fox's paper was, of course, taken in. "The best thing in the *Monthly Repository* for some time," she had the tempered satisfaction of hearing. "But no one," she dryly adds, "not acquainted with the pages of the *Monthly Repository* can realize how slight the encouragement was!" At Mr. Fox's house in Bayswater Robert Browning also met Macready, with whom he was for some years very intimate, and for

whom he wrote Strafford; and at Macready's country seat, Elm Place, he met Euphrasia Fanny Haworth, — the Eye-bright of Sordello, — his lifelong friend, who, as he afterward confessed to Elizabeth Barrett, had so nearly been something more than a friend.

During all this period of the poet's early expansion and recognition the life of the poetess was becoming every year more narrow, solitary, and externally sad. An active girl until she was fifteen, though far from robust, she received at that age an injury to the spine, one of whose results was the pulmonary disorder which made her an invalid for life, and of which she had almost died before the world ever heard of her name. She never grew in bodily stature after that time, but nothing could arrest the growth of the mind which her fragile frame barely sufficed to contain. She absorbed knowledge, in her seclusion, as naturally as a plant absorbs moisture and aliment from the most unlikely-looking soil; transmuting what she appropriated, with plantlike unconsciousness, into color, fragrance, and wonderful intricacies of form. She became a prodigy of learning without knowing that she was learned. The modern European languages and Latin came to her without effort. Greek she snatched from her brother's tutor, and felt it like a living language; extracting from it much of the essence of that "Greek spirit" of which there was less chatter in those days than now, though — to quote her own "plea of confession and avoidance," in Aurora Leigh — she never *wrote* anything more pretentious than "lady's Greek without the accents." Her one literary associate and guide, in the earlier of these days, was the blind and very cranky old scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd. To him, in her girlish voice, "somewhat low for *aus* and *ois*," she read aloud her unaccented Greek; not Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus alone, but the hymns and homilies of the Greek Fathers of the

Church. Even then, and all inexperienced and undisciplined as she was, the exquisite quality of her intelligence made her literary judgments far keener and surer than her teacher's; and when he pronounced Ossian superior to Homer, she knew he was talking nonsense, though her sweet humility and respect prevented her saying so in any but the most diffident and deprecatory manner.

In 1832 heavy pecuniary losses compelled Mr. Moulton-Barrett to sell Hope End, and remove his family, first to a hired house at Sidmouth in Devonshire, which came near tumbling down over their heads, and later to that most featureless quarter of London, the neighborhood of the Regent's Park and the northern squares, which has served as the nursery of so much genius, from the days of Mrs. Siddons to our own.

"Dark house by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street."

Mayfair is not to be mentioned as a place of pious pilgrimage, beside this gaunt but ever sacred and beloved Philistia.

It was plain from the first that London was the worst residence which could have been chosen for the fragile creature, who was nevertheless to wear out a ten years' captivity there, in her room and upon her couch, with only the one tragical interruption of the visit to Torquay during which her favorite brother Edward was drowned. But the fiat of her father, *instans tyrannus*, had gone forth, and there was no power within her little sphere strong enough to stay it. He had devoted his brilliant child to death, — unwillingly, we must suppose, but as unflinchingly as Agamemnon devoted Iphigenia; and though he had parental vanity enough to pay for the printing of some of her faulty and yet astonishing first essays in authorship, he made no secret of his conviction that her thoughts "ought to be in the next world."

Her sleepless thought, indeed, was in

both worlds and in all worlds. The four walls of her dingy and conventional London chamber were no barrier to her shifting but ever splendid vision of "Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind." She possessed within her own luminous consciousness the irrefragable evidence of things unseen. No other woman, before or since her day, has been endowed with anything like her sustained imaginative power. Her sense of form and her sense of rhythm were both defective, but the faculty which we call original, or creative, was hers; and the mere fact that her precocious debauch of ill-regulated study did not smother and extinguish it altogether shows in what a preëminent degree it had been bestowed.

Little by little, however, the rays of that divine spark that was in her pierced the thick vapors in which her life was involved. One by one, appreciative and congenial friends from without found courage to surmount the artificial and absurdly accumulated barriers by which she was hemmed in. She had always written a great number of letters, and very long ones. An educated lady was expected to do so, at that time, and some old-fashioned ladies keep up the practice. But now the list of her regular correspondents begins to include people of some note, like Richard Horne, Miss Mitford, Theodore Hook, Henry Chorley and other editors and publishers, to whom her compositions are formally submitted. Her letters of this period have been before the world for some years; and very delightful reading they are, and will always remain. If ever there was a *schöne Seele*, it was hers. The invincible amiability, the graceful mingling of intelligence, docility, and sweet independence with which she receives criticism, whether of her bizarre phraseology and lawless rhymes or of her too effusive and, so to say, personal and "evangelical" religiosity, are only to be surpassed by her sympa-

thetic appreciation of the work of others, and the fine exactitude with which she estimates its value. She says, from her sofa, the last word, almost upon the first occasion, concerning Miss Mitford's *Rienzi* and Talfourd's *Ion*, and many another favorite of the moment, and the youthful Tennyson is "divine" to her, while the world of letters is yet ringing with the contemptuous pronouncement of the great titular autocrat of criticism that his stuff "will never do."

It was in 1838 that Miss Barrett first began to see intimately and to love, as he so well deserved, her elderly kinsman, John Kenyon, who had also been a schoolmate of Robert Browning's father, and who was destined not merely to bring the two poets together, but to smooth their pathway through life, in so signal a manner. Her first small volume of collected verses, *The Seraphim and Other Poems*, appeared in the spring of that year; and almost at the same time the disease under which she labored received an all but fatal impulse by the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs. She faced the doubtful issue with surpassing serenity, discussing it freely and cheerfully with her ever loving sisters and her other friends. An inner voice, it may be, told her that she was not then to die, and that the instinctive and universal prayer, so often mysteriously denied, had in her case mysteriously been granted:—

"Oh, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet,
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!"

But the sharpest bereavement that ever befell her—her brother Edward's untimely death—had yet to be endured, and the darkest passage of an existence of more than half a century traversed, before she escaped from the bonds that confined her, and came to her ideal fruition of singular and exalted happiness.

All this while the young author of *Paracelsus* was growing, and producing.

Sordello belongs to this time, and almost the entire series of Bells and Pomegranates, which began with Pippa Passes in 1841, and includes the greater part of the songs, dramas, romances, and dramatic lyrics by which the poet is most widely known, and will probably be longest remembered. This is not the place to speak of the force and passion, the depth of human understanding, the breadth of human sympathy, and the mastery of human speech which these works disclose. There are Browning societies, if not Browning colleges, which exist for the sole purpose of studying critically what Robert Browning has written. My purpose is to follow, as closely as may be, the development in sun and air of the man's genius, side by side with the hothouse growth of the woman's.

During this period Robert Browning had passed a winter in Russia, and had been twice to Italy. The former experience was to serve him incidentally — as every experience must serve a great mind — in after years; but the latter had a decisive influence upon his fate. He fell instantly under the spell, and received the seal, of the enchantress land, and became one of the foremost interpreters to men of her magnificent *humanism*. He even fell in love, at first sight, with his own latest home, in Titian's country, and received the first suggestions for that long line of astute and illuminating studies of Italian character which, beginning rather turgidly with Sordello, was to include Pippa, the Gondola, the Bishop at Saint Praxed's, and scores beside of memorable numbers in Bells and Pomegranates, Men and Women, and Dramatis Personæ; culminating a quarter of a century later in that monumental work, The Ring and the Book. In these years between twenty and thirty-five, Robert Browning was exceedingly handsome, and, like Bulwer, Charles Dickens, Disraeli, and other his young contemporaries

of the full-blown romantic period, he had a florid taste in dress and was decidedly *muscalin*. Still unknown to the world of high fashion, he went much into the society of the literary clique which had adopted him, and was especially adored, as was but natural, by its women.

In 1844 the poems of Elizabeth Barrett were collected and published by Moxon in the two well-known volumes which established her fame, and which took their title from The Drama of Exile. Cowper's Grave, The Cry of the Children, The Lost Bower, Sleep, The Dead Pan, and the Rhyme of the Duchess May were all there; nevertheless, the publisher found the volumes too thin, materially, and requested something more to increase their bulk. She responded to this appeal by sending him the ballad of Lady Geraldine's Courtship, one hundred and forty of whose fifteen-syllable lines were composed in one day.

Assuredly the poem is not one of Mrs. Browning's best. For all its *verve* and volubility, it is even one of her worst, in the wild irregularity of some of its rhymes — *virtues* and *certainly* — and in the broad and glad contempt for common sense and common probability which characterizes the plot, and which is made the more conspicuous by its modern *mise en scène*. But it was this poem which won Robert Browning's heart, and led him to importune Mr. Kenyon for an introduction to its author. Was it the ardent though rather awkward compliment to himself in Lady Geraldine which he found irresistible?

"Or from Browning some *Pomegranate*, which, if cut deep down the middle,

Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Five months, at all events, after the forced production of Lady Geraldine's Courtship, on January 10, 1845, Robert Browning writes his first letter to Elizabeth Barrett from Hatcham in Surrey,

whither his father had now removed, and it begins on this wise: —

“I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett — and this is no off-hand, complimentary letter that I shall write — whatever else, no prompt, matter-of-fact recognition of your genius, and there a graceful and natural end of the thing. . . . Even now, talking with whoever is worthy, I can give a reason for my faith in one and another excellence, — the fresh, strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos, and true, new, brave thought; but in thus addressing myself to you, your own self and for the first time, my feeling rises altogether. I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart, and I love you too.”¹

She is by no means moved from her delicate poise, the slight creature in her sick-room, by this energy of *attacco*. She replies the next day, frankly, gracefully; a little more temperately than he had written, and with unaffected humility: —

“I thank you, dear Mr. Browning, from the bottom of my heart. You meant to give me pleasure by your letter; and even if the object had not been answered, I ought still to thank you. But it is thoroughly answered. Such a letter from such a hand! Sympathy is dear, very dear to me; but the sympathy of a poet, and of such a poet, is the quintessence of sympathy to me. Will you take back my gratitude for it? — agreeing, too, that of all the commerce done in the world, from Tyre to Carthage, the exchange of sympathy for gratitude is the most princely thing?”

She then begs for his criticism, — that he will tell her what seem to him her most salient faults as a writer; for she will not presume to request that he will “tease” himself by naming them in detail. She adds an earnest word concerning what she has long owed to Mr.

¹ Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

Kenyon, who has now brought her this best gift of all.

Is it possible that a correspondence begun in so high a key should be long maintained at the same pitch, without let or stay, occasional anti-climax or serious lapse into bathos? It is thus maintained, to the tune of some two hundred and fifty letters on either side; and it shows no intellectual or emotional decline, but rather a slow and steady increase of intensity, until it ends in the union of the writers.

Robert Browning paid his first visit to Wimpole Street on May 21 of the same *annus mirabilis*. They prepared their souls for that meeting as for a first communion, and meditated on it afterward in the same rapt and solemn spirit. The most intimate of their inter-devotional exercises are, in very truth, too sacred for quotation. One is abashed even to have read them. Let us take the lady in her charming lighter mood, in one of her lucid intervals — more frequent, it must be confessed, with her than with him, at that time — of exquisite common sense. An admirer had written her a letter from America (it will be wholesome for us to observe that all the most glaring absurdities come from America), addressed to “Miss Barrett, Poetess, London,” and it had actually arrived.

“Think,” she says, “of the simplicity of those wild Americans in ‘calculating’ that people in general here in England know what a poetess is! . . . And if you promised never to tell Mrs. Jameson nor Miss Martineau, I would confide to you, perhaps, my secret profession of faith — which is — which is — that, let us say and do what we please and can, there is a natural inferiority of mind in women, — of the intellect, not by any means of the moral nature; and that the history of art and of genius testifies to this fact openly. Oh, I would not say so to Mrs. Jameson for the world! I believe I was a coward to her altogether, for when she denounced carpet-work as

‘injurious to the mind,’ because it led the workers into ‘fatal habits of reverie,’ I defended the carpet-work as though I were striving *pro aris et focis*, and said not a word for the poor reveries which have frayed away so much of silken time for me.”¹

Love doubtless could “find out a way” through the tangled phrases which follow, and which were written when the poet first learned, to his surprise, how much “more elder” was his lady “than her looks” or her lover:—

“Do you understand, my own friend, — with that superiority in years, too! For I confess to that — you need not throw that in my teeth — as soon as I read your Essay on Mind, from preface to the vision of Fame at the end, and reflected on my doings about that time, 1826, — I did indeed see and wonder at your advance over me in years. What then? I have got nearer to you considerably — if only nearer — since then, and prove it by the remark I make at favorable times, such as this, for instance, which occurs in a poem you are to see, which advises nobody who thinks nobly of the Soul to give, if he or she can help, such a good argument to the materialist as the owning that any great choice of that Soul, which it is born to make, and which (in its determining, as it must, the whole future course and impulses of that Soul) — which must endure forever, even though the object which induced that choice should disappear, — owning, I say, that such a course may be scientifically determined.”²

But we need not pursue the writer through the page or so more of parentheses and sub-parentheses which he takes to complete his thought. One thing at least is clear from this dense passage, namely, that the involved and obscure style, which has often gone near to maddening some of Robert Browning’s most willing disciples, was indeed a part of the

man. His mood, at this time, was one of noble candor; the sentiment which possessed him was elementary in its simplicity; but it was natural to him to express himself thus. Severe mental discipline in early years might have mitigated the fault, but could never wholly have eradicated it.

Miss Barrett’s physicians had said, clearly and repeatedly, that the climate of London was deadly to her, but that a winter in the south might benefit her greatly; and the lovers, all through that first summer, had permitted themselves to look forward to a meeting in Italy, in the autumn. But Elizabeth was now definitively forbidden, by her father, to dream of such a journey; and she submitted, for the moment, to the seemingly brutal decision with her accustomed resignation, while even Robert was not immediately roused by it from his trance of content with their exquisite actual relation.

“Do not be angry with me,” she writes. “Do not think it my fault, but *I do not go to Italy*. . . . Am I wrong in the decision? Could I do otherwise? I had courage and to spare, but you see the decision did not rest with myself. . . . For the rest, the *unforbidden country* lies within these four walls. Madeira was proposed in vain, and any part of England would be as objectionable as Italy, and not more advantageous to me than Wimpole Street. To take courage and be cheerful, as you say, is left as an alternative; and — (the winter may be mild!) to fall into the hands of God rather than of man.”³

His answer runs thus:—

“Be sure, my dearest love, that this is for the best, and will be seen for the best in the end. It is hard to bear now, but *you* have to bear it. Any other person could not. And you will — I know, knowing you — *will* be well this one winter, if you can, and *then* — since I am

¹ Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 116.

² Ibid. vol. i. p. 132.

³ Ibid. vol. i. p. 242.

not selfish in this love to you, my own conscience tells me — I desire, more earnestly than I ever knew what desiring was, to be yours, and with you, and, as far as may be in this life and world, You.”¹

The correspondence of the months immediately succeeding this crisis is, again, so intimate that one reads by snatches, and turns the pages fast, ashamed, when all is said, of having been betrayed into violating the privacy of two such hearts. There is a dazzling purity and unworldliness about it all, a swift kindling of responsive thought, a passion of mutual faith, a rivalry in self-abasement of these two élite creatures, which is at once fantastic and very touching. As though Heaven itself were moved to indulgence by so rare a spectacle, the winter of 1845–46 proved one of almost unheard-of mildness in England; and the invalid, under the combined stimulus of that *ver perpetuum* and of her own great happiness, gained surprisingly in physical strength. The sacred and quintessential personalities of which I have spoken form, after all, but a small part of the voluminous communications which continue to pass between them, even though Robert Browning was now fully established on the footing of a calling acquaintance in Wimpole Street, and saw his lady regularly twice or thrice a week. The fuller understanding of the world and of real life which Elizabeth gained through him, and the strong and heretofore untried tonic of hope for herself, imparted a new sparkle to her comments on men and books and things. The sweetness of her disposition is invincible, but she indulges in a good deal of playful satire; and it must be owned that this famous pair, after the manner of lesser lovers, discern a striking inferiority in all the rest of the world to their own highly favored and hardly to be idealized selves.

¹ Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 243.

“Dear Miss Mitford comes to-morrow,” writes Elizabeth on February 5, “and I am not glad enough. Shall I have a letter to make me glad?” While Robert replies on February 7: “And Miss Mitford yesterday, and has she fresh fears, for you, of my evil influence, and *Origenic* power of raying out darkness, like a swart star?” The poet’s antipathy to Miss Martineau may well have been a matter of temperament, but he cannot even allow her to extol the virtuous frugality of the Laureate’s life at Ambleside, — that Laureate who was also, it must be remembered, Robert Browning’s Lost Leader.

“I am very glad to hear so much good of a very good person, and so well told. She plainly sees the proper use and advantage of a country life, and *that* knowledge gets to seem a high point of attainment, doubtless, beside the Wordsworth she speaks of; for *mine* he shall not be, so long as I am able. Was ever such a ‘great’ poet before . . . dissertating with style of the ‘utmost grandeur that even you can conceive’? (Speak for yourself, Miss Martineau!)”

One pardons the note of bitterness here, because the slaughter of an early moral ideal — even a fictitious one — is always a tragic thing. But when the lovers bemoan, as they do freely, later on, the occasional interruption of their high tête-à-tête by Mrs. Jameson² and Mr. Kenyon, our sympathies lean a little to the side of the intruders. For, if conventional use and common prudence were to be defied, — as it became more and more evident they would eventually have to be, — these were unquestionably the two among their common friends on whom odium, so far as there was odium, would principally fall. Yet it was Mrs. Jameson who was to act as *balia* to the helpless bride on her precarious wedding journey; while the devoted John Ken-

² Author of Sacred and Legendary Art, Legends of the Madonna, etc.

yon, who had introduced these two, was their strong defense always against the world's criticism, and their perpetual benefactor. He made them an allowance from the time of their son's birth, and left them in his will a sum which delivered them forever from all sordid anxieties.

Robert Browning had twice proposed marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, during the first year of their acquaintance, and she had sorrowfully, but decidedly, refused him. It was not until the last day of January, 1846, a year and three weeks from the date of their first interview, that she wrote : —

"Let it be this way, ever dearest. If, in the time of fine weather, I am not ill, *then* — *not now* — you shall decide, and your decision shall be duty and desire to me both. I will make no difficulties." ¹

Her wholly natural and noble fluctuations of feeling were being silently recorded all this while in the series of incomparable sonnets afterward published as from the Portuguese. It is the finest love poetry ever written by a woman,² at once the most impassioned and the most immaculate. The husband paid high poetic tribute to the wife, after marriage, in *By the Fireside*, in *One Word More*, in the heroic *Prospice*, which has sustained so many fainting hearts, and in frequent incidental appeals or brief invocations to his "Lyric love, half Angel and half Bird," which we all tenderly remember. But he wrote nothing to compare, for concentrated emotion and sheer intensity of white fire, with these beautiful sonnets.

As the summer of 1846 — the "time of fine weather," for which Elizabeth's promise had been given — wore away, the now affianced pair addressed themselves fitfully, and with a curiously child-

like inadequacy and inconsequence, to the question of ways and means for their marriage. The man will borrow a hundred pounds from his doting father for their wedding journey, but feels within himself the power abundantly to provide for all their needs, after the deed is done, by the labor of his own pen. Or he will apply to Mr. Spring-Rice (afterward Lord Mounteagle) for a literary pension, if she approves. But the high-spirited wraith, when consulted, most emphatically does *not* approve; and then she goes on, diffidently and much afraid of wounding his feelings, to mention that she has between three and four hundred pounds a year of her own, *which nobody can take from her*. He will none of that, of course, and is shocked, as well he may be, when the lifelong invalid apologetically suggests that she will perhaps have still to keep her maid, Wilson, — "a very expensive servant, sixteen pounds a year." In the end it proved a matter of some importance that the small income of the poetess was inalienable; for it furnished the main support of the unworldly pair during all the enchanted first years of their life in Italy. That histrionic old anachronism Mr. Moulton-Barrett continued obdurate, as all the world now knows, until his own latest breath, and literally disinherited his daughter for disobedience in marrying at the age of exactly forty! On the other hand, though the ripest and soundest fruit of Robert Browning's virile genius was all either produced or prepared in the fifteen years of his wedded life, his popularity in England did not increase during that period, — hardly passed, indeed, beyond the restricted limits of his first circle of personal admirers; and his noble work was destined to bring him no great remuneration, either in fame or in money,

of that peerless Provençal alba with the refrain, "*Oy dieus Oy dieus che l'alba tan tost ve,*" were indeed a woman.

¹ Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 440.

² Unless Sappho's were all it is reported to have been; and unless the anonymous author

until his wife lay sleeping in her Florentine grave.¹

Meanwhile, the accord of these two spirits on all high and immaterial things appears to grow more perfect, if this were possible, as the last weeks of their probation pass away. When it comes to discussing the religious form under which the clandestine marriage, now fully resolved upon, shall be celebrated, "The truth, as God sees it," writes Elizabeth, — and it is upon the feast of the Assumption that she unconsciously so writes, — "the truth, as God sees it, must be something so different from these opinions about truth, — these systems which fit different classes of men like their coats, and wear brown at the elbows always! . . . Still, you go quickest there where your sympathies are least ruffled and disturbed, and I like beyond comparison best the simplicity of the Dissenters, the unwritten prayer, the sacraments administered quietly and without charlatanism! And the principle of a church as they hold it, I hold it too, quite apart from state necessities, — pure from the law."²

And Robert replies: —

"Dearest, I know your very meaning in what you said of religion, and responded to it with my whole soul. What you express now is for us both; those are my own feelings, my convictions beside, — instinct confirmed by reason. Look at that injunction to 'love God with all the heart and soul and strength,' and then imagine yourself bidding any faculty which arises toward the love of him be still! If, in a meeting house with the blank white walls and a simple doctrinal exposition, all the senses should turn from where they lie neglected to all that sunshine in the Sistine with its music and painting, which would lift them at once to heaven, why should you

not go forth, to return just as quickly when they are nourished into a luxuriance that extinguishes?"

All summer the invalid had been timidly trying her new strength by pathetic little walks about the London squares and streets, with only her maid and her beloved spaniel Flush in attendance; and it is quaint to hear her say that she always looked for her lover at every corner, and to compare this naïf confession with his own of the almost hyper-refined scruple which had forbidden him even to glance down Wimpole Street during the interval when, having already declared his love for her soul, he was entreating permission to pay his homage to her in person. Thus time slipped away, until the morning in early autumn, September 12, 1846, when they met at the parish church of St. Marylebone (of all unromantic places!), and were united, after all, by the Anglican rite; the bride accomplishing her final evasion about a week later, by gliding out of the Wimpole Street house, under the escort still of the faithful Wilson and the immortal Flush, while the stage father and the sympathetic but trembling sisters were at dinner. Husband and wife took the boat, that night, from Southampton to Havre; three weeks later, in memory of Petrarch and Laura, he had carried her in his arms up the valley of the Sorgue to the fountain of Vaucluse; and before the end of November they were settled in Pisa for their first Italian winter.

The manner of life upon which they now entered was to be theirs, with but few interruptions, while Mrs. Browning lived. Their winters were passed chiefly in Florence, at that Casa Guidi which is so peculiarly associated with her name; where a tablet has been set to her memory by the affectionate people of Browning, — a man as well as a woman!

² Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. ii. p. 427.

¹ I myself have heard, as late as the early eighties, a well-connected and presumably well-instructed Englishwoman, of the military caste, stoutly deny that there were *two* poets of the

ple she loved so well and served with her pen so gallantly. In the summer they went to the baths of Lucca or to Siena, and occasionally to England; though these latter visits were always painful on account of the stubborn alienation of the men of the Barrett family, while the damp summer climate of her birthplace was as dangerous to her as it had always been. She ceased for a time, indeed, to own herself an invalid. Mrs. Jameson had said of her, in the first winter after her marriage, that she was not so much improved as *transformed*; and a miracle of healing did really seem, at first, to have been wrought upon her, by removal to a kindlier clime and by her own rare domestic felicity. But the physical taint remained, congenital and incurable; and now that Mrs. Browning had attained her full intellectual stature, and had come up, though late, with her own limitations, the mental taint which inevitably accompanied it was to become increasingly conspicuous in all her published utterances. It was not that her eccentricities of manner and language grew more marked; on the contrary, they diminished for a time, and very noticeably. She had never before, except in the most inspired of the Portuguese sonnets, written verse as limpid, as harmonious, and as nearly classical in form as that of Casa Guidi Windows, her first important production after marriage. It is a curious fact that both the Brownings wrote more intelligibly during the period of their married life than either had ever done before, or than Robert Browning ever did afterward. They wrote quite independently. They rarely, if ever, confided their literary projects to each other, compared notes, or asked advice about unfinished work. Yet the style of both improved after they wrote side by side.

But the woman's voice, ever soft, sympathetic, and musical by the fireside, sounded thin and shrill when uplifted in high argument upon the political and

social questions which more and more solicited her muse. Even in her generous advocacy of the cause of Italian independence she was fitful and flighty; now uplifted by extravagant hope, now plunged into unreasonable despair. In her cloistered early days, Elizabeth Barrett, as we have seen, had given evidence of a singularly fine and correct judgment in books; but the faculty seemed strangely to desert her when she turned her attention to the march of public events and the responsible actions of living men. She became a prey to prepossessions as passionate as they were fickle. Pío Nono was an angel of deliverance; he was a demon of deceit. Carlo Alberto was a traitor; he was a martyr. Only Louis Napoleon, third of his line, was invariably disinterested, broad-minded, and beneficent! Cavour, the true sponsor of united Italy, the one great creative statesman of our time, "shown by the fates," and then so tragically withdrawn, — Cavour she never comprehended until the all-illuminating hour of her own death, which so nearly coincided with his.

"Cavour, to the despot's desire

Who his own thought so craftily marries,
What is he but just a thin wire

For conducting the lightning from Paris?
Yes, write down the two¹ as compeers,

Confessing (you would not permit a lie)

He bore up his Piedmont ten years,

Till she suddenly smiled and was Italy."

The Poems before Congress, from which these astonishingly bad verses are taken, were one sustained shriek of poignant disappointment and helpless wrath on Italy's behalf. Only a great cantatrice, one may say an historic voice, could have held so high a note so long; and it is but fair to offset against the above lines the last stanza of Mrs. Browning's poem on the First News from Villafranca, which, though it be but an hysterical woman's cry, yet furnishes a signal instance of the sheer might of hu-

¹ Cavour and Napoleon III.

man language when launched by simple emotion : —

"Peace you say? Yes, peace in truth!
But such a peace as the ear can achieve
'Twixt the rifle's click and the rush of the
ball,
'Twixt the tiger's spring and the crunch of
the tooth,
'Twixt the dying atheist's negative
And God's face — *waiting, after all!*"

The hysterical note does indeed mar the effect of the most moving songs with which she was inspired by Italian political themes; even of *Mother and Poet*, and the brilliant but slightly meretricious *Court Lady*. Nor is it, alas, at any time quite absent from Mrs. Browning's longest, and in some respects most considerable poem; the fruit of her best married years, and the work, as she herself says in her preface, which embodied her "most mature convictions on art and life." The modern subject and setting and the socialistic purpose of *Aurora Leigh* (it upheld the so-called Christian socialism of the fifties, which was then in the dawn of its brief day) gave the book instant and wide popularity, and seemed to bring its author more closely in touch with the actual world than she had ever been before. Reviewed after the lapse of forty years, however, it seems both sensational and ineffective. The old fervor and abundance are here, the generous purpose, the unflagging imagination, the wealth of simile and allusion, together with something more than the writer's early sharpness of occasional epigram. But poise, proportion, temperance, unity of conception, and sanity of spirit, — these things are painfully absent. Those "mature convictions" of hers availed to make the metrical romance on which so much of her best power was lavished neither an epitome of art nor a reflection of life. Involuntarily, we recall the profane ejaculation of Edward Fitzgerald when he heard of Mrs. Browning's death, "Thank Heaven, there will be no more Aurora Leighs!" And while we love the aged Browning

all the better for the furious defense he made of his wife's genius against the shade of her incorrigible censor, we know that Fitzgerald was right. More Aurora Leighs would have been a heavy misfortune to letters.

The bells were in truth jangled beyond repair which had rung so thrilling a peal above Cowper's grave, so sweetly in the Portuguese sonnets. The altered balance, or rather the fatal overbalance, of Mrs. Browning's fine faculties, appears yet more plainly in the enthusiasm with which she embraced spiritism, and her credulous interest in the palpable charlatanry of its most vulgar "manifestations." She had never been strong enough to go into general society, and her husband, who was formed to enjoy it, renounced it gladly for her sake. For a time the very best of the transient company of Florence came naturally to them; but now Mrs. Browning, though always and invincibly true to early friends, was inclined to admit no new pretenders to her intimacy, save fanatics and visionaries who shared her freshly adopted views of things occult. What her husband really thought of some of the idols of her later worship he was to tell the world, long after, in *Mr. Sludge*, "*the Medium*," and *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*. For the present, he was content to sit apart and pursue his own subtle and penetrating studies of typical men and women.

No shadow of serious misunderstanding ever fell between these two. They had allowed each other, from the first, the widest spiritual room, and no mere difference of speculative opinion could put them asunder now. He stood manfully between her and the attacks provoked by her violent later utterances, which appeared ill-tempered to those who did not know her, and were at least intemperate. As her strength declined, she became, what she had never been before, morbidly sensitive to hostile criticism. It astonished as well as distressed

her. Charges of atheism and anarchism, founded on the wild cries on behalf of *all those in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate*, which she uplifted in her strained and breaking voice, seemed to her to spring either from dense misunderstanding or from wanton malignity. She positively could not see why poems like the *Summing Up* in Italy and *A Curse for a Nation* should excite resentment and call forth stinging retort. She was deeply wounded, though she bravely tried to make light of it, when her well-intentioned but very outspoken poem *Lord Walter's Wife* was most tenderly and apologetically declined by Thackeray for the *Cornhill*; and it must be admitted that, for a professed philosopher and man of the world, he does appear a bit of a Philistine in this transaction. Robert Browning suffered for these things because his wife suffered, and did his loyal best to screen and comfort her. He felt a sad presentiment that she had received her deathblow in the sudden and seemingly complete frustration of her hopes for Italy in 1859; and as the months went by, and she did not rally from the depression of that season, the fears of all about her were confirmed. For herself, she had none. In this, at least, her mind was always healthy: that she made no study of her own sensations, and was too well used to physical pain to mind a slight increase of it. There was a sense of prostrating fatigue upon her, to which she did reluctantly own in some of her letters and in one most affecting poem, but she never dreamed that it was mortal:—

"You see we're tired, my heart and I.
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I."

On June 7, 1861, the day after Cavour's death, Mrs. Browning wrote to her husband's sister, meekly praying to

be forgiven because their promised visit to the home friends in England had been postponed, *for that year*, on her account, and adds: "We came home into a cloud here [in Florence]. I can scarcely command voice or hand to name Cavour. That great soul which meditated and made Italy has gone to the diviner country. If tears or blood could have saved him to us, he should have had mine. I feel yet as if I could scarcely comprehend the greatness of the vacancy. A hundred Garibaldis for such a man!"

The clouds were breaking. The devoted guardian, and for fifteen years the true preserver of his wife's fragile existence, might have said (in the words of his own departing Paracelsus), as he watched her now:—

"The hurricane is past
And the good boat speeds thro' the brightening weather."

Within three weeks after the date of the letter last quoted Mrs. Browning had a bronchial attack, like scores which she had had before and surmounted. But the last time was come, and in Casa Guidi, on the night of June 29, "smilingly happy, and with a face like a girl's," she died in her husband's arms.

Another life in this world of nearly thirty years was reserved for Robert Browning, after the dissolution, in the order of nature, of this rarely beautiful union. It was a life pitched in a lower key (I will not say lived upon a lower plane) than his wedded life had been; otherwise he himself would hardly have survived to the age of seventy-seven. It was an active, kindly, conspicuous, and increasingly prosperous existence; passed chiefly in his native land, whither he returned very soon after Mrs. Browning's death, and where he did his best to transform into an English schoolboy and train to be an English citizen the child who had been born a Florentine, and, so far, bred an artist.

To one who, like his biographer, knew the poet only in that after life, it is not wonderful, perhaps, that the sequel should have seemed the more important part of the story, — demanding as much space as all the rest, — and his marriage merely a romantic episode. The world at large will not be inclined so to regard it. Robert Browning won, in the end, such recognition as is rarely accorded to a living writer. It was universally conceded that in England none but Tennyson outranked him. He had what must have been a truly inconvenient following of personal admirers and neck-or-nothing disciples. He even became, in some sort, the fashion; and Mrs. Sutherland Orr feelingly enumerates the great English country houses and the historic drawing rooms of which he was made abundantly free. His late popularity, however, was in no wise due to the *Fifines* and the *Red Cotton Night-Cap Countries*, and still less to the spirited translations and adaptations from the Greek with which he amused his more worldly days, but to work either done in provincial obscurity before he knew Elizabeth Barrett, or produced by her side and under the stimulus of her society. He had used a lover's pardonable hyperbole when he spoke of himself, in *By the Fireside*, as "named and known" by the "feat" of winning her. But the "little more" of her faltering and twice-withholden yes was indeed "much" to him, and there is a very real sense in which it may be said that her persistent refusal would have meant "worlds away" from his fame. We may at least

thank them both for having made it clear to mankind that two individuals of extraordinary gifts *can* marry without either being false to their vows or incurring harrowing wretchedness. We rejoice, too, that the man should have been better than his own last word in *Any Wife to Any Husband* ("and yet it will not be"), and that he should have remained faithful unto the long-delayed end, "'mid all who followed, flattered, sought, and sued," to the woman's unrivaled memory.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments."

And there is the less need to do so, either in the Shakespearean sense or in the one which naturally occurs to a theorist of to-day, because, in the beneficent order of nature, minds of unusual calibre are seldom moved to marry together. Science, physiological and psychological, may demonstrate that the woman, in this memorable case, ought never to have married at all; and that it would have been better for the race if the man had taken to himself a *helpmeet*, indeed, but one with no claim to rank as his intellectual equal. There is one thing, however, which has thus far escaped the dominion of any formulated law, and that is human volition; and we may the more cheerfully dismiss from our minds any carking anxiety on behalf of the race, because the conjunction of two such stars as these will not occur again, until we have had a few more æons in which to study the proper scope of science and the exact limits of law, if any limits there be.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE OUTLOOK IN CUBA.

WE must base our dealings with the Cubans on the understanding that they are as yet but children. The word describes them almost exactly. Ignorance, delight in seeing or owning pretty trifles, curiosity, the tendency to tell an untruth whenever telling the truth may have unpleasant results, cruelty, wanton destruction of inanimate things which have been obstacles in their path, fondness for personal adornment, intense desire for praise, and a weakness for showing off, — these are the attributes of children. Savages display them, too; and many observers have put the Cubans down as barbarians. But, on the whole, they wear these qualities as children wear them. Docility, except under abuse, is their most marked trait. They yield without opposition or question to the strong hand; and our government has made its chief mistake in dealing with them weakly, and allowing its policy to seem shifting, vacillating, and uncertain. Most Americans in Cuba maintain that if, after the Spaniards had been driven out, we had taken the stand that we were going to assume permanent control of the island, put it in good order, and govern and develop it ourselves, the great majority of the Cuban people would have accepted the arrangement and been satisfied with it. This was impossible; but the uncertain manner in which the campaign of regeneration in Cuba has been conducted from Washington, and the fact that the administration did not show any definite policy, have been serious drawbacks. Everything done seems to be decided on with an eye to the two possible futures, — independence and American sovereignty. Our government seems to be trying to ride two horses, to prepare for two contingencies, and to do nothing which shall militate against either.

The Cuban country people are natural, — in all senses of the word, — kind, simple-hearted, and generous, except on occasion. They have many fine qualities, including that kind of disinterested hospitality which springs from the heart, and beautiful manners which amaze foreigners. Finally, they are malleable to a surprising degree. Like children and unlike savages, almost anything can be made of them. We have before us the task and the responsibility of training them up in the way they should go. Under suitable government, education, treatment, and guidance, they can be developed and uplifted to an extent amounting to transformation. Their extreme teachableness, and their quickness to adopt new habits of mind and action which promise to benefit them, render it not impossible that the children of another generation may be fit for citizenship.

The Cubans are not a religious people, either outwardly or inwardly. They have the sort of religion natural to children. It is undeveloped. So is their moral sense. The approach to paganism is astonishingly general. This is a far-reaching fact which throws much light on the Cuban character. The Spanish priests represented the Spanish government; in other words, oppression. They bought and sold benefices, and tried to make the maximum of money out of their parishioners. These things drove the Cubans out of the Church. The priests charged high fees for baptizing, marrying, and burying. Few Cuban babies, it would seem, are baptized nowadays, except in the centres of population. Marriages are usually performed by the alcalde, and a Cuban burial is too barbarous and revolting for description. From all accounts, the priests whom the Spanish government sent to Cuba, and paid well because they aided to keep up

the Spanish power, were men of unsavory lives and ambitions. The Cubans naturally forsook a church whose representatives violated its most sacred precepts. Some of them found in Freemasonry a refuge, a ground of union, and a medium for transmitting political secrets. In a recent walking trip from Santiago to Havana, I saw, outside of eight large towns, only one building that had been designed for a church, until I reached Matanzas province. That one had evidently not been so used for many years. In Manzanillo, perhaps the prettiest, the brightest, and the most attractive town on the island, a very persistent bell called fifty women, out of fourteen thousand inhabitants, to Sunday morning service.

The Cubans are exceptionally quick-witted, even for a race of Latin descent, and if American sovereignty were brought to pass they would take as readily to our ideas of government as they are doing to our ideas of business. But the change to be made is very great. The quartermaster of one of our regiments tried lately to buy some supplies from a Cuban firm. The provisions were all right, but several amicable conversations with the members of the house failed entirely to bring about anything like an arrangement concerning the price. He grew impatient at what seemed to him their stupidity and tardiness. At last one of them came to him and made a clean breast of it: "You see, captain, we can't specify any price until we know how much we shall have to pay *you*." Another firm deposited in the post office a large number of letters, unstamped. They were returned, and the head of the house called to make an indignant protest. A small steamer employed by his house had carried the mail for the Spanish government to a certain near port, and in return all letters bearing the firm's label had been delivered, unstamped. He was told that he must stamp all his letters, and that if we wanted to send mail

to that port by his steamer we would make a contract with him. He thought a moment, and exclaimed in amazement, "Why, that's getting things down to a cash basis!" He was told that that was the intention: whereupon he took to the new idea with delight, and made a contract to carry the mail. The Cubans are not far-sighted, and they have little desire or regard for knowledge for its own sake; but, like all people whose entire resources in the way of information are in their own heads, they are shrewd, and quick to perceive all the bearings and operations of any innovation which affects or promises to affect themselves. Mentally, they are a remarkable combination of keenness, intelligence, and readiness to learn new things, with ignorance so dense as to discourage any attempt to fathom it.

They know how to construct a rancho of small trees, branches, and palm leaves, which will keep out the floods of rain that fall in the rainy season; how to make the best coffee in the world; how to dig boniatos and yuccas, clear scrub, cut cane, capture bees, and do other little things in the way of agriculture; in short, they know how to exist in their environment. Also, they know the local gossip and a few echoes of doings in the world beyond half a day's ride. But further than this most Cubans living outside of the towns know absolutely nothing. The United States is to them a vague tract of land in the north, more or less the size of Spain, from which come minnows in yellow cans, and roast beef, which may be bought at the cantinas, where even bread can sometimes be obtained; likewise big men in blue shirts and felt hats, who ride colossal horses and drive the biggest mules in the world, but cannot speak Spanish and do not bother about courtesies. These Americans take kindly to the remark, "Americano mucho bueno, Espagnol mucho malo;" not less kindly than the Cubans take to American silver, which they find

preferable to Spanish money. But the average Cuban never goes from home further than he can ride his little single-footer in three or four hours. He exists, in the cheerful contentment which is one of his worst traits, on what he can pick up around his hut. Even if he be a man of unusual energy, and take split palm leaves or boniatos or tobacco to the village to sell, he comes in contact only with the few people who have always lived within two or three leagues. I was repeatedly amazed and dumfounded at the number of men and women who did not know the path to the nearest village, or even whither the trail led which went past their own doors. Getting out of the towns was a long, tedious, and exceedingly annoying matter. You might ask man after man, and not one would know how to find the only road that led to the next village. Unfortunately, a Cuban hates to admit that he does not know; and he will give you, with perfect confidence and abundant courtesy of manner, a direction that has no discoverable relation to the right path. Cubans never travel in their own island for pleasure, and very rarely for business: to ninety-nine out of a hundred of them any province but their own is unknown except by hearsay, — unless in the case of men who accompanied Garcia's raid through the island. Town-bred Cubans differ from their rural fellows chiefly in being cleaner, in meeting more kinds of people, and in the fact that they sometimes see a tiny Havana newspaper with its short, unreliable cablegrams.

It is often hard to tell whether a Cuban lies to you from ignorance or from malice. On ordinary occasions, and about matters that do not promise to affect himself, he is fairly truthful; but he seems to know no reason why he should not tell a lie if he wants to. To the average Cuban who has always lived on his own island, a lie is a thing to tell whenever it will serve any useful purpose. Here

the absence of a moral sense becomes apparent. With the Cuban, lying is a matter, not of right, but of policy, his shortsightedness preventing him from perceiving that to-day's advantage may be to-morrow's loss. Though the Cubans usually tell the truth, nearly all of them dissimulate or equivocate whenever they see occasion. Hence it is not always easy to tell what a Cuban thinks or how he feels about the future of the island. He sometimes tells you what he thinks you want to hear. Every man of property wants Cuba to be under American control, but he will not admit it before a crowd, or even to another Cuban, unless convinced that he too is heartily in favor of it.

It is needless to say that the glowing descriptions given by the Cubans of the performances and the glorious victories of their somewhat mythical army are not intentional, deliberate, cold-blooded lies. Carried away by imaginations as fertile as the soil of their island, they believe their own monstrous inventions. For, after all, the Cuban loves better than all other things on earth to strike an attitude, to pose, to strut and brag and make himself out a great man and his fellow islanders a great nation. Thousands of Cubans firmly believe that there was once a band of men worthy to be called a Cuban army, and that they fought battles. Others say that there were merely little companies of starving stragglers, who sometimes fired their two cartridges apiece from ambush at Spanish scouting parties, and then scattered. But they all think they did great execution. Get some American or Englishman who was with them to give you his view of it. It will be discouragingly different. Cuba is infested with "after the war" soldiers, braggadocio mock heroes who took no part in the fighting.

If one can keep his face straight, it is worth while to start one of these "brigadier generals," and say "Whew!" at critical moments. He will romance by

the hour about the battles he has fought, the victories he has won, and the Spaniards he has killed. It is one of the pleasant features of the unconventional life of Cuba, at present, that you can chat with anybody. When you tire of these fairy tales, and your eyes begin to wander, perhaps you will notice in a corner of the café a little wizened negro, who does not look too clean for work, and whose machete scabbard is short, plain, old, and dirty. Go over and talk with him, if you want to know how the Cubans saved themselves from total annihilation and made the conflict drag along. But do not believe all he says; he is touching it up for your benefit, too. It is not best to dispute assertions. It may be there was once a Cuban army, properly constituted, which occasionally stood up to its opponents; and possibly the "Conquering Army," the "Army of Liberation," numbers forty-five thousand men, all of whom fought three years against the Spaniards. Do not admit that you have been credibly informed that a Cuban regiment consisted of twenty-five men, of whom seventeen were officers, or that a Cuban warrior of rank below sergeant is an object of extreme interest for his rarity. It is too hot to dispute; besides, it is not worth while.

As a matter of fact, there is a formidable army in Cuba to-day. It does not quite correspond to the aggregation of men who are looking for shares of our three-million-dollar gift, though most of the latter also belong to it. This is the "Army of Expectation," as it has been well called, — the men who are making all the money possible out of the United States, as interpreters and in other ways, and doing all they can to browbeat Cubans who favor permanent American control and to hasten our removal from the island, to the end that they may get office under the Cuban republic. They are formidable because they all pull together, because they have nothing to

lose, and because they are animated by a common desire for gain. They are masters of grandiloquent phrases and specious arguments and false yet persuasive assertions, and they have just brains enough to delude the well-meaning, generous, ignorant peasants and workingmen. Native shrewdness and the habit of taking for granted that every one has an axe to grind may lead the peasants to discount some shams, but they also prepare them to regard shams as things to be expected.

Pretense, unhappily, plays a large part in the Cuban character; and there is, one is sadly disposed to admit, some warrant for the statement that the Cubans are to some degree like a race of slaves. Their villainous faces, their habit of suspicion, and a sullen, resentful manner, developed under habitual subjection, all go to give one the impression which an ill-concealed and deep-seated subserviency strengthens. A Cuban's face, at first sight, looks sinister and defiant, as if he were ready to commit murder solely by reason of the absence of cause to the contrary. Yet instinct tells you that he will not attack you in fair fight; so you bid him good-day without the slightest trace of deference, and your greeting straightway transforms your murderous-looking pirate into a courteous gentleman, who will chat with you, offer you a cigarette, interest himself in your affairs, and give you any help in his power, and at parting commend you to God, — all with the most beautiful and appropriate manners and the most graceful gestures in the world. Most Cubans, by the way, "talk from their hips up;" their hands move as fast as their tongues. As soon as you get below the surface you find this kind of man, and he will remain just about the same as long as you know him. But you will shortly perceive that there is a third stratum, the nature of which you can only guess at. You wonder what the man really thinks; how he really feels toward

you; whether he means what he says about the future of Cuba and the other topics you discuss. If you stay in his company for some time, however, and if he has no military leanings, you will gradually come to perceive that he is a sincere fellow at heart. Converse with him alone, and he will tell you his real sentiments, which will correspond closely to what he told you offhand when you first met him.

All things seem to have conspired to bring to the surface the potential bad traits in the Cuban character. The Spaniards treated the Cubans as slaves, thereby implanting in them the characteristics of slaves, including falsehood, meanness, and vengeance. The American common soldiers, who, during the past winter, have not been the best behaved people in Cuba, found them devoid of the fundamental qualities that we demand of men, and treated them correspondingly; with the result, in many cases, of confirming the worst side of their disposition. You will not make a better man of any one by calling him a rascal, or by treating him with continued and overbearing contempt and insult. He will probably respond to your opinion by acting according to it. It is perfectly true that many Cubans have behaved very badly since we took possession of the island, and some of them were amenable to no other treatment than physical compulsion; but the race as a whole is peaceable and well disposed, and it is not fair to estimate it from a few refractory or dishonest examples. It is unintelligent, moreover, to blame the Cuban people for the bad qualities forced upon their character during Spanish rule, when deception became almost necessary.

Ungratefulness is the charge that has been most often brought against the Cubans since Santiago. After it had been borne in upon them that they were not to be allowed to demolish, for pure spite, all the Spanish fortifications and official buildings, they still had to learn

that they would not be permitted to maltreat civilian Spaniards as they chose. Even after they had learned this much of our character, and had indisputable proof, in the work of cleaning up cities and improving streets, of our disinterestedness, their only thought seemed to be to get all the money they could out of our people. Prices were doubled, tripled, and quadrupled for Americans, as they always are in foreign countries for American tourists; but they speedily came down, thanks to the poverty and the shrewdness of the American common soldier.

Though the Cubans are doing what they can, in these ways, to make money, less can be said for their industry in more laudable directions. Three years of enforced idleness and guerrilla warfare have unfitted most of them to settle down and cultivate the land. Lack of tools accounts for part of this disposition to let the land lie undeveloped; temperament and their recent habit of life for most of it. The owners of sugar mills complain bitterly of the impossibility of getting laborers enough to run their mills at full capacity, and say that the gangs are constantly changing. Meantime, on the streets of Santiago two thousand unemployed men clamor for work. None of these went to the mines at Guantanamo, when work was offered; instead, the men in charge brought sixteen hundred unemployed men from Cienfuegos, many, if not all, of whom were badly needed on the neighboring sugar plantations. Perhaps work in the cities for the government has spoiled these men for the less exciting life of the country.

By far the greater part of the island presents the spectacle of extremely fertile cleared land with which absolutely nothing is being done. You may travel through miles and miles of just such country, particularly in Puerto Principe and Santa Clara. It is so in Santiago, also, except that the scenery is more varied and the land more wooded, so

that you do not notice so constantly the prevalence of flat, uncultivated country, and do not so quickly tire of seeing nothing else. Offhand, you would say that the eastern two thirds of the island had never been brought under cultivation. In Matanzas and Havana provinces the case is only a little less pronounced. Except in spots Cuba seems virgin soil, just as its people offer an unbroken field to the missionary. Where agriculture used to be carried on there is now nothing but desolation, and the overgrown ruins of houses and huts and Cuban camps and hospitals. Pinar del Rio, the famous tobacco country, is said by those who have traveled through it to present the same aspect of desolation. Left to themselves, the Cubans would never develop their country, — not in centuries. They are not shiftless; every man of them can shift for himself so long as he stays in the country. The trouble is that it is so easy to get along and have plenty to eat without doing much work. The women and children dig boniatos and yuccas, which are said to grow year after year where they have once been planted; the men shoot deer or agouti or guinea hens; one who happens to be passing a field of sugar cane takes along a few stalks, the juice of which goes to sweeten the coffee. Perhaps the husband and father finds a swarm of bees in the woods. He brings it home on his shoulder, and installs it in a hollow trunk behind his hut. Part of the honey will enable him to buy green Brazilian coffee, dried fish, a lump of pork, possibly even a couple of rolls as a special treat. The wax, manipulated by deft fingers, becomes candles, and solves the entire lighting problem. Why work when one can live so well without?

During the war almost the entire rural population had to live on boniatos, which are an exceedingly watery and innutritious kind of yam, not unlike our sweet potato. One result of the struggle was seen in the excessively distended stom-

achs and the spindling arms and legs, from which, as from a widespread epidemic, the people are recovering. There was another and more striking result. The Cubans multiply rapidly, as do all tropical peoples. Now, the mortality of the war among the adults was horrible enough, but among the children it resembled extermination. During nearly two months spent in traveling in Cuba I saw but one child between the ages of one year and five. That frail little creature of two years might have weighed twelve pounds. I have reason to believe that in the cities the mortality among the babies was less sweeping.

The lack of facilities for transportation — one might almost say the absence of such facilities — of course discourages agriculture; still, it is used rather too much as an excuse. The few railroads charge high rates; as for the highroads, all but a few of the *caminos reales* are mere trails, only wide enough for men on horseback to travel single file. The *camino real* seems to be so called on account of its resemblance to the *palma real*. It is about the width of the trunk of the palm tree, and sooner or later it disappears among the foliage. Lack of confidence, however, is the chief obstacle to progress, because it lessens ambition, and prevents residents and foreigners with capital to invest from taking up more land or undertaking new enterprises. An astonishing number of Cubans now working in the cities are land poor. You often meet men in humble circumstances who own thousands of acres of land, highly valuable for its timber, or its fertility, or its adaptability to cane, tobacco, or coffee, which is entirely unsalable because no one has sufficient confidence to develop it. Hence every man of property in Cuba, as well as every merchant or shopkeeper, is an earnest advocate of permanent American control. He knows that it is for the good of his country, and that it will enhance enormously the value of

his land and the volume of his business. Ask any intelligent man in Cuba, of whatever nation, "What is the chief need of Cuba?" He will instantly reply, "Annexation." (This word, by the way, is used throughout Cuba to signify permanent American sovereignty and occupation, and does not carry with it the idea of statehood.) Ask him to tell you the other needs of Cuba, and he will answer that this is the whole story. Security, confidence, capital, immigration from America, intelligent development, railroads, and highways that can properly be called roads, which comprise all the other requisites, will follow quickly enough. Nobody ventures to buy land now, though miles and miles of it are offered at various prices from fifteen cents to twelve dollars an acre, because everything is uncertain. Conditions are even worse than they were five years ago. We made a pledge that we would give the Cubans a chance to govern themselves; but the events of every day make it increasingly doubtful whether they will ever be able to establish, still less to maintain, a strong government. Cuba under a republic would be a very unsatisfactory place to Americans. The Cubans cannot be judged by one who brings them to the touchstone of the virtues which Anglo-Saxons regard as essential. If we leave out the best of them, which means those who have come into contact with American life, the Cubans are sometimes good servants, but they are utterly unfit to be masters of themselves or of anybody else. They are by inheritance unfit for responsibility; and in this respect they will change but slowly, if ever. Americans in Cuba have seen this so clearly that, although there are magnificent opportunities for profitable business, they are not making investments; for, cheap as most of the land is now, it would be worthless if Cuba should be handed over to its inhabitants.

There are certain other significant
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phases of the economic condition of Cuba to-day. Some of these are the scars of the long war; others are the results of the imperfections of American control. In some places sugar mills have been burned, so that it is impossible to grind the cane; in others all the oxen have been killed, so that it is impossible to convey it to the mills. Weyler carried off nearly all the cattle (two hundred and forty thousand, according to general estimates) from Puerto Principe and Santa Clara provinces, and shipped them to Spain, to be sold for his own benefit. During the war Garcia swept through this part of the island, destroying or carrying off the remaining cattle and all other eatable things, with the ostensible aim of starving out the Spaniards. Aside from sugar-growing, cattle-raising has always been the chief occupation in these two provinces; and to-day hundreds of square miles of the finest grazing land in the world are lying idle because there are no cattle to feed on them. These are the fairest and most orderly parts of Cuba, though they are under very slight cultivation. The local rural guards have been chosen out of the best of the Cubans who took part in the insurrection, and they make active and efficient police. The people seem to be of a better sort than those in Santiago province. They have much pleasanter faces, and the negroes are few in number and well disposed. Moreover, Puerto Principe offers special attractions to Americans, because a large number of the men in business in its chief city have been educated or trained, or both, in the United States. In these provinces the people like us very much, and are thoroughly satisfied and pleased with American rule. They want us to stay. Hundreds of people in Puerto Principe have said that they would go out with our troops. Business is better there, the work of cleaning up the cities has been more appreciated, and our soldiers have been more orderly, than almost any-

where else on the island. The country people I found friendly and disinterested, in most cases; and some of the roads are passable for wagons, which must sooner or later replace the heavy, cumbersome bullock carts that are now the only vehicles of transportation.

In other portions of the island American control has been less effectually established. In Matanzas province, where there are as yet no rural guards, I heard dolorous tales of brigands. One man said that he knew of fifty in his neighborhood, who kept the country in a state of terror, and robbed and raided at will. He added that he did not dare to complain to the authorities in the city, because they would do nothing about it, and the brigands would kill him. The next day we were surrounded by a band of sixteen men, who conversed with us awhile, learned that we were Americans, and rode away. In Santiago, the wildest, the most impassable, and the most mountainous of the six provinces, the brigands have been committing depredations of late.

One of the eternally funny things about Cuba is the strong rivalry between the provinces. The people in each section think that theirs is the best and the richest province, that its people are the finest in the island, and that its men did all the fighting in the late war. Now, everybody else will tell you that the people of Santiago are the worst in Cuba, — the scum, the refuse, of the island; but the Santiaguans insist that they are the most intelligent, since the insurrections have all started in their province. It would seem that they are predisposed to rebel against the established order. General Wood has done a great work in the city and the province under his control; but he had a far harder task, in proportion to the resources at his disposal, than any one else, and he has been hampered in various ways not necessary to detail here. The rural police are not sufficiently formidable to their former

companions-in-arms. The mountainous regions of the province seem to have attracted thieves and other unruly members of society from various parts of Cuba, and it is too big and too wild a province to be easily overrun by our soldiers. The people are more disposed to be surly in Santiago than elsewhere in Cuba; and the city was in so horrible a condition last August that far more of intelligent effort than has been expended elsewhere has not brought it up to the level of other Cuban cities.

Permanent American control seems to be the most probable future for Cuba. We are responsible for good government in the island, and it is doubtful if this can be established in any other way. This becomes clearer every day, even to people at a distance; down there, anything else is seldom thought of or suggested, save by the unruly elements and by those persons who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by a state of affairs in which the shrewdest and most unscrupulous man wins, and who still cling to the old fetish of "Cuba Libre." It is so doubtful whether the Cubans can ever govern themselves that few Americans who have been to Cuba and know the conditions expect them to do it. Under American direction, Cubans have performed some of the work incidental to government in a more or less satisfactory manner. Some of the post-office clerks are less inefficient than the majority. The city police and the rural guards are vigilant, energetic, and determined, and they have kept order to the best of their ability; but they are sometimes cowardly, and often disposed to bully and browbeat. They are inclined to be arbitrary and domineering, simply because they have always seen authority exercised in that manner. Doubtless they will gradually outgrow this disposition; but it is a good illustration of the fact, of almost universal application, that the vices forced upon these people by the Spaniards have be-

come part of their natures, and will have to be slowly and painfully outgrown. It will be a slow process, because, among other reasons, the Americans who are to set the Cubans an example are not all paragons of honesty, truthfulness, and probity.

The negroes, who number at least one third, and possibly one half, of the population, are said to belong to the party which clamors for independence. Those in Havana are probably antagonistic to the Americans and to the upper classes of Cubans, because they have not been given places on the police force; the riots of a few weeks ago would lead to this opinion. Those in Cienfuegos also have a standing grudge against the whites, because they are not allowed on the Plaza in the evening. The negroes in Santiago province are of a very different stamp from ours or those in the western end of the island. By comparison, they are gentler, better-mannered, and more intelligent and docile. According to the best authorities, they are sprung from a different African race, and they have always been kindly treated, except by a few British and American slaveowners.

As for the lowest class of white Cubans, the city laborers, most of these have probably been talked over to the Army of Expectation. The opinion seems to be generally held that the poor, hospitable, courteous, much-abused, cheerful, kind-hearted peasant is on that side, too; but this I believe to be largely an error. A number of them, all the way along the road, asked me, "Is the United States going to take us?" in a way which intimated a desire in that direction. The sentiment is certainly growing among them that it would be a very good thing for Cuba to be under our protection. Several times I heard the same argument advanced, — that if Cuba should become a republic, she would be at the mercy of any foreign power with a gunboat and a citizen who thought

himself injured. For the rest, there are a good many Cubans who will go with the crowd; if the matter comes to a vote, they will side with whichever party they think likely to win.

Two ways in which our control may be made permanent are much discussed by Americans in Cuba. We can say to the world: "The Cubans are unable to govern themselves, and incapable of learning self-government within any reasonable time; we will therefore keep the island under our control, and govern it as we have governed our territories." Or we can take the ground that, since we have pledged ourselves to give Cuba independence, we are bound to put the island into reasonably good working order, and then to remove our troops and officials. The result, as every one except a few Cubans will admit, will be disorder, fierce contention between the leaders, and then civil war of the old familiar guerrilla kind, degenerating into butchery; and we shall have to come back and take up again the regeneration of Cuba from the beginning. It is hard to decide which is right of these two plans, and whether the one that is right is also expedient; and an honest man may be excused for hesitating between the two courses.

Most people favor the former plan, which represents the progressive spirit. We are already on the ground, they say; the work of regeneration has been well begun, and is going on satisfactorily; and all the best people want us to stay, — the people of property and intelligence, the men whose opinions and desires deserve attention and respect. What is the sense or the necessity of throwing overboard all that has been gained for Cuba, and leaving the island to its own ill devices, when we know perfectly well that we shall have to come back and do our work all over again? It would be an unintelligent and a foolish proceeding. There was once a popular idea to the effect that the long-suffering Cubans

were models of all the virtues, and that if the yoke of Spain were removed they would form at once a stable government which would make Cuba an ideal place for residence; but that was exploded long ago. Why should we feel obliged to sail away from the island, pretending that we had established a government, and allow the Cubans to massacre one another? Is it either right or expedient to expose to the fury of the negroes, and the other inflammable elements of the populace which the demagogues will stir up, the resident Spaniards, the other foreigners (including our own people), and the Cubans who have proved friendly to us? The first thought of the Cubans, after the protection of the Spanish troops was withdrawn, was to murder the Spanish civilians, particularly in the small towns where the Spaniards, being men of honesty, industry, and stamina, kept the stores and owned most of the property. Are we to learn nothing by experience? Have we a right to wash our hands of a responsibility which we assumed not only voluntarily, but aggressively, and march away from that powder magazine, when we know beyond a reasonable doubt that there are those who only wait for our departure to fire it? Europe has already taken it for granted (unofficially) that we are in Cuba to stay. Putting aside the enormous expense and the disturbance connected with moving our

troops away from Cuba and then sending them back, are we called upon to put Cuba at the mercy of a half-barbarous rabble, with the inevitable result of having to go back there in force, reconquer the island, and do all over again the splendid work of the past year?

To be sure, it may be said with much plausibility that if a vote were taken tomorrow, the people of Cuba would by a large majority request us to leave the island, and that we ought not to go into the business of government without the consent of the governed. It is probably true that the Cubans who want us to go outnumber those who want us to stay. The point is that if all, or nearly all, the people whose convictions deserve respect are on one side, mere numbers should not be allowed to decide the matter.

If we set theories aside, and look at the situation squarely, it becomes evident that the event will not be determined by any logical or *a priori* considerations. Our possession of the island is growing more firmly rooted every week, and Americans are forming interests and connections in it which will slowly change the face of things. With every life and every dollar we send to Cuba our hold on the island is being strengthened. We shall stay to take care of our own, and thus, by imperceptible stages, the present situation will glide into permanent control.

Herbert Pelham Williams.

BEREAVEMENT OF THE FIELDS.

IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, WHO DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

SOFT fall the February snows, and soft
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain ;
For never more, by wood or field or croft,
Will he we knew walk with his loved again ;
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain.

Soft fall the February snows, and deep,
Like downy pinions from the moulting breast
Of all the mothering sky, round his hushed sleep,
Flutter a million loves upon his rest,
Where once his well-loved flowers were fain to peep,
With adder-tongue and waxen petals prest,
In young spring evenings reddening down the west.

Soft fall the February snows, and hushed
Seems life's loud action, all its strife removed,
Afar, remote, where grief itself seems crushed,
And even hope and sorrow are reproved ;
For he whose cheek erstwhile with hope was flushed,
And by the gentle haunts of being moved,
Hath gone the way of all he dreamed and loved.

Soft fall the February snows, and lost,
This tender spirit gone with scarce a tear,
Ere, loosened from the dungeons of the frost,
Wakens with yearnings new the enfranchised year,
Late winter-wizened, gloomed, and tempest-tost ;
And Hesper's gentle, delicate veils appear,
When dream anew the days of hope and fear.

And Mother Nature, she whose heart is fain,
Yea, she who grieves not, neither faints nor fails,
Building the seasons, she will bring again
March with rudening madness of wild gales,
April and her wraiths of tender rain,
And all he loved, — this soul whom memory veils,
Beyond the burden of our strife and pain.

Not his to wake the strident note of song,
Nor pierce the deep recesses of the heart,
Those tragic wells, remote, of might and wrong ;

But rather, with those gentler souls apart,
 He dreamed like his own summer days along,
 Filled with the beauty born of his own heart,
 Sufficient in the sweetness of his song.

Outside this prison-house of all our tears,
 Enfranchised from our sorrow and our wrong,
 Beyond the failure of our days and years,
 Beyond the burden of our saddest song,
 He moves with those whose music filled his ears,
 And claimed his gentle spirit from the throng, —
 Wordsworth, Arnold, Keats, high masters of his song.

Like some rare Pan of those old Grecian days,
 Here in our hours of deeper stress reborn,
 Unfortunate thrown upon life's evil ways,
 His inward ear heard ever that satyr horn
 From Nature's lips reverberate night and morn,
 And fled from men and all their troubled maze,
 Standing apart, with sad, incurious gaze.

And now, untimely cut, like some sweet flower
 Plucked in the early summer of its prime,
 Before it reached the fullness of its dower,
 He withers in the morning of our time;
 Leaving behind him, like a summer shower,
 A fragrance of earth's beauty, and the chime
 Of gentle and imperishable rhyme.

Songs in our ears of winds and flowers and buds,
 And gentle loves and tender memories
 Of Nature's sweetest aspects, her pure moods,
 Wrought from the inward truth of intimate eyes
 And delicate ears of him who harks and broods,
 And, nightly pondering, daily grows more wise,
 And dreams and sees in mighty solitudes.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft
 He sleeps in peace upon the breast of her
 He loved the truest; where, by wood and croft,
 The wintry silence folds in fleecy blur
 About his silence, while in glooms aloft
 The mighty forest fathers, without stir,
 Guard well the rest of him, their rare sweet worshiper.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

BOBOLINKS AFTER SUNSET.

WAIT: I follow! After the wasted day
What hear I? Bobolinks in twilight gray
Withdrawing immeasurably far away,
Following the sunset. Day has passed me by.

I follow: wait! After the wasted year,
Like fallen rain refalling tear on tear
Of memory, the bobolinks phantom-clear
I hear unseeing. Spring has passed me by.

Oh wait! I follow! They hold the merry sun
Strange in the twilight, dying one by one.
After the waste of life, I rise, I run,
Catching his skirts. . . . But love has passed me by.
J. Russell Taylor.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

No lifeless thing of iron and stone,
But sentient, as her children are,
Nature accepts you for her own,
Kin to the cataract and the star.

She marks your vast, sufficing plan,
Cable and girder, bolt and rod,
And takes you, from the hand of man,
For some new handiwork of God.

You thrill through all your chords of steel
Responsive to the living sun;
And quickening in your nerves you feel
Life with its conscious currents run.

Your anchorage upbears the march
Of time and the eternal powers.
The sky admits your perfect arch,
The rock respects your stable towers.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

ROAD-HYMN FOR THE START.

LEAVE the early bells at chime,
 Leave the kindled hearth to blaze,
 Leave the trellised panes where children linger out the waking-time,
 Leave the forms of sons and fathers trudging through the misty ways,
 Leave the sounds of mothers taking up their sweet laborious days.

Pass them by! even while our soul
 Yearns to them with keen distress.
 Unto them a part is given; we will strive to see the whole;
 Dear shall be the banquet table where their singing spirits press,
 Dearer be our sacred hunger and our pilgrim loneliness.

We have felt the ancient swaying
 Of the earth before the sun,
 On the darkened marge of midnight heard sidereal rivers playing;
 Rash it was to bathe our souls there, but we plunged and all was done:
 That is lives and lives behind us, and our journey is begun!

Careless where our face is set
 Let us take the open way:
 What we are no tongue hath told us. Errand-goers who forget?
 Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people gone astray?
 We have heard a voice cry, "Wander!" That was all we heard it say.

Ask no more: 't is much! 't is much!
 Down the road the day-star calls;
 Touched with change in the wide heavens, like a leaf the frost doth touch,
 Flames the failing moon a moment ere it shrivels white and falls;
 Hid aloft a shy throat holdeth sweet and sweeter intervals.

Leave him still to ease in song
 Half his little heart's unrest;
 Speech is his, but we may journey toward the life for which we long.
 God who gives the bird its anguish maketh nothing manifest,
 But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest.

William Vaughn Moody.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

XIII.

WHEN I joined the Circle of Tchaykovsky, I found its members hotly discussing the direction to be given to their activity. Some were in favor of continuing to carry on radical and socialistic propaganda among the educated youth; but the greater number thought that this work had no other aim than to prepare men who would be capable of arousing the great inert laboring masses, and that the chief activity ought to be among the peasants and workmen in the towns. In all the circles and groups which were formed at that time by the hundred, at St. Petersburg and in the provinces, the same discussions went on; and everywhere the second programme prevailed over the first.

We often spoke, of course, of the necessity of a political agitation against the absolute government. We saw already that the mass of the peasants were being driven to an unavoidable and irremediable ruin by foolish taxation, and by still more foolish selling off of their cattle to cover the arrears of taxes. We "visionaries" saw coming that complete ruin of a whole population which by this time, alas, has been accomplished to an appalling extent in Central Russia, and is confessed by the government itself. We knew how, in every direction, Russia was being plundered in a most scandalous manner. We knew, and we learned more every day, of the lawlessness of the functionaries, and the almost incredible bestiality of many among them. We heard continually of friends whose houses were raided at night by the police, who disappeared in prisons, and who — we ascertained later on — had been transported

without judgment to hamlets in some remote province of Russia. We felt, therefore, the necessity of a political struggle against this terrible power, which was crushing the best intellectual forces of the nation. But we saw no possible ground, legal or semi-legal, for such a struggle. Our elder brothers did not want our socialistic aspirations, and we could not part with them. Nay, even if some of us had done so, it would have been of no avail. The young generation, as a whole, were treated as "suspects," and the elder generation feared to have anything to do with the youth. Every young man of democratic tastes, every young woman following a course of higher education, was a suspect in the eyes of the state police, and was denounced by Katkóff as an enemy of the state. Cropped hair and blue spectacles worn by a girl, a Scotch plaid worn in winter by a student, instead of an overcoat, were evidences of nihilist simplicity and democracy. If any student's lodging came to be frequently visited by other students, it was periodically invaded by the state police and searched. So common were the night raids in certain students' lodgings that Kelnitz once said, in his mildly humorous way, to the police officer who was searching the rooms: "Why should you go through all our books, each time you come to make a search? You might as well have a list of them, and then come once a month to see if they are all on the shelves; and you might, from time to time, add the titles of the new ones." The slightest suspicion of political unreliability was sufficient ground upon which to take a young man from a high school, to imprison him for several months, and finally to send

him to some remote province of the Urals, — “for an undetermined term,” as they used to say. Even at the time when the Circle of Tchaykovsky did nothing but distribute books, all of which had been printed with the censor’s approval, Tchaykovsky was twice arrested and kept some four or six months in prison; on the second occasion at a critical time of his career as a chemist. His researches had recently been published in the Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences, and he had come up for his final university examinations. He was released at last, because the police could not discover sufficient evidence against him to warrant transporting him to the Urals! “But if we arrest you once more,” he was told, “we shall send you to Siberia.” In fact, it was a favorite dream of Alexander II. to have somewhere in the steppes a special town, guarded night and day by patrols of Cossacks, where all suspected young people could be sent, so as to make of them a city of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants. Only the menace which such a city might some day offer prevented him from carrying out this truly Asiatic scheme.

One of our members, an officer, had belonged to a group of young men whose ambition was to serve in the provincial *Zemstvos* (district and county councils). They regarded work in this direction as a high mission, and prepared themselves for it by serious studies of the economical conditions of Central Russia. Many young people cherished for a time the same hopes; but all these hopes vanished at the first contact with the actual government machinery.

If any one were to tell the true history, for example, of the teachers’ college of Tver, or of any similar undertaking of a *Zemstvo* in those years, with all the petty persecutions, the prohibitions, the suspensions, and what not with which the institution was harassed, no West European, and especially no

American reader, would believe it. He would throw the book aside, saying, “It cannot be true; it is too stupid to be true.” And yet it was so. Whole groups of the elected representatives of several *Zemstvos* were deprived of their functions, ordered to leave their province and their estates, or were simply exiled, for having dared to petition the Emperor in the most loyal manner concerning such rights as belonged to the *Zemstvos* by law. “The elected members of the provincial councils must be simple ministerial functionaries, and obey the minister of the interior:” such was the theory of the St. Petersburg government. As to the less prominent people, — teachers, doctors, and the like, in the service of the local councils, — they were removed and exiled by the state police in twenty-four hours, without further ceremony than an order of the omnipotent Third Section of the Imperial Chancery. No longer ago than last year, a lady whose husband is a rich landowner and occupies a prominent position in one of the *Zemstvos*, and who is herself interested in education, invited eight schoolmasters to her birthday party. “Poor men,” she said to herself, “they never have the opportunity of seeing any one but the peasants.” Numerous guests came to this party, the schoolmasters among them. Next day, the village policeman called at the mansion and insisted upon having the names of the eight teachers, in order to report them to the police authorities. The lady refused to give the names. “Very well,” he replied, “I will find them out, nevertheless, and make my report. Teachers *must not* come together, and I am bound to report if they do.” The high position of the lady sheltered the teachers, in this case; but if they had met in the lodgings of one of their own number, they would have received a visit from the state police, and half of them would have been dismissed by the ministry of education; and

if, moreover, an angry word had escaped from one of them during the police raid, he or she would have been sent to some province of the Urals. This is what happens to-day, thirty-three years after the opening of the county and district councils; but it was far worse in the seventies. What sort of basis for a political struggle could such institutions offer?

When I inherited from my father his Tambóv estate, I thought very seriously for a time of settling on that estate, and devoting my energy to work in the local Zemstvo. Some peasants and the poorer priests of the neighborhood asked me to do so. As for myself, I could have been content with anything I could do, no matter how small it might be, if only it would help to raise the intellectual level and the well-being of the peasants. But one day, when several of my advisers were together, I asked them: "Suppose I tried to start a school, an experimental farm, a coöperative enterprise, and, of course, also took on myself the defense of that peasant from our village who has lately been wronged, — would the authorities let me do it?" "Never!" was the unanimous reply.

An old gray-haired priest, a man who was held in great esteem in our neighborhood, came to me, a few days later, with two influential dissenting leaders, and said: "Talk with these two men. If you can manage it, go with them and, Bible in hand, preach to the peasants. . . . Well, you know what to preach. . . . No police in the world will find you, if they conceal you. . . . There's nothing to be done besides; that's what I, an old man, advise you."

I told them frankly why I could not assume the part of Wiclif. But the old man was right. A movement similar to that of the Lollards is rapidly growing now amongst the Russian peasants. Such tortures as have been inflicted on the peace-loving Dukhobórs, and such raids upon the peasant dissenters in South Russia as were made last year,

when children were kidnapped so that they might be educated in orthodox monasteries, will only give to that movement a force that it could not have attained five-and-twenty years ago.

As the question of agitation for a constitution was continually being raised in our discussions, I once proposed to our circle to take it up seriously, and to choose an appropriate plan of action. I was always of the opinion that when the circle decided anything unanimously, each member ought to put aside his personal feeling and give all his strength to the task. "If you decide to agitate for a constitution," I said, "this is my plan: I will separate myself from you, for appearance' sake, and maintain relations with only one member of the circle, — for instance, Tchaykovsky, — through whom I shall be kept informed how you succeed in your work, and can communicate to you in a general way what I am doing. My work will be among the courtiers and the higher functionaries of the palace. I have among them many acquaintances, and know a number of persons who are disgusted with the present conditions. I will bring them together and unite them, if possible, into a sort of organization; and then, some day, there is sure to be an opportunity to direct all these forces toward compelling Alexander II. to give Russia a constitution. There certainly will come a time when all these people, feeling that they are compromised, will in their own interest take a decisive step. If it is necessary, some of us, who have been officers, might be very helpful in extending the propaganda amongst the officers in the army; but this action must be quite separate from yours, though parallel with it. I have seriously thought of it. I know what connections I have and who can be trusted, and I believe some of the discontented already look upon me as a possible centre for some action of this sort. This course is not the one

I should take of my own choice; but if you think that it is best, I will give myself to it with might and main."

The circle did not accept that proposal. Knowing one another as well as they did, my comrades probably thought that if I went in this direction I should cease to be true to myself. For my own personal happiness, for my own personal life, I cannot feel too grateful now that my proposal was not accepted. I should have gone in a direction which was not natural, and I should not have found in it the personal happiness which I have found in other paths. But when, six or seven years later, the terrorists were engaged in their terrible struggle against Alexander II., I regretted that there had not been somebody else to do the sort of work I had proposed to do in the higher circles at St. Petersburg. With some understanding there beforehand, and with the ramifications which such an understanding probably would have taken all over the empire, the holocausts of victims on both sides would not have been made in vain. At any rate, the underground work of the executive committee ought by all means to have been supported by a parallel agitation at the Winter Palace.

Over and over again the necessity of a political effort thus came under discussion in our little group, with no result. The apathy and the indifference of the wealthier classes were hopeless, and the irritation among the persecuted youth had not yet been brought to that high pitch which ended, six years later, in the struggle of the terrorists under the executive committee. Nay, — and this is one of the most tragical ironies of history, — it was the same youth whom Alexander II., in his blind fear and fury, ordered to be sent by the hundred to hard labor and condemned to slow death in exile; it was the same youth who protected him in 1871–78. The very teachings of the socialist circles were such as

to prevent the repetition of a Karakózzoff attempt on the Tsar's life. "Prepare in Russia a great socialist mass movement amongst the workers and the peasants," was the watchword in those times. "Don't trouble about the Tsar and his counselors. If such a movement begins, if the peasants join in the mass movement to claim the land and to abolish the serfdom redemption taxes, the imperial power will be the first to seek support in the moneyed classes and the landlords and to convoke a Parliament, — just as the peasant insurrection in France, in 1789, compelled the royal power to convoke the National Assembly."

But there was more than that. Separate men and groups, seeing that the reign of Alexander II. was hopelessly doomed to sink deeper and deeper in reaction, and entertaining at the same time vague hopes as to the supposed "liberalism" of the heir apparent, — all young heirs to thrones are supposed to be liberal, — persistently reverted to the idea that the example of Karakózzoff ought to be followed. The organized circles, however, strenuously opposed such an idea, and urged their comrades not to resort to that course of action. I may now divulge the following fact which has never before been made public. When a young man came to St. Petersburg from one of the provinces with the firm intention of killing Alexander II., and some members of the Tchaykovsky circle learned of his plan, they not only applied all the weight of their arguments to dissuade the young man, but, when he would not be dissuaded, they informed him that they would keep a watch over him and prevent him by force from making any such attempt. Knowing well how loosely guarded the Winter Palace was at that time, I can positively say that they saved the life of Alexander II. So firmly were the youth then opposed to the war in which later, when the cup of their sufferings was filled to overflowing, they took part.

XIV.

The two years that I worked with the Circle of *Tchaykovsky*, before I was arrested, left a deep impression upon all my subsequent career. It was life under high pressure, — that exuberance of life when one feels at every moment the full throbbing of all the fibres of the inner self, and when life is really worth living. I was in a family of men and women so closely united by their common object, and so broadly and delicately humane in their mutual relations, that I cannot recall now a single moment of even temporary friction marring the life of our circle. Those who have had any experience of political agitation will appreciate the value of this statement.

Before abandoning entirely my scientific career, I considered myself bound to finish the report of my journey to Finland for the Geographical Society, as well as some other work that I had in hand for the same society; and my new friends were the first to confirm me in that decision. It would not be fair, they said, to do otherwise.

Meetings of our circle were frequent, and I, at least, never missed them. We used to meet then in a suburban part of St. Petersburg, in a small house of which *Sophie Peróvskaya*, under the assumed name and the fabricated passport of an artisan's wife, was the supposed tenant. She was born of a very aristocratic family, and her father had been for some time the military governor of St. Petersburg; but, with the approval of her mother, who adored her, she had left her home to join a high school, and with the three sisters *Korniloff* — daughters of a rich manufacturer — she had founded that little circle of self-education which later on became our circle. Now, in the capacity of an artisan's wife, in her cotton dress and men's boots, her head covered with a cotton kerchief, when she carried on her shoulders her two pails of water from the *Nevá*, no

one would have recognized in her the girl who a few years before shone in one of the most fashionable drawing rooms of the capital. She was a general favorite, and every one of us, on entering the house, had a specially friendly smile for her, — even when she, making a point of honor of keeping the house relatively clean, quarreled with us about the dirt which we, dressed in peasant top boots and sheepskins, brought in, after our walks in the muddy streets of the suburbs. She tried then to give to her girlish, innocent, and very intelligent little face the most severe expression possible to it. In her moral conceptions she was a "rigorist," but not in the least of the sermon-preaching type. When she was dissatisfied with some one's conduct, she would cast a severe glance at him from beneath her brows; but in that glance one saw her open-minded, generous nature, which understood all that is human. On one point only she was inexorable. "A woman man," she once dubbed an effeminate fellow, saying it without interrupting her work, and the expression and the manner in which she said it are engraved in my memory like a sentence of condemnation.

Peróvskaya was a "popularist" to the bottom of her heart, and a revolutionist at the same time, a fighter of the truest steel. She had no need to embellish the workers and the peasants with imaginary virtues, in order to love them and to work for them. She took them as they were, and said to me once: "We have begun a great thing. Two generations, perhaps, will succumb in the task, and yet it must be done." None of the women of our circle would have given way before the certainty of death on the scaffold. Each would have looked death straight in the face. But none of them, at that stage of our propaganda, thought of such a fate. *Peróvskaya's* well-known portrait is exceptionally good; it records so well her earnest courage, her bright intelligence, and her loving nature. The

letter she wrote to her mother a few hours before she went to the scaffold is one of the best expressions of a loving soul that a woman's heart ever dictated.

The following incident will show what the other women of our circle were. One night, Kupreyánoff and I went to Varvara B., to whom we had to make an urgent communication. It was past midnight, but, seeing a light in her window, we went upstairs. She sat in her tiny room, at a table, copying a programme of our circle. We knew how resolute she was, and the idea came to us to make one of those stupid jokes which men sometimes think funny. "B.," I said, "we came to fetch you: we are going to try a rather mad attempt to liberate our friends from the fortress." She asked not one question. She quietly laid down her pen, rose from the chair, and said only, "Let us go." She spoke in so simple, so unaffected a voice that I felt at once how foolishly I had acted, and told her the truth. She dropped back into her chair, with tears in her eyes, and in a despairing voice asked: "It was only a joke? Why do you make *such* jokes?" I fully realized then the cruelty of what I had done.

Another general favorite in our circle was Serghéi Kravchínsky, who became so well known, both in England and in the United States, under the name of Stepniák. He was often called "the Baby," so unconcerned was he about his own security; but this carelessness about himself was merely the result of a complete absence of fear, which, after all, is often the best policy for one who is hunted by the police. He soon became well known for his propaganda in the circles of workers, under his real Christian name of Serghéi, and consequently was very much wanted by the police; notwithstanding that, he took no precautions whatever to conceal himself, and I remember that one day he

was severely scolded at one of our meetings for what was described as a gross imprudence. Being late for the meeting, as he often was, and having a long distance to cover in order to reach our house, he, dressed as a peasant in his sheepskin, ran the whole length of a great main thoroughfare at full speed in the middle of the street. "How could you do it?" he was reproached. "You might have awakened suspicion and have been arrested." But I wish that every one had been as cautious as he was in affairs where other people could be compromised.

We made our first intimate acquaintance over Stanley's book, *How I Discovered Livingstone*. One night our meeting had lasted till twelve, and as we were about to leave, one of the Korníloffs entered with a book in her hand, and asked which of us could undertake to translate for to-morrow morning at eight o'clock sixteen printed pages of Stanley's book. I looked at the size of the pages, and said that if somebody would help me the work could be done during the night. Serghéi volunteered, and by four o'clock the sixteen pages were done. We read to each other our translations, one of us following the English text; then we emptied a jar of Russian porridge which had been left on the table for us, and went out together to return home. We became close friends from that night.

I have always liked people capable of working, and doing their work properly. So Serghéi's translation and his capacity of working rapidly had already influenced me in his favor. But when I came to know more of him, I felt real love for his honest, frank nature, for his youthful energy and good sense, for his simplicity and truthfulness, his courage and tenacity. He had read and thought a great deal, and upon the revolutionary character of the struggle which he had undertaken it appeared we had similar views. He was ten years younger than

I, and perhaps did not quite realize what a hard contest the coming revolution would be. He told us later on, with much humor, how he once worked among the peasants in the country. "One day," he said, "I was walking along the road with a comrade, when we were overtaken by a peasant in a sleigh. I began to tell the peasant that he must not pay taxes, that the functionaries plunder the people, and I tried to convince him by quotations from the Bible that they must revolt. The peasant whipped up his horse, but we followed rapidly; he made his horse trot, and we began to trot behind him; all the time I continued to talk to him about taxes and revolt. Finally he made his horse gallop; but the animal was not worth much, so my comrade and I did not fall behind, but kept up our propaganda till we were quite out of breath."

For some time Serghéi stayed in Kazán, and I had to correspond with him. He always hated writing letters in cipher, so I proposed a means of correspondence which had often been used before in conspiracies. You write an ordinary letter about all sorts of things, but in this letter it is only certain words — let me say each fifth word — which has a sense. You write, for instance: "Excuse my hurried letter. Come to-night to see me; to-morrow I will go away to my sister. My brother Nicholas feels worse; it was late to make an operation." Reading each fifth word, you find, "Come to-morrow to Nicholas, late." We had to write letters of six or seven pages to transmit one page of information, and we had to cultivate our imagination in order to fill the letters with all sorts of things only to introduce the words that were required. Serghéi, from whom it was impossible to obtain a cipher letter, took to this kind of correspondence, and used to send me letters containing stories with thrilling incidents and dramatic endings. He said to me afterward that this correspondence helped to develop his literary talent.

When one has talent, everything contributes to its development.

In January or February, 1874, I was at Moscow, in one of the houses in which I had spent my childhood. Early in the morning I was told that a peasant desired to see me. I went out and found it was Serghéi, who had just escaped from Tver. He was strongly built, and he and another ex-officer, Kogachóff, endowed with equal physical force, went traveling about the country as lumber sawyers. The work was very hard, especially for inexperienced hands, but both of them liked it; and no one would have thought to look for disguised officers in these two strong sawyers. They wandered in this capacity for about a fortnight without arousing suspicion, and made revolutionary propaganda right and left without fear. Sometimes Serghéi, who knew the New Testament almost by heart, spoke to the peasants as a religious preacher, proving to them by quotations from the Bible that they ought to start a revolution. Sometimes he formed his arguments of quotations from the economists. The peasants listened to the two men as to real apostles, took them from one house to another, and refused to be paid for food. In a fortnight they had produced quite a stir in a number of villages. Their fame was spreading far and wide. The peasants, young and old, began to whisper to one another in the barns about the "delegates;" they began to speak out more loudly than they usually did that the land would soon be taken from the landlords, who would receive pensions from the Tsar. The younger people became more aggressive toward the police officers, saying: "Wait a little; our turn will soon come; you Herods will not rule long now." But the fame of the sawyers reached the ears of one of the police authorities, and they were arrested. An order was given to take them to the next police official, ten miles away.

They were taken under the guard of several peasants, and on their way had to pass through a village which was holding its festival. "Prisoners? All right! Come on here, my uncle," said the peasants, who were all drinking in honor of the occasion. They were kept nearly the whole day in that village, the peasants taking them from one house to another, and treating them to home-made beer. The guards did not have to be asked twice. They drank, and insisted that the prisoners should drink, too. "Happily," Serghéi said, "they gave us the beer in such large wooden bowls that I could hold mine to my mouth as if I were drinking, but no one could see how much beer I had imbibed." The guards were all drunk toward night, and preferred not to appear in this state before the police officer, so they decided to stay in the village till morning. Serghéi kept talking to them, quoting texts from the Bible; and all listened to him, regretting that such a good man had been caught. As they were going to sleep, a young peasant whispered to Serghéi, "When I go to shut the gate I will leave it open." Serghéi and his comrade understood the hint, and as soon as all fell asleep they went out into the street. They started at a fast pace, and at five o'clock in the morning were twenty miles away from the village, at a small railway station, where they took the first train, and went to Moscow. Serghéi remained there, and later, when all of us at St. Petersburg had been arrested, the Moscow circle, under his inspiration, became the main centre of the agitation.

Here and there, small groups of propagandists had settled in towns and villages in various capacities. Blacksmiths' shops and small farms had been started, and young men of the wealthier classes worked in the shops or on the farms, to be in daily contact with the toiling masses. At Moscow, a number

of young girls, all of rich family, who had studied at the Zürich University, and had started a separate organization, went even so far as to enter cotton factories, where they worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and lived in the factory barracks the miserable life of the Russian factory girls. It was a grand movement, in which, at the lowest estimate, from two to three thousand persons took an active part, while twice or thrice as many sympathizers and supporters helped the active vanguard in various ways. With a good half of that army our St. Petersburg circle was in regular correspondence, — always, of course, in cipher.

The literature which could be published in Russia under a rigorous censorship — the faintest hint of socialism being prohibited — was soon found insufficient, and we started a printing office of our own abroad. Pamphlets for the workers and the peasants had to be written, and our small "literary committee," of which I was a member, had its hands full of work. The books and pamphlets which were printed abroad were smuggled into Russia by thousands, stored at certain spots, and sent out to the local circles, which distributed them amongst the peasants and the workers. All this required a vast organization as well as much traveling about, and a colossal correspondence, particularly for protecting our helpers and our bookstores from the police. We had special ciphers for different provincial circles, and often, after six or seven hours had been passed in discussing all details, the women, who did not trust to our accuracy in the cipher correspondence, spent all the night in covering sheets of paper with cabalistic figures and fractions.

The utmost cordiality always prevailed at our meetings. Chairmen and all sorts of formalism are so utterly repugnant to the Russian mind that we had none; and although our debates were sometimes extremely hot, especially

when "programme questions" were under discussion, we always managed very well without resorting to Western formalities. An absolute sincerity, a general desire to settle the difficulties for the best, and a frankly expressed contempt for all that in the least degree approached theatrical affectation were quite sufficient. If any one of us had ventured to attempt oratorical effects by a speech, friendly jokes would have shown him at once that speech-making was out of place. Often we had to take our meals during these meetings, and they invariably consisted of rye bread, with cucumbers, a bit of cheese, and plenty of weak tea to quench the thirst. Not that money was lacking; there was always enough, and yet there was never too much to cover the steadily growing expenses for printing, transportation of books, concealing friends wanted by the police, and starting new enterprises.

At St. Petersburg, it was not long before we had wide acquaintance amongst the workers. Serdukóff, a young man of splendid education, had made a number of friends amongst the engineers, most of them employed in a state factory of the artillery department, and he had organized a circle of about thirty members, which used to meet for reading and discussion. The engineers are pretty well paid at St. Petersburg, and those who were not married were fairly well off. They soon became quite familiar with the current radical and socialist literature, — Buckle, Lassalle, Mill, Draper, Spielhagen, were familiar names to them; and in their aspect these engineers differed little from students. When Kelnitz, Serghéi, and I joined the circle, we frequently visited their group, and gave them informal lectures upon all sorts of things. Our hopes, however, that these young men would grow into ardent propagandists amidst less privileged classes of workers were not fully realized. In a free country they would have been the habitual speakers at public meetings;

but, like the privileged workers of the watch trade in Geneva, they treated the mass of the factory hands with a sort of contempt, and were in no haste to become martyrs to the socialist cause. It was only after they had been arrested and kept three or four years in prison for having dared to *think* as socialists, and had sounded the full depth of Russian absolutism, that several of them developed into ardent propagandists, chiefly of a political revolution.

My sympathies went especially toward the weavers and the workers in the cotton factories. There are many thousands of them at St. Petersburg, who work there during the winter, and return for the three summer months to their native villages to cultivate the land. Half peasants and half town workers, they had generally retained the social spirit of the Russian villager. The movement spread like wildfire among them. We had to restrain the zeal of our new friends; otherwise they would have brought to our lodgings hundreds at a time, young and old. Most of them lived in small associations, or *artéls*, ten or twelve persons hiring a common apartment and taking their meals together, each one paying every month his share of the general expenses. It was to these lodgings that we used to go, and the weavers soon brought us in contact with other *artéls*, of stone-masons, carpenters, and the like. In some of these *artéls* Serghéi and Kelnitz were quite at home, and spent whole nights talking about socialism. Besides, we had in different parts of St. Petersburg special apartments, kept by some of our people, to which ten or twelve workers would come every night, to learn reading and writing, and after that to have a talk. From time to time we went to the native villages of our town friends, and spent a couple of weeks in almost open propaganda amongst the peasants.

Of course, all of us who had to deal with this class of workers had to dress

like the workers themselves; that is, to wear the peasant garb. The gap between the peasants and the educated people is so great in Russia, and contact between them is so rare, that not only does the appearance in a village of a man who wears the town dress awaken general attention, but even in town, if one whose talk and dress reveal that he is not a worker is seen to go about with workers, the suspicion of the police is aroused at once. "Why should he go about with 'low people,' if he has not a bad intention?" Often, after a dinner in a rich mansion, or even in the Winter Palace, where I went frequently to see a friend, I took a cab, hurried to a poor student's lodging in a remote suburb, exchanged my fine clothes for a cotton shirt, peasant's top boots, and a sheepskin, and, joking with peasants on the way, went to meet my worker friends in some slum. I told them what I had seen of the labor movement abroad. The eyes of my listeners glistened; they lost not a word of what was said; and then came the question, "What can we do in Russia?" "Agitate, organize," was our reply; "there is no royal road;" and we read them a popular story of the French Revolution, an adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's admirable *Histoire d'un Paysan*. Every one admired M. Chovel, and burned to follow in his footsteps. "Speak to others," we said; "bring men together; and when we shall be more numerous, we shall see what we can attain." They fully understood, and we had only to moderate their zeal.

Amongst them I passed my happiest hours. New Year's Day of 1874, the last I spent in Russia at liberty, is especially memorable to me. The previous evening I had been in a choice company. Inspiring, noble words were spoken that night about the citizen's duties, the well-being of the country, and the like. But underneath all the thrilling speeches, like a leading theme in an opera of Wagner, one note resounded:

How might each man preserve his own personal well-being? Yet no one had the courage to say, frankly and openly, that he was ready to do only what would not endanger his own dovecote. Sophisms — no end of sophisms — about the slowness of evolution, the inertia of the lower classes, the uselessness of sacrifice, were uttered to justify the unspoken words, all intermingled with assurances of each one's willingness to make sacrifices. I returned home, seized suddenly with profound sadness amid all this talk.

Next morning I went to one of our weavers' meetings. It took place in an underground dark room. I was dressed as a peasant, and was lost in the crowd of other sheepskins. My comrade, who was known to the workers, simply introduced me: "Borodin, a friend." "Tell us, Borodin," he said, "what you have seen abroad." And I spoke of the labor movement in Western Europe, its struggles, its difficulties, and its hopes.

The audience consisted mostly of middle-aged people. They were intensely interested. I never minimized the dangers of our agitation, and frankly said what I thought. "We shall probably be sent to Siberia, one of these days; and you — part of you — will be kept long months in prison for having listened to us." This gloomy prospect did not frighten them. "After all, there are men in Siberia, too, — not bears only; where men are living others can live." "The devil is not so terrible as they paint him." "If you are afraid of wolves, never go into the wood," they said as we parted. And when, afterward, several of them were arrested, they nearly all behaved bravely, sheltering us and betraying no one.

XV.

During the two years of which I am now speaking many arrests were made, both at St. Petersburg and in the provinces. Not a month passed that we did not lose somebody, or learn that members of this or that provincial group

had disappeared. Toward the end of 1873 the arrests became more and more frequent. In November one of our main settlements in a suburb of St. Petersburg was raided by the police. We lost Peróvskaya and three other friends, and all our relations with the workers in this suburb had to be suspended. We founded a new settlement, further away from the town, but it had soon to be abandoned. The police became very vigilant, and the appearance of a student in the workmen's quarters was noticed at once; spies circulated among the workers, who were watched closely. Dmitri Kelnitz, Serghéi, and I, in our sheepskins and with our peasant looks, passed unnoticed, and continued to visit the haunted ground. But Dmitri and Serghéi, whose names had acquired a wide notoriety in the workmen's quarters, were eagerly wanted by the police; and if they had been found during a nocturnal raid, they would have been arrested at once. Poor Dmitri had to hunt every day for a place where he could spend the night in relative safety.

Early in January, 1874, another settlement, our main stronghold for propaganda amongst the weavers, was lost. Some of our best propagandists disappeared behind the gates of the mysterious Third Section. Our circle became narrower, general meetings were increasingly difficult, and we made strenuous efforts to form new circles of young men who might continue our work when we should all be arrested. Tchaykovsky was in the south, and we forced Dmitri and Serghéi to leave St. Petersburg, — actually forced them, imperiously ordering them to leave. Only five or six of us remained to transact all the business of our circle. I intended, as soon as I should have delivered my report to the Geographical Society, to go to the southwest of Russia, and there to start a sort of land league, similar to the league which became so powerful in Ireland at the end of the seventies.

After two months of relative quiet, we learned in the middle of March that nearly all the circle of the engineers had been arrested, and with them a young man named Nizovkin, an ex-student, who unfortunately had their confidence, and, we were sure, would soon try to clear himself by telling all he knew about us. Besides Dmitri and Serghéi he knew Serdukóff, the founder of the circle, and myself, and he would certainly name us as soon as he was pressed with questions. A few days later, two weavers — most unreliable fellows, who had even embezzled some money from their comrades, and who knew me under the name of Borodin — were arrested. These two would surely set the police at once upon the track of Borodin, the would-be peasant who spoke at the weavers' meetings. Within a week's time all the members of our circle, excepting Serdukóff and me, were arrested.

There was nothing left us but to fly from St. Petersburg: this was exactly what we did not want to do. All our immense organization for printing pamphlets abroad and for smuggling them into Russia; all the network of circles, farms, and country settlements with which we were in correspondence in nearly forty (out of fifty) provinces of European Russia that had been slowly built up during the last two years; and finally, our workers' groups at St. Petersburg and our four different centres for propaganda amongst workers of the capital, — how could we abandon all these without having found men to maintain our relations and correspondence? Serdukóff and I decided to admit to our circle two new members, and to transfer the business to them. We met every evening in different parts of the town, and as we never kept any addresses or names in writing — only the smuggling addresses had been deposited, in cipher, in security — we had to teach our new members hundreds of names and addresses and a dozen ciphers, repeating

them over and over, until our friends had learned them by heart. Every evening we went over the whole map of Russia in this way, dwelling especially on its western frontier, which was studded with men and women engaged in receiving books from the smugglers. Then, always in disguise, we had to take the new members to our sympathizers in the town, and introduce them to those workers who had not yet been arrested.

The thing to be done in such a case was to disappear from one's apartments, and to reappear somewhere else under an assumed name. Serdukóff had abandoned his lodging, but, having no passport, he concealed himself in the houses of friends. I ought to have done the same, but a strange circumstance prevented me. I had just finished my report upon the glacial formations in Finland, and this report had to be read at a meeting of the Geographical Society. The invitations were already issued, but it happened that on the appointed day the two geological societies of St. Petersburg had a joint meeting, and they asked the Geographical Society to postpone the reading of my report for a week. It was known that I would present certain ideas about the extension of the ice cap as far as Middle Russia, and our geologists, with the exception of my friend and teacher, Friedrich Schmidt, considered this a too far-reaching speculation, and wanted to have it thoroughly discussed. For one week more, consequently, I could not go away.

Strangers prowled about my house and called upon me under all sorts of fantastical pretexts: one of them wanted to buy a forest on my Tambóv estate, which was situated in absolutely treeless prairies. I met in my street — the fashionable Morskáya — one of the two arrested weavers whom I have mentioned, and thus learned that my house was watched. Yet I had to act as if nothing extraordinary had happened, because I was to appear at the meeting of the

Geographical Society the following Friday night.

The meeting came. The discussions were very animated, and one point, at least, was won. It was recognized that all old theories concerning the diluvial period in Russia were totally baseless, and that a new departure must be made in the investigation of the whole question. I had the satisfaction of hearing our leading geologist, Barbot-de-Marny, say, "Ice cap or not, we must acknowledge, gentlemen, that all we have hitherto said about the action of floating ice had no foundation whatever in actual exploration." And I was proposed at that meeting to be nominated president of the physical geography section, while I was asking myself whether I should not spend that very night in the Third Section.

It would have been best not to return at all to my apartment, but I was broken down with fatigue and went home. I looked through the heaps of my papers, destroyed everything that might be compromising for any one, packed all my things, and prepared to leave. I knew that my apartment was watched, but I hoped that the police would not pay me a visit before late in the night, and that at dusk I could slip out of the house without being noticed. Dusk came, and, as I was starting, one of the servant girls said to me, "You had better go by the service staircase." I understood what she meant, and ran quickly down the staircase and out of the house. One cab only stood at the gate; I jumped into it. The driver took me to the great Perspective of Névsky. There was no pursuit at first, and I thought myself safe; but presently I noticed another cab running full speed after us; our horse was delayed somehow, and the other cab passed ours.

To my astonishment, I saw in it one of the two arrested weavers, accompanied by some one else. He waved his hand as if he had something to tell me. I told my cabman to stop. "Perhaps,"

I thought, "he has been released from arrest, and has an important communication to make to me." But as soon as we stopped, the man who was with the weaver — he was a detective — shouted loudly, "Mr. Borodin, Prince Kropotkin, I arrest you!" He made a signal to the policemen, of whom there are many along the main thoroughfare of St. Petersburg, and at the same time jumped into my cab and showed me a paper which bore the stamp of the St. Petersburg police. "I have an order to take you before the governor-general for explanation," he said. Resistance was impossible, — a couple of policemen were already close by, — and I told my cabman to turn round and drive to the governor-general's house. The weaver remained in his cab and followed us.

It was now evident that the police had hesitated for ten days to arrest me, because they were not sure that Borodin and I were the same person. My response to the weaver's call had settled their doubts.

It so happened that just as I was leaving my house a young man came from Moscow, bringing me a letter from Serghéi, and another from Dmitri addressed to a friend, Polakóff. The former announced the establishment of a secret printing office at Moscow, and was full of cheerful news concerning the activity in that city. I read it and destroyed it. As the second letter contained nothing but innocent friendly chat, I took it with me. Now that I was arrested I thought it would be better to destroy it, and, asking the detective to show me his paper again, I took advantage of the time that he was fumbling in his pocket to drop the letter on the pavement without his noticing it. However, as we reached the governor-general's house the weaver handed it to the detective, saying, "I saw the gentleman drop this letter on the pavement, so I picked it up."

Now came tedious hours of waiting

for the representative of the judicial authorities, the procureur or public prosecutor. This functionary plays the part of a straw man, who is paraded by the state police during their searches: he gives an aspect of legality to their proceedings. It was many hours before that gentleman was found and brought to perform his functions as a sham representative of Justice. I was taken back to my house, and a most thorough search of all my papers was made: this lasted till three in the morning, but did not reveal a scrap of paper that could tell against me or any one else.

From my house I was taken to the Third Section, that omnipotent institution which has ruled in Russia from the beginning of the reign of Nicholas I. down to the present time, — a true "state in the state." It began under Peter I. in the Secret Department, where the adversaries of the founder of the Russian military empire were subject to the most abominable tortures, under which they expired; it was continued in the Secret Chancery during the reigns of the Empresses, when the Torture Chamber of the powerful Minich inspired all Russia with terror; and it received its present organization from the iron despot, Nicholas I., who attached to it the corps of gendarmes, — the chief of the gendarmes becoming a person far more dreaded in the Russian Empire than the Emperor himself.

In every province of Russia, in every populous town, nay, at every railway station, there are gendarmes who report directly to their own generals or colonels, who in turn correspond with the chief of the gendarmes; and the latter, seeing the Emperor every day, reports to him what he finds necessary to report. All functionaries of the empire are under gendarme supervision; it is the duty of the generals and colonels to keep an eye upon the public and private life of every subject of the Tsar, — even upon the governors of the provinces, the minis-

ters, and the grand dukes. The Emperor himself is under their close watch, and as they are well informed of the petty chronicle of the palace, and know every step that the Emperor takes outside his palace, the chief of the gendarmes becomes, so to say, a confidant of the most intimate affairs of the rulers of Russia.

Under Alexander II. the Third Section was absolutely all-powerful. The gendarme colonels made searches by the thousand without troubling themselves in the least about the existence of laws and law courts in Russia. They arrested whom they liked, kept people imprisoned as long as they pleased, and transported hundreds to Northeast Russia or Siberia according to the fancy of general or colonel; the signature of the minister of the interior being a mere formality, because he had no control over them and no knowledge of their doings.

It was four o'clock in the morning when my examination began. "You are accused," I was solemnly told, "of having belonged to a secret society which has for its object the overthrow of the existing form of government, and of conspiracy against the sacred person of his Imperial Majesty. Are you guilty of this crime?"

"Till I am brought before a court where I can speak publicly, I will give you no replies whatever."

"Write," the procureur dictated to a scribe: "'Does not acknowledge himself guilty.' Still," he continued, after a pause, "I must ask you certain questions. Do you know a person of the name of Nikolai Tchaykovsky?"

"If you persist in your questions, then write 'No' to any question whatsoever that you are pleased to ask me."

"But if we ask you whether you know, for instance, Mr. Polakóff, whom you spoke about awhile ago?"

"The moment you ask me such a question, don't hesitate: write 'No.' And if you ask me whether I know my

brother, or my sister, or my stepmother, write 'No.' You will not receive from me another reply: because if I answered 'Yes' with regard to any person, you would at once plan some evil against him, making a raid or something worse, and saying next that I named him."

A long list of questions was read, to which I patiently replied each time, "Write 'No.'"

That lasted for an hour, during which I learned that all who had been arrested, with the exception of the two weavers, had behaved very well. The weavers knew only that I had twice met a dozen workers, and the gendarmes knew nothing about our circle.

"What are you doing, prince?" a gendarme officer said, as he took me to my cell. "Your refusal to answer questions will be made a terrible weapon against you."

"It is my right, is it not?"

"Yes, but—you know. . . . I hope you will find this room comfortable. It has been kept warm since your arrest."

I found it quite comfortable, and fell sound asleep. I was waked the next morning by a gendarme, who brought me the morning tea. He was soon followed by somebody else, who whispered to me in the most unconcerned way, "Here's a scrap of paper and a pencil: write your letter." It was a sympathizer, whom I knew by name; he used to transmit our correspondence with the prisoners of the Third Section.

From all sides I heard knocks on the walls, following in rapid succession. It was the prisoners communicating with one another by means of light taps; but, being a newcomer, I could make nothing out of the noise, which seemed to come from all parts of the building at once.

One thing worried me. During the search in my house, I overheard the procureur whispering to the gendarme officer about going to make a search at the apartment of my friend Polakóff, to whom the letter of Dmitri was addressed. Polakóff was a young student, a very

gifted zoölogist and botanist, with whom I had made my Vitim expedition in Siberia. He was born of a poor Cossack family on the frontier of Mongolia, and, after having surmounted all sorts of difficulties, he had come to St. Petersburg, entered the university, where he had won the reputation of a most promising zoölogist, and was then passing his final examinations. We had been great friends since our long journey, and had even lived together for a time at St. Petersburg, but he took no interest in my political activity.

I spoke of him to the procureur. "I give you my word of honor," I said, "that Polakóff has never taken part in any political affair. To-morrow he has to pass an examination, and you will spoil forever the scientific career of a young man who has gone through great hardships, and has struggled for years against all sorts of obstacles, to attain his present position. I know that you do not much care for it, but he is looked upon at the university as one of the future glories of Russian science."

The search was made, nevertheless, but a respite of three days was given for the examinations. A little later I was called before the procureur, who triumphantly showed me an envelope addressed in my handwriting, and in it a note, also in my handwriting, which said, "Please take this packet to V. E., and ask that it be kept until demand in due form is made." The person to whom the note was addressed was not mentioned in the note. "This letter," the procureur said, "was found at Mr. Polakóff's; and now, prince, his fate is in your hands. If you tell me who V. E. is, Mr. Polakóff will be released; but if you refuse to do so, he will be kept as long as he does not make up his mind to give us the name of that person."

Looking at the envelope, which was addressed in black chalk, and the letter, which was written in common lead pencil, I immediately remembered the cir-

cumstances under which the two had been written; they had nothing in common, and belonged to two quite different periods. "I am positive," I exclaimed at once, "that the note and the envelope were not found together! It is *you* who have put the letter in the envelope."

The procureur blushed. "Would you have me believe," I continued, "that you, a practical man, did not notice that the two are written in quite different pencils? And now you are trying to make people think that the two belong to each other! Well, sir, then I tell you that the letter was not to Polakóff."

He hesitated for some time, but then, regaining his audacity, he said, "Polakóff has admitted that this letter of yours was written to him."

Now I knew he was lying. Polakóff would have admitted everything concerning himself; but he would have preferred to be marched to Siberia rather than to involve another person. So, looking straight in the face of the procureur, I replied, "No, sir, he has *never* said that, and you know perfectly well that your words are not true."

He became furious, or pretended to be so. "Well, then," he said, "if you wait here a moment, I will bring you Polakóff's written statement to that effect. He is in the next room under examination."

Of course there was no such statement. I met Polakóff in 1878 at Geneva, whence we made a delightful excursion to the Aletsch glacier. I need not say that his answers were what I expected them to be: he denied having any knowledge of the letter, and did not know who V. E. was. Scores of books used to be taken from me to him, and back to me, and the letter was found in a book, while the envelope was discovered in the pocket of an old coat. He was kept several weeks under arrest, and then released, owing to the intervention of his scientific friends. V. E. was not molested, and delivered my papers in due time.

I was not taken back to my cell, but half an hour later the procureur came in, accompanied by a gendarme officer. "Our examination," he announced to me, "is now terminated; you will be removed to another place."

A four-wheeled cab stood at the gate. I was asked to enter it, and a stout gendarme officer, of Caucasian origin, sat by my side. I spoke to him, but he only snored. The cab crossed the Chain Bridge, then passed the parade grounds and ran along the canals, as if avoiding the more frequented thoroughfares. "Are we going to the Litóvsky prison?" I asked the officer, as I knew that many of my comrades were already there. He made no reply. The system of absolute silence which was maintained toward me for the next two years began in this four-wheeled cab; but when we went rolling over the Palace Bridge I understood that I was going to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

I admired the beautiful river, knowing that I should not soon see it again. The sun was going down. Thick gray clouds were hanging in the west above the Gulf of Finland, while light clouds floated over my head, showing here and there patches of blue sky. Then the carriage turned to the left and entered a dark arched passage, the gate of the fortress.

"Now I shall have to remain here for a couple of years," I remarked to the officer.

"No, why so long?" was his reply. "Your affair is almost terminated, and may be brought into court in a fortnight."

"My affair," I replied, "is very simple; but before bringing me to a court you will try to arrest all the socialists in Russia, and they are many; in two years you will not have done." But I did not then realize how prophetic my remark was.

The carriage stopped at the door of the military commander of the fortress, and we entered his reception hall. Gen-

eral Korsákoff, a thin old man, came in, with a peevish expression on his face. The officer spoke to him in a subdued voice, and the old man answered, "All right," looked at him with a sort of scorn, and then turned his eyes toward me. It was evident that he was not at all pleased to receive a new inmate, and that he felt ashamed of his rôle; but he seemed to add, "I am a soldier, and only do my duty." Presently we got into the carriage again, but soon stopped before another gate, where we were kept a long time until a detachment of soldiers opened it from the inside. Proceeding on foot through narrow passages, we came to a third iron gate, opening into a dark arched passage, from which we entered a small room where darkness and dampness prevailed.

Several non-commissioned officers of the fortress troops moved noiselessly about in their soft felt boots, without speaking a word, while the governor signed the officer's book acknowledging the reception of a new prisoner. I was required to take off all my clothes, and to put on the prison dress, — a green flannel dressing gown, immense woolen stockings of an incredible thickness, and boat-shaped yellow slippers, so big that I could hardly keep them on my feet when I tried to walk. I always hated dressing gowns and slippers, and the thick stockings inspired me with disgust. I had to take off even a silk undergarment, which in the damp fortress it would have been especially desirable to retain, but that could not be allowed. Of course I began to protest and to make a noise about this, and after an hour or so it was restored to me by order of General Korsákoff.

Then I was taken through a dark passage, where I saw armed sentries walking about, and was put into a cell. A heavy oak door was shut behind me, a key turned in the lock, and I was alone in a half-dark room.

P. Kropotkin.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

DURING an experience of seventeen **My Babes in the Wood.** years as supervisor of rural schools in one of the most favored counties in the South, it has been my habit, several times a year, to travel twenty or thirty miles a day, often for five days of the week, visiting schools.

I have frequently driven for hours along dreary stretches of sandy road, with scrub oaks on both sides, here and there a pine grove, an abandoned field, or sometimes a freshly ploughed one; and when I have reached the schoolhouse, hidden away in a thicket, and seen thirty or forty children, I have wondered where they came from. No house appears in sight, and to one's question the teacher answers, "Oh, they come from all about here, from two to three miles."

The one-room schoolhouse, which is the rule here, is generally about twenty by thirty feet, with six windows, two doors, no piazza, and no cloakroom. Sometimes it is painted, — white, with green blinds, the inevitable combination in our rural districts. A flue in the centre of the room makes an outlet for the stovepipe, and the stove is always a box stove for wood, holding half a dozen sticks, usually of the rich resinous pine so abundant in the Southern woods. There is never any lack of fuel in our schools, for all that is needed is to organize the large boys into a wood brigade, and a few minutes' foraging in the neighborhood provides without cost an abundant supply for the day. The teacher hears from twenty to thirty recitations a day in all grades, from the A B C department to an occasional class in Latin, grammar, and algebra. He begins at half past eight in the morning, giving an hour known as "noon recess," and dismisses the school for the day at four, or even later, in time for the children to walk home before dark.

Such conditions give rise to many amusing and pathetic scenes. I recall a visit I made over fifteen years ago to as poor an apology for a schoolhouse as existed anywhere, — twenty-five miles from town, in the very backwoods. I rode up, tied my horse to a tree, and went into the cabin that served for a school. There was neither window sash nor glass, only shutters to keep out the light and let in the cold; there were no desks nor seats, only long benches made of slabs of pine fastened to supports, with pegs driven into holes at each end; no stove, only a large open fireplace with a log of fat lightwood smouldering in a heap of ashes. On the benches sat twenty or thirty pale-faced, thinly-clad, trembling children. The teacher, a very tall, lanky, yellow-haired man, sat in a low chair, and when he rose to greet me he went up like an extension ladder. He gave me a unique and very interesting exhibition exercise in reading that serves to illustrate what might be going on in the rural schools. He called up his pupils, and they stood in line, forming a scale from a lanky six-footer to a tiny six-year-old. The reading book was the New Testament, — old and dingy copies from the American Bible Society. The class opened at a certain page, and on a given signal started in concert, every pupil reading as fast as he could and as loud as he could. The one first reaching the bottom of the page held up his hand and won a small card; when five cards had been thus won the exercise ended. The reading sounded like bedlam, but it was great fun, and why inquire of its value? Besides, it was instructive in the matter of methods. After several other exercises of a similar sort, intended to enliven the hour and instruct the visitor, nothing would do but that I must make a speech to the school. When

I concluded my short exhortation I was followed to the buggy by the teacher, who commented on my visit by saying: "I am glad you came out to see the school to-day. You saw us in our everyday clothes. Your speech was good, and was just what I tell them every day. A variety is always good, however: we ought not to eat cake every day, but sometimes corn bread comes in mighty well." After this pleasant compliment I departed in a meditative mood.

I recall a similar visit, on which I came near losing my dignity while making a speech to a country school. It was early springtime, and the children, about twenty in number, had come in after recess hot and panting from their play. To my surprise, every now and then during my talk I saw a pupil reach under the bench, draw out a big whiskey bottle, and take a long pull. This kept going on all over the room, and sometimes more than one bottle was held up in the air to the undisguised satisfaction of the drinkers. I was much amused, on turning round to ask the teacher what this meant, to catch her in the act of taking a drink out of a bottle bigger and blacker than any of the others. I stopped, and said, "What are you all drinking so industriously?" The teacher answered, "Water." "Well, why drink it that way?" I inquired. The teacher replied, "We have no well here, and no spring inside of a mile; so everybody brings a bottle of water from home in the morning, and whiskey bottles are the biggest we can get."

Some time ago we proposed to consolidate the schools in one of our rural districts. We ordered seven small schools to be closed, hired three wagons to move along the highways and take the children to school, enlarged one of the buildings to accommodate a hundred children, and had a fine programme laid out. It should have been successful, but it came to grief, because every man wanted to do the "hauling." After the

contract was given out, one man said he was not going to trust his children behind "them old runaway mules;" another complained of the driver, who was accused of taking a nip on a cold day; and a third objected to the wagon. The result was that everybody refused to be hauled, and the wagons went back and forth almost empty for a month. The men who had the contract for a dollar a day to drive the wagons hauled nobody but their own children. They were content, but they alone. A petition with many signatures came up before the Board of Education, and the committee which was appointed to go over the whole matter declared consolidation was a good thing, but that it did not work. So the wagons were dismissed, the little schools were reopened, and the district is now drifting along sleepily, with its seven separate groups of twenty to twenty-five children, scattered about five miles apart. The plan may have been badly managed, but I feel sure it was in advance of the times. Our people had not grown up to it.

One of the delightful traditions of the country school is the closing exercises, or "commencement" as it is called. This is one of the demands made upon the schools by the rural population that cannot be refused. The terrible monotony of country life seeks this dissipation, and the community for ten miles around gives itself up to it. Preparations are made a month in advance, and when the time comes every child in school appears several times on the programme, and the exercises last all night.

Upon one occasion I was asked to "come out to the closing" of one of the best country schools I know of, twenty-five miles from town. The last five miles I went in a buggy that was sent to meet me. After an early supper at a neighbor's, I walked to the school-house near by, and found that the school-room itself was to be used as a dressing room, the piazza had been enlarged for

a stage, and the audience was seated in the open air, on rough boards laid across felled trees in front of the school. Blazing pine fires on stands served for light. An audience of several hundred had arrived from many miles around, driving in all sorts of vehicles, that gradually closed in on the area devoted to the exercises, until it was almost impossible to get through the packed mass of horses, mules, buggies, and wagons. There were dogs and babies in abundance. The night was as soft as a June night in the South can be. The stars were bright above, and the pine forest made a deep black curtain behind the blazing red fires that lit the grounds. The stage, bright with lamps and Japanese lanterns, and decorated with pine boughs and bamboo vines, fitted its setting admirably. The effect of night and space was heightened, as the exercises went on, by an occasional wail from an uncomfortable baby, a fight among the numerous dogs, or a kicking fit of a suspicious mule.

There were forty numbers on the programme, and the exercises began promptly at nine o'clock. The children did their part well, the speeches were good, the songs were sweet, and the drills were interesting. The teacher had paid for nearly all the costumes, selected all the pieces, drilled the children, and staked her reputation on the success of the performance. It is pleasant to be able to say that the occasion was a memorable one, and the exhausted young teacher had reason to be proud of her triumph. The hours of the night wore slowly on. I was the guest of honor, and could not move out of my conspicuous position, so with patient impartiality I laughed at everything and applauded everybody for five laborious hours. The programme came to an end at half past two by my watch. As the crowd was dispersing, I asked one of the young men who had come in wagons with their best girls, how far he expected

to drive. "Ten miles," he answered, and added, "Then get breakfast and go to ploughing."

I, CYRANO DE BERGERAC,

Cyrano Can have nor sleep nor peace,
Speaks. alack!

In my poor semblance now they rage,
And fiercely strut upon the stage.

The actors are a worthy crew, —
Coquelin and Irving, Mansfield too.
I bid them all go hang and pack, —
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

I, Cyrano de Bergerac,

The mimic world upon my track,
Ah, rare Roxane, before all men,
We are impaled on Rostand's pen.
Once every tumult filled my breast,
And now they will not let me rest,
But I am dragged, unwilling, back, —
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

WE should like to know if the British novelist has not at last worn out his welcome as a public reader in the United States. Not his welcome as a visitor and a friend, — that is quite another matter. Public readings themselves were of interest many years ago. The winter lecture course was invaluable to many towns, when books were less accessible than they are now. But in addition to the loss of minds adapted to the peculiar requirements of the old reading desk, the audiences also have changed. Instead of giving the reader an environment of thoughtful attention, they envelop him in a sudden breeze of vapid curiosity. "Is that the great man who wrote *What's its Name?* Well! he is not much to look at, is he?" And away they go, looking for another victim. One might suspect that even the British novelist, thrice armed as he sometimes is in the complete steel of his self-conceit, would see unpleasant weapons of offense in the eyes of an assemblage which may figuratively be said to have left its ears

British Nov-
elists on
Show.

at home. The world has a quaint suspicion that a waning literary reputation furnishes the motive of these advertising pilgrimages. It suspects that the original message which the author had for his readers has already been written out and delivered, and it begins to look now in every new work from his pen for the same round of characters with which it is familiar, and for a moral which was hoary with antiquity ere novelists began to be. He must feel the injustice which treats him as if he were a specimen astray from some museum. To be the plaything instead of the master of fashion is fatal. The only recourse is to evade the fashion. What shall we suppose would have happened to Sir Walter, if he had resorted to public readings when he found that Byron was supplanting him as a romancer in rhyme? He never would have been the Wizard of the North, even with all his later achievement.

The outcome of the kind of exhibition to which Americans have been treated of late cannot fail to be unpleasant. It was tried long ago in a case that is conclusive. The Greekling, the small-minded man of letters, who hastened from the East to lecture his rude Western contemporaries, created a contempt in the obtuse Roman mind for everything Greek that was never to be effaced. Yet, in spite of this supply of genius ready at their doors, the Romans who really wished to learn found themselves obliged to go to Athens. The men who preserved the literary traditions of Greece waited to be sought. Things will hardly come to such a pass again. The younger civilization of the United States will not be forced to judge the older culture across the ocean by heralds neither called nor sent. The great men of Europe will be found as of old in their own places. As a figure in history, the Greekling remains positive evidence of the irreparable injury which can be done to a wise and thoughtful nation by men ready to take advantage of an instrumentality, in

the form of rhetorical schools or public platforms, that was meant for instruction. The great Roman writers attest the influence of another class of Greeks. These let their writings speak for them; and of all Romans, the one who knew them best was he who never saw anything of them but their books until his own fame was made beyond the unmaking power of all time.

It is an open question, among English men of letters who have influenced American life in the last half century, which class was the more powerful, — that which never visited America, or that which came often and stayed late. It is doubtful if Dickens and Thackeray, in the second class, balance the weight of De Quincey, Carlyle, Tennyson, Jowett, Browning, Gladstone, and their like. Of course, it would be absurd to say that Americans are not glad to see Englishmen as guests and travelers. But the business of exhibition and instruction is overdone. Lecturing people who are lectured, without alien aid, to the full measure of endurance, and telling stories to people who need restraint rather than example in such practices, are things that lack even the saving merit claimed by St. Paul for his sermons, to wit, foolishness.

One of these days, John Bull, who is older than Methuselah was at the time of his decease, and Uncle Sam, whose age is near that of Enoch when he became too good for this world and had to be translated, — novelists good enough to translate are getting very rare, — will get their heads together and will say: "Young friends, we have seen the fable of the fly and the coach enacted so often, in the course of our long lives, that we are tired of it. Stop where you are, and let the coach go. It will go, never fear." Perhaps, after the young friends have stayed at home long enough to do a little thinking, we shall have a book from one side of the water or the other worth reading through, or even reading a second time.